



JOSEPH ADDISON

After the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller

ESSAYS FROM
THE
SPECTATOR

A COLLECTION OF STEELE'S
AND OF ADDISON'S PAPERS
ON THE MINOR MORALS

MADE BY

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Introduction

The writer who essays to give a new turn to a topic so old as the mission of *The Spectator* may surely be almost excused if he invokes the proverbial curse on those *qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*. He has to encounter the "intelligent anticipations" of nearly two hundred years,—to say something fresh on a theme which Addison and Steele set forth in the early numbers of their famous journal, and on which Gay and Johnson, Thackeray and Macaulay, Mr. Courthope and Mr. Saintsbury have all composed their different variations. When Mr. Austin Dobson turned Richard Steele into an English Worthy, and defined *The Spectator's* scope instead of explaining its objects, he seems to have had an eye on this difficulty: and the present writer has so clear an appreciation of it that, relapsing into Johnsonese, he is content to describe these objects as constituting the first regular attempt made in English literature to render ignorance and brutality unfashionable, grossness and immorality ill-

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bred, and profanity and bad manners "bad form".

To realize the necessity for that great reformation of manners and of morals which Steele and Addison inaugurated, and which Johnson and Richardson carried to completion, the reader should know the literature of our Augustan age by writings other than those of its accepted masterpieces: else will he find it hard to conceive the pestilential moral atmosphere in which the fashionable world was then content to live. It is only, indeed, by making acquaintance with such representative expressions of the post-Restoration spirit as Rochester's poems, Otway's comedies, and Dryden's epilogues, and by realizing that this was the sort of stuff which poets did not blush to write nor players to speak, that one is fully in a position to appreciate Addison's satire of the precepts of the "new morality", and to get a notion of the shocking grossness of sentiment and the unbridled indecency of language in which these precepts were delivered.

The "new morality" was a very comprehensible growth of the times. The inevitable reaction of the nation from the austerity and formalism of Puritanism—a movement which a great English historian has described as a backwater in the current of our history; the

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solution of civic and religious faith into scepticism and the rule of expediency which the politico-theological struggles of the Civil War had brought about; the long residence of the king and of the bulk of the aristocracy in the France of Mazarin; and the fatalism and relaxation of moral fibre which this enforced exile naturally entailed upon them—all had tended to destroy that tradition of *noblesse oblige* which prevailed among the governing class in the England of Philip Sidney and of Walter Raleigh. So that there was no dominant influence to oppose that Gallic ideal of black-guardism and of brutality which the whole Court party pursued so faithfully—from Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, to Samuel Pepys, Esquire.

To lead an onslaught against this noxious heresy of "fine-gentleman"-ism no two men could have been found more suitable than Addison and Steele. Both were humorists and men of the world—with this difference, that while the former surveyed the world from the outside, from the stand-point of the scholar and of the looker-on, the latter was always in the thick of affairs, taking a strenuous part in the various scenes of life for which he might happen to be engaged. So while Addison's sensitive modesty and discreet modera-

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mixed with examples of dramatic and of histrionic criticism, attacks on male bores, boors, and prigs, letters from imaginary correspondents remonstrant or approving, along with moral allegories and apologues and tales pathetic or comedic.

All this was work done in common, but in addition Steele and Addison marked out several provinces for one another's separate direction, provinces which, as a rule, were strictly reserved to the original delimitter, and which the genius of either man enabled him to manage with peculiar success. Addison—who had much of Sir Charles Grandison's faculty of pronouncing judgment on everything, from a lady's commerce with her looking-glass to man's intercourse with his Maker—took over the provinces of religion, of philosophic allegory, of literary and æsthetic criticism. His criticism—which contains eighteen papers written in appreciation of *Paradise Lost*, eleven essays on the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, and discourses on English tragedy, on our old ballads, and on the distinction between true and false wit—is now, it must be confessed, somewhat superannuated. Yet he must have the credit of having practically introduced our great English epic to the readers of his day, and if the continual references to Homer and to Vergil which

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occur in his disquisitions on the poem seem made in obedience to a narrow and conventional theory of the poetic art, they may be studied and verified with some advantage even at this time of day by such readers as fondly imagine that they can understand *Paradise Lost* without making a previous study of the *Iliad* and of the *Æneid*.

Addison is seen in more characteristic mood when he handles some topic of religion. Here, too, his main reliance is on convention, on that law of nature which he imagines is recognized by every man of honest mind and of decent culture. So he appeals to reason, to the reasonableness of believing in the existence of an all-provident and all-beneficent God. An orthodox Christian he must have been, and yet his Christianity has for modern readers a very strange and unfamiliar aspect. In days when the name of Christ is more than ever exalted above every other name, it comes as something of a shock to find Addison practically ignoring the mission and example of the great Founder of Christianity, and basing his whole discourse on such a bleak and half-apprehended truth as "the Fatherhood of God". This may be Christianity as it was understood in Queen Anne's time, but to present-day hearers it sounds like nothing so much as pure Theism.

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rarely obtrudes his ego, everywhere he gives evidences of ease, power, and perfect propriety.

There is nothing rollicking or saturnine in Addison's humour. His is a very well-bred sense of fun, the sense of fun shown by the man who half smiles when his hearers are all roaring, or who, in the essayist's own description of the true humorist, "generally looks serious while everybody laughs about him". Addison's humour, indeed, like that of Gibbon and of Jane Austen, like that of most persons who are shy and are not given to a *civis voce* expression of themselves, is a demure and exquisite irony—a subtle and ever-changing play of equivoque. Sometimes this takes the form of that surrivative gravity which is a distinguishing feature of *The Anatomy of Melancholy* or of *Religio Medici*: as when the "Spectator" parodies Sir Thomas Browne's style in the first discourse on Westminster Abbey, and considers "that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries and make our appearance together". At other times it reveals itself in the ascription of a flattering motive to a sorry practice. Thus the writers of epitaphs are described as "so excessively modest that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelve-months"; and when the "Spectator"

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tells how he opened his mouth at last and determined to practise the art of conversation in the company of Frenchmen and ladies, he remarks, "I found my modesty greatly relieved by the communicative temper of this nation, who are so very sociable as to think they are never better company than when they are all opening at the same time". Again, Addison often renders a fashion or a folly absurd in the manner of Swift or of Defoe, that is by giving, or affecting to give, a perfectly serious and grave description of it. The paper on Nicolini and on the operatic lions is an admirable instance of the way in which he exercises this talent. So is the character of Sir Harry Quickset, who is described as being met by Mr. Bickerstaff with "all the respect due to so reverend a vegetable"; while for yet a third example of this kind of raillery recourse must again be had to the essay which describes the "Spectator" turned loquacious: "I then fancied I might receive great benefit from female conversation, and that I should have a convenience of talking with the greater freedom, where I was not under any impediment of thinking". Somewhat in the same vein is the sly humour which lurks in a sketch of the gallery at Versailles which Addison gives in a letter to Congreve: "Every one sees on each side of it something

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that will be sure to please him, for one of them commands a view of the finest garden in the world, and the other is wainscoted with looking-glasses". Akin to this implicit satire is that wherein Addison, following the example of all makers of Utopias, ridicules some extravagance or foppery by pretending to give the amazed verdict of posterity or of foreigners upon it. The judgment of the "Spectator's" mission given by an imaginary historian of the twenty-first century, and the appreciation of English society which the diary of the Indian kings is supposed to contain, are diverting instances of the ease with which Addison could work this particular vein.

But this great humorist is seldom happier in his ridicule than when he attacks feminine follies and frivolities. He treats the sex, as Walton handled the trout, as though he loved it. He scarcely says of woman in general what his friend Congreve says of a particular woman, "Her follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her"; but he believes that "the best as well as the most tender way of dealing with her is to fall in with her humours, and by that means to let her see the absurdity of them". He calls her "a beautiful romantic animal that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores

and silks", but must not be suffered to wear the hoop-petticoat, or as we should call it, the crinoline. He recalls a philosopher's description of her as ζῶον φιλόκοσμον, a creature fond of finery and adornment, taken with a "humour of being smitten with everything showy and superficial". He tells her that "the pretty childishness of behaviour" shown in asking absurd questions at the play "is one of the most refined arts of coquetry, and is not to be attained in perfection by ladies who do not travel for their improvement". And he sneers quite pleasantly at the "singing, dancing, tossing, ogling, squeaking, smiling, fighting, fanning, frowning, and all those irresistible arts which women put in practice to captivate the hearts of reasonable men". So far Addison is only playing that rather malicious trick which Swift and Stella so much admired,—that of helping the incorrigible to sink deeper and deeper into absurdity. But every now and then he changes his attitude and waxes rather caustic and severe. He tells the elderly spinsters who sit in the Court of Honour that he knows how "very much concerned they are for the reputation of *others*". He exonerates from blame women who lavish caresses on pet cats and dogs, on the ground that "these voluntary friendships between ani-

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mals of different species seem to arise from instinct". He asserts that "a woman seldom asks advice [about the choice of her husband] before she has bought her wedding clothes. When she has made her own choice, for form's sake she sends a *congé d'élire* to her friends". While in the essay on the point of honour in men and in women he goes so far as to say that he believes "if women had determined their own point of honour, it is probable that wit or good-nature would have carried it against chastity".

But Addison may be said to achieve his greatest triumphs in irony when, to use Macaulay's words, "he retorts on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue". Can anything be more audaciously pungent than the description of the plight of the amorous young Templar who, having obtained the love of the pseudo-countess he met at the masquerade, "soon found good reason to wish that he had continued true to his laundress"? How galling, yet how deliciously demure, is the satire which commends "the young patriarch" of twenty-five for "having very prudently determined to breed up his seventh natural son a physician"! What concinnity and economy of phrasing there is in the account of one of the most humiliating

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transformations of Pugg the monkey, "how I was a town rake and afterwards did penance in a bay gelding for ten years"! And how mordant the irony of the "Vision of Justice", in which we are told that when the edict was issued requiring all children "to repair to their true and natural fathers, generally those who lost their children had the satisfaction of seeing them put into the hands of their dearest friends".

Occasionally Addison embodies in a story his attack on vice. Thus in the "Vision" just alluded to he gives a very entertaining account of the results of a general *recherche de la paternité*. In another paper he imitates an example set by Steele in *The Tatler*, and translates from the French a very quaint narrative of the painful predicament in which a would-be seducer was once placed. While in his fable of the dogs attached to the Temple of Vulcan he fairly excels himself in the dexterity with which he suggests how unmerited was the fate of those too sagacious hounds.

Only twice does he turn the laugh against innocence, and then he laughs, as he says, not at innocence itself, but at the folly or simplicity which sometimes accompanies it. Thus when—in *The Frecholder*—he describes the Tory fox-hunter's naïve astonishment at the dresses of

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the "strayed revellers" returning from a masquerade, he emphasizes the old squire's identity of *cucullus* with *monachus* by the droll remark, "The quaker was followed by half a dozen nuns, who filed off one after another up Catharine Street to their respective convents in Drury Lane". And in the letter which Mr. Timothy Doodle writes in commendation of that "innocent diversion", blindman's buff, he makes the foolish old husband innocently admit that when he is blindfolded it is "very often above half an hour before he can catch" either his "young and handsome wife" or that "very friendly man the colonel".

That a twofold objection can be made to this turn of the attack on sexual licentiousness the moralist must reluctantly admit. The old theory, that while follies may be corrected by ridicule, vices are evils too serious and too stubborn to yield to such treatment, still holds the field. Moreover, there is always a danger that the smirk, the grin, and the chuckle which greet the ridicule of the rake may induce the satirist to regard the means rather than the end of his mission. It is not unfair to imagine that in this case Addison is following his own personal bent rather than pursuing a deliberate public policy, though it is as well to remember that Steele in his essay on "Raillery" will be

found explicitly proclaiming his adherence to the very principle which his mentor implicitly adopts. Still, though Steele says that to his mind the most agreeable kind of raillery is that wherein "the satire is directed against vice, with an air of contempt of the fault, but no ill-will to the criminal", and quotes Congreve's tribute to "Doris" as a masterpiece in this kind of raillery, the revolt from mid-Victorian squeamishness must not blind us to the fact that Addison seems to take a certain pleasure in showing with what dexterity he can skirt forbidden topics or skate over the thinnest ice. It is not that he ever shocks the reader; the gravamen of the charge lies not here, but in the suspicion that an endeavour to conciliate the men-about-town, the Will Honeycombs of his day, is making the "Spectator" run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

The kind of ridicule which Addison employed with such rare skill in his fictions was not one in which his friend and colleague cared to indulge; and considering the disastrous results which attended Dickens' management of this same weapon, one can scarcely regret that the earlier humanitarian and social reformer left it alone. Steele's narratives, for instance, are often very lifelike and interesting—the story of the Valentines indeed is

peculiarly interesting, from the circumstance that Balzac founded *Don Juan*, one of the most bizarre of his nouvelles, on the original tale which Steele adapted—but they owe their main effect to the fact of their being narrated with entire simplicity and with a complete absence of running comment. Once only does the “gentleman born”—as Steele is so fond of proclaiming himself—make use of the ironic method, and then he uses it to strengthen the appeal of a pathetic story. The effect which the tale of Inkle and Yarico derives from this use of the half-indignant, half-contemptuous note is truly poignant. “To be short,” says Steele, “Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time and to weigh with himself how many days’ interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. . . . Upon which considerations the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant, notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him. But he only made use of that information to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.”

Thus in the eleventh paper of *The Spectator* Steele strikes the note which rings through all his contributions—the note of “one who loves

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his fellow-men". Addison often tells us that on hearing a particular story, on considering this event or on surveying that scene, tears gushed from his eyes; but it is rather difficult to believe in the "great tincture of humanity" which he claimed as his own. This at least may be said, that whatever Addison may feel, he never succeeds in making his readers feel; he has scarcely more command of pathos than Johnson. The Dean's son was indeed an easy man who all his life enjoyed an easy time. Despite his knowledge of the town, despite his travels in France and in Italy, he was at heart too timid to make experiments on his emotions or to probe down into human nature: so that neither by a sympathetic imagination nor by a hard experience had he been taught to feel deeply. The tears he shed were the tears of the æsthete, who regards the pageant of life as a play and weeps at the sheer beauty of its vicissitudes. Steele, on the other hand, had seen the world in such varied callings as those of soldier, dramatist, and gazetteer, and ever since his father's death left his mother a widow and himself an orphan at the age of five, he had, as he himself says, "imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind", or, as we should put it, worn his heart upon his sleeve.

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In every love affair, says the French proverb, there is one who loves and one who lets himself be loved. There can be no doubt who was the lover and who the beloved in the case of Steele and Addison. Steele celebrates the friendship and testifies to his deep admiration and strong affection for Addison over and over again, while Addison's solitary recognition of it is contained in two lines of a hymn, where the poet says of the mercies of God,

"Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store".

This, of course, is very handsome on Addison's part; but if, as La Rochefoucauld says, "*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas*", it is easy to conceive how often Steele must have helped Addison's cup to "run o'er". The connection of the two men reminds me somewhat of that later friendship between Boswell and Johnson. Johnson, who was fond of denouncing the folly of such persons as could not accept a writer's precepts, unless the preceptor himself put them into practice, was always ready to feel charitably disposed towards a man who compounded for

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lax conduct by enunciating sound morality. Boswell, who fell easily into the category of such sinners, found in early life much comfort in the Johnsonian doctrine, and took full advantage of it; but when he felt that his dissipation had undermined his health he began to have his doubts, and in a letter, written five years before his death, to Temple, his dearest friend, he ruefully admitted that he was inclined to agree with his correspondent that "my great oracle Johnson did allow too much credit to good principles without good practice". Whether Addison looked upon Steele's notorious frailties from the Johnsonian attitude of charitable toleration, or, as seems more probable, from his own stand-point of benevolent contempt, it is impossible to say; but it is possible to maintain that if he had been a little warmer hearted, and slightly less amused at the human comedy, he might have saved his friend from a good many of his follies.

Steele, indeed, was the sort of man whom Johnson loved and would never despair of—the man who is best described in those hackneyed metaphors which deal in stepping-stones and pavements. But—this free confession of his frailties once made—it is as well to correct a gross misapprehension of him which Macaulay did his best to foster. Steele was cer-

tainly weak, rash, and impulsive; but he scarcely played Tommy Merton to Addison's Harry Sandford. If he was a gambler in his youth, he did his best to suppress the evil when he came to years of discretion; if—in sheer self-defence—he was forced to fight one or two duels, he contributed more than any man to the abolition of the practice in England; if at one time he belonged to “the keeping part of the town”, he at any rate saw to the education of the child of his liaison; if he was a spendthrift—Macaulay styles him a “swindler”—he at least must be allowed the credit of having paid his debts; and if he was a hard drinker in a period of hard drinking, it must be remembered that no one ever called him a drunkard, or Addison a Rechabite. Steele, indeed, in *The Tatler* and in *The Spectator* is not so much the converted sinner anxious to convert others, as a man who, fully realizing the anti-social tendency of his own acts of self-indulgence, and feeling a real tenderness for the weaknesses of humanity, is resolved to run a tilt against everything that turns a man into a beast.

If Addison's special mission as “Spectator” was to refine the manners, Steele's mission was to soften them. Or, to put the matter in a different light, while Addison in this capacity

concerned himself with discoursing on the "humanities", Steele made it his business to inculcate humanity. It must be recorded in his honour that he did not dally with his business, that early in his papers he struck at the very root of the grossness and brutality of his age. When Sir Roger de Coverley said that "to polish our understandings and neglect our manners is of all things the most inexcusable", and that "every man who terminates his satisfaction and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions is as poor a rogue as Scarecrow the beggar", he was attacking that callous selfishness, that deliberately separatist spirit on which the whole foundation of bad manners and of offensive behaviour is built. In *The Tatler* Steele had voiced a bolder sentiment. "It is to me", he says, "a very great meanness and something much below a philosopher, which is what I mean by a gentleman, to rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, and not according to his behaviour, his thoughts and sentiments in that condition". This early teaching of the Burns doctrine, "a Man's a Man for a' that", he reinforced by several papers in *The Spectator*. Thus in No. 294 he assailed the brutal insolence with which wealth so often treats poverty;

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while in No. 468 he denounced in scathing language the snobbish insolence which gentlemen of birth were wont to show in their intercourse with Dick Estcourt and other of the players.

On the rare occasions on which he talks of religion, Steele appeals much more successfully to a modern audience than Addison. *The Spectator* for Good Friday (April 18th), 1712, which contains one of the two long quotations which Steele makes from his religious pamphlet *The Christian Hero*, is a case in point: for here we get, not what we so often find in Addison's lay sermons, a serene discourse on the attributes and providence of "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord", but a Christian's devout meditation on the Passion of our Saviour and Deliverer. Even in the matter of literary allusions and sympathies, Steele's humanitarian point of view is easily disclosed. Like all the contributors to *The Spectator*, he quotes freely from the two accepted poets of the day—Cowley and Waller—and from the two philosophers, Hobbes and Locke. But though the essays on *Paradise Lost* which Addison contributed to the paper may be said to have first established Milton in the unique position he has since occupied among our poets, it must be remembered that it was Steele who first celebrated Milton, in *The*

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Tatler; and that while Addison took his text from Wisdom or Ecclesiasticus, from Tillotson, or from Sir Thomas Browne, it was left to Steele to quote Shakespeare and to declare Shakespeare's pre-eminence among English dramatists and poets.

But Steele's great mission in *The Tatler* and in *The Spectator* alike was that of the crusader against social evils. Against gambling, duelling, cock-fighting, and "keeping", and the arts of the sharper, of the libertine, and of the procuress, he waged perpetual war, and he was never weary of pressing on the attention both of men and of women the responsibilities, the advantages, and the pleasures of marriage. To restore this institution to its former honourable estate, to attack the sins that helped so much to degrade it, to reason with the sinners who profaned it, mocked at it, or feared to enter into it, was the object of many a "Spectator", an object to which Addison, too, was induced to devote a good many of his own papers. Nor was marriage the only state which this crusader sought to render tolerable or comfortable. In an age when aristocratic influence was all-powerful in political and official circles he championed the cause of the client against the insolences, the fickleness, and the procrastination of the patron; and for the distresses of

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the servant he had the same compassion as he showed for the degradation and despair of the great man's hanger-on. Like Thackeray, Steele seems to have taken a remarkable interest in "gentlemen's gentlemen", an interest which he expressed many years later in his plays, as witness the charming love-scene between Tom and Phyllis in *The Conscious Lovers*, and the passage in *The Gentleman*, in which Sir Harry Severn's man gives the first extant description of English "high life below stairs". Again and again in *The Spectator* Steele is urging the claims of domestics to kind and considerate treatment, in the interests both of master and of man, of mistress and of maid; and on one occasion he denounces in indignant terms the unreasonableness of those persons "who expect from their dependants, from the sole motive of fear, all the good effects which a liberal education cannot produce in themselves".

Against the brutal and discourteous treatment of women by fathers, husbands, sons, and lovers, Steele is continually raising a protesting voice; and here again he often prevails upon the less enthusiastic Addison—who was scarcely a feminist—to follow in his wake. Yet Steele's attitude towards women had nothing in common with Addison's condescending and rather insolent patronage of the sex. For whereas Addison

lectured and laughed at women and made it his aim to kill their follies and their foibles with ridicule and sneers, Steele, like Richardson after him, was their confidant and adviser, "the courier of love", who reasoned and sympathized with them and deemed it possible to improve their minds and their manners. In *The Christian Hero*—which was published ten years before *The Spectator* was started—Steele had described woman as "a creature which had, as it were, Heaven's second thoughts in her formation"; and when in this same "argument" he says, "there is in their tender frame, native simplicity, groundless fear, and little unaccountable contradictions upon which there might be built expostulations to divert a good and intelligent young woman, as well as the fulsome raptures, guilty impressions, senseless deifications, and pretended deaths that are every day offered her", the reader may smile at the writer's lack of lucidity, but must needs applaud his devotion to "the woman's cause". I don't mean to assert that Steele is always quite so superciliously polite to women as is his colleague. He knew three or four of them too well to look upon the race as angels. The references he makes in *The Tatler* and in *The Guardian* to his old flame and benefactor, Mrs. Manley, are almost brutal enough for Wycherley;

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and his frank confession in *The Spectator* that he "never knew a man of good understanding a general favourite with women", and that "what would have made him ridiculous among the men has recommended him to the other sex", is certainly not calculated to flatter the *amour propre* of the ladies. Yet, though Steele was inclined to regard women somewhat from the Euripidean stand-point, he was certainly uniformly chivalrous towards them to this extent, that he ever looked upon them as reasonable creatures and as possible companions for men. So that if Richardson—despite his feminine jealousies, his ignoble morality, and his fumbling prurience—managed, as it were, to complete the older man's work and to restore woman to that estimation in which she had been held in Elizabethan times, it must always be remembered that Steele struck the first blow in her cause, and that without his encouragement the Blue-stockinged Brigade would never have come into existence.

Steele indeed was the knight-errant of early eighteenth-century journalism. With a courage that brooked no intimidation, he assailed the profligates, the bullies, and the sharpers of his day; and he showed no less intrepidity when he tilted against the minor and more human vices. A hard drinker himself, he preached

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against drunkenness; he inveighed against the bad habit of getting into debt, though he himself was never free from financial obligations; he condemned the indecent dialogue of the playhouse, and took for example a passage from his own comedy of *The Funeral*; and he dwelt severely on the heinousness of breaking small promises, fully knowing, as Swift knew, that he was the last person on earth to keep one.

If yet another arresting instance of Steele's Quixotism is required, it may be discovered in his attack on flogging in public schools. The average parent is still slow of heart to believe that in matters of education "force is no remedy". He is not candid enough to confess—what in his heart of hearts he must acknowledge—that corporal punishment is in its very nature degrading, and that children ought not to be degraded. Steele, however, saw all this in 1711; and in the same year in which he expressed his compassion for the school-boy he manifested his concern for the infant, by the fierce onslaught he made on women who refuse to nurse their children. The evil is still prevalent, and is still deplored in newspapers and reviews, with this difference, that in the present day social reformers detect a reluctance on women's side not only to become nurses, but even to become mothers.

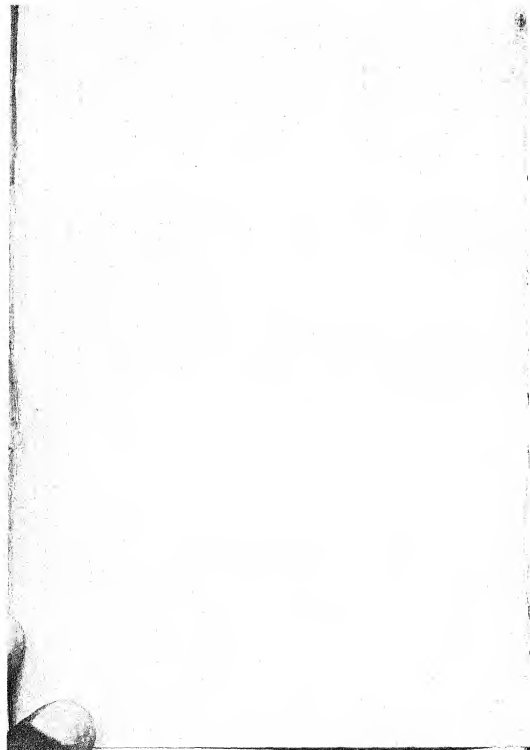
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But apart from Steele's efforts in the direction of social reform, and Addison's endeavour to recommend "culture" to his age, what the two great essayists more particularly set themselves to accomplish in *The Spectator*—and in great measure succeeded in accomplishing—was the instruction of their own and of the succeeding age in a due observance of the minor morals, in a regard of good manners as they impinge on morals, and of morals as they are a necessary outcome of good manners. The Londoner of Queen Anne's time was probably very little different from the Londoner who is a loyal subject of King Edward the Seventh; and the modern Londoner's ready toleration of nuisances and of anachronisms, his unmitigated contempt for those who grumble at them, his childish submission to any person who can show or cares to exercise authority or tyranny over him in a public place, are so glaring as to deserve to be proverbial. Steele and Addison, the one by humorous censure, the other by playful irony, encouraged the Londoner of their own day to assert himself, to know himself, and to discourage illiberal behaviour, whether shown by himself or by his neighbour. The suppression of ill-breeding, ill-humour, and ill-temper, whether manifested in the streets or in assemblies, in the theatre or in

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the stage-coach, in the church or in the coffee-house; the promotion of cheerfulness and good-nature, from a desire to make men and women more sociable, more agreeable, and more clubbable animals—these are the aims which *The Spectator* will be seen pursuing in the following essays.

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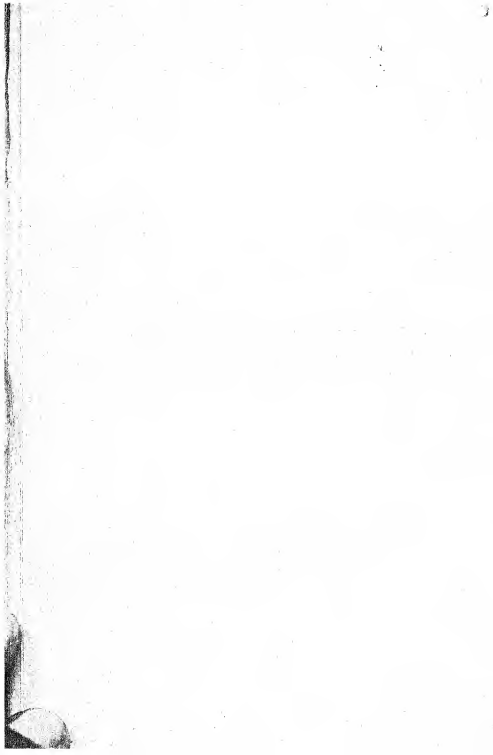
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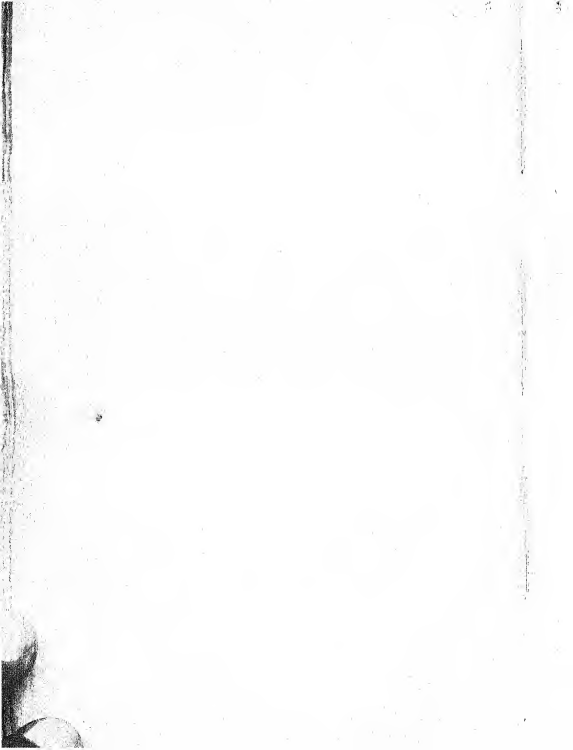
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STEELE

ON

The Minor Morals



The Spectator's Account of Himself

—*Egregii Mortalem altique silenti!*—Hor.

An Author, when he first appears in the World, is very apt to believe it has nothing to think of but his Performances. With a good Share of this Vanity in my Heart, I made it my Business these three Days to listen after my own Fame; and, as I have sometimes met with Circumstances which did not displease me, I have been encountered by others which gave me much Mortification. It is incredible to think how empty I have in this Time observed some Part of the Species to be, what mere Blanks they are when they first come abroad in the Morning, how utterly they are at a Stand, until they are set a going by some Paragraph in a News-Paper: Such Persons are very acceptable to a young Author, for they desire no more in anything but to be new, to be agreeable. If I found Consolation among such, I was as much disquieted by the Incapacity of others. These are Mortals who have a certain Curiosity without Power of Reflection, and perused my Papers like Spec-

tators rather than Readers. But there is so little Pleasure in Enquiries that so nearly concern our selves (it being the worst Way in the World to Fame, to be too anxious about it), that upon the whole I resolv'd for the future to go on in my ordinary Way; and without too much Fear or Hope about the Business of Reputation, to be very careful of the Design of my Actions, but very negligent of the Consequences of them.

It is an endless and frivolous Pursuit to act by any other Rule than the Care of satisfying our own Minds in what we do. One would think a silent Man, who concerned himself with no one breathing, should be very little liable to Misinterpretations; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a Jesuit, for no other reason but my profound Taciturnity. It is from this Misfortune, that to be out of Harm's Way, I have ever since affected Crowds. He who comes into Assemblies only to gratify his Curiosity, and not to make a Figure, enjoys the Pleasures of Retirement in a more exquisite Degree, than he possibly could in his Closet; the Lover, the Ambitious, and the Miser, are followed thither by a worse Crowd than any they can withdraw from. To be exempt from the Passions with which others are tormented, is the only pleasing Solitude. I can very justly say with the antient Sage, *I am never less alone than when alone*. As I am insignificant to the Company in publick Places, and as it is visible I do not come thither as most do, to shew my self; I gratify the Vanity of all who pretend

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to make an Appearance, and often have as kind Looks from well-dressed Gentlemen and Ladies, as a Poet would bestow upon one of his Audience. There are so many Gratifications attend this publick sort of Obscurity, that some little Distastes I daily receive have lost their Anguish; and I did the other day, without the least Displeasure, overhear one say of me, *That strange Fellow*, and another answer, *I have known the Fellow's Face for these twelve Years, and so must you; but I believe you are the first ever asked who he was.* There are, I must confess, many to whom my Person is as well known as that of their nearest Relations, who give themselves no further Trouble about calling me by my Name or Quality, but speak of me very currently by Mr. *what-d'ye-call-him.*

To make up for these trivial Disadvantages, I have the high Satisfaction of beholding all Nature with an unprejudiced Eye; and having nothing to do with Men's Passions or Interests, I can with the greater Sagacity consider their Talents, Manners, Failings, and Merits.

It is remarkable, that those who want any one Sense, possess the others with greater Force and Vivacity. Thus my Want of, or rather Resignation of Speech, gives me all the Advantages of a dumb Man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary Penetration in Seeing; and flatter my self that I have looked into the Highest and Lowest of Mankind, and make shrewd Guesses, without being admitted to their Conversation, at the inmost Thoughts and Reflections of all whom I behold. It is

from hence that good or ill Fortune has no manner of Force towards affecting my Judgment. I see Men flourishing in Courts, and languishing in Jayls, without being prejudiced from their Circumstances to their Favour or Disadvantage; but from their inward Manner of bearing their Condition, often pity the Prosperous and admire the Unhappy.

Those who converse with the Dumb, know from the Turn of their Eyes and the Changes of their Countenance their Sentiments of the Objects before them. I have indulged my Silence to such an Extravagance, that the few who are intimate with me, answer my Smiles with concurrent Sentences, and argue to the very Point I shak'd my Head at without my speaking. WILL. HONEYCOMB was very entertaining the other Night at a Play to a Gentleman who sat on his right Hand, while I was at his Left. The Gentleman believed WILL. was talking to himself, when upon my looking with great Approbation at a young thing in a Box before us, he said, "I am quite of another Opinion: She has, I will allow, a very pleasing Aspect, but, methinks, that Simplicity in her Countenance is rather childish than innocent." When I observed her a second time, he said, "I grant her Dress is very becoming, but perhaps the Merit of Choice is owing to her Mother; for though," continued he, "I allow a Beauty to be as much to be commended for the Elegance of her Dress, as a Wit for that of his Language; yet if she has stolen the Colour of her Ribbands from another, or had Advice

about her Trimmings, I shall not allow her the Praise of Dress, any more than I would call a Plagiary an Author." When I threw my Eye towards the next Woman to her, WILL. spoke what I looked, according to his romantic imagination, in the following Manner.

"Behold, you who dare, that charming Virgin. Behold the Beauty of her Person chastised by the Innocence of her Thoughts. Chastity, Good-Nature, and Affability, are the Graces that play in her Countenance; she knows she is handsome, but she knows she is good. Conscious Beauty adorned with conscious Virtue! What a Spirit is there in those Eyes! What a Bloom in that Person! How is the whole Woman expressed in her Appearance! Her Air has the Beauty of Motion, and her Look the Force of Language."

It was Prudence to turn away my Eyes from this Object, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtless Creatures who make up the Lump of that Sex, and move a knowing Eye no more than the Portraits of insignificant People by ordinary Painters, which are but Pictures of Pictures.

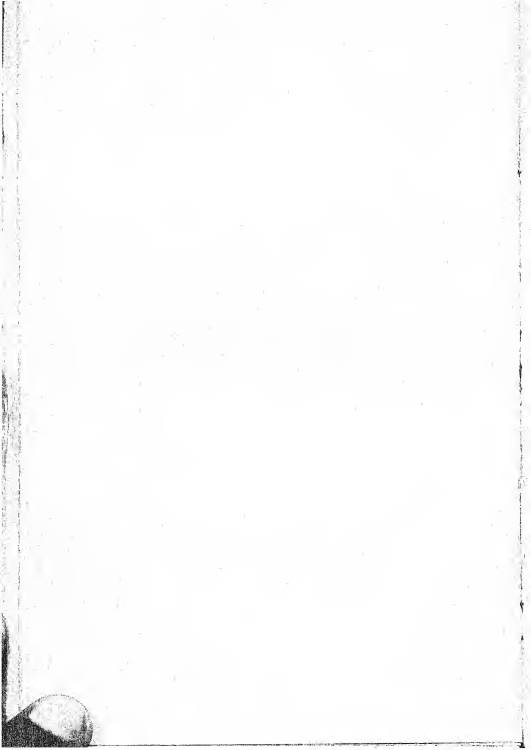
Thus the working of my own Mind, is the general Entertainment of my Life; I never enter into the Commerce of Discourse with any but my particular Friends, and not in Publick even with them. Such an Habit has perhaps raised in me uncommon Reflections; but this Effect I cannot communicate but by my Writings. As my Pleasures are almost wholly confined to those of the Sight, I take it

for a peculiar Happiness that I have always had an easy and familiar Admittance to the fair Sex. If I never praised or flatter'd, I never belyed or contradicted them. As these compose half the World, and are by the just Complaisance and Gallantry of our Nation the more powerful Part of our People, I shall dedicate a considerable Share of these my Speculations to their Service, and shall lead the young through all the becoming Duties of Virginity, Marriage, and Widowhood. When it is a Woman's Day, in my Works, I shall endeavour at a Stile and Air suitable to their Understanding. When I say this, I must be understood to mean, that I shall not lower but exalt the Subjects I treat upon. Discourse for their Entertainment, is not to be debased but refined. A Man may appear learned without talking Sentences; as in his ordinary Gesture he discovers he can dance, tho' he does not cut Capers. In a Word, I shall take it for the greatest Glory of my Work, if among reasonable Women this Paper may furnish *Tea-Table Talk*. In order to it, I shall treat on Matters which relate to Females as they are concern'd to approach or fly from the other Sex, or as they are tyed to them by Blood, Interest, or Affection. Upon this Occasion I think it but reasonable to declare, that whatever Skill I may have in Speculation, I shall never betray what the Eyes of Lovers say to each other in my Presence. At the same Time I shall not think my self obliged by this Promise, to conceal any false Protestations which I observe made by

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Glances in publick Assemblies; but endeavour to make both Sexes appear in their Conduct what they are in their Hearts. By this Means Love, during the Time of my Speculations, shall be carried on with the same Sincerity as any other Affair of less Consideration. As this is the greatest Concern, Men shall be from henceforth liable to the greatest Reproach for Misbehaviour in it. Falsehood in Love shall hereafter bear a blacker Aspect than Infidelity in Friendship or Villany in Business. For this great and good End, all Breaches against that noble Passion, the Cement of Society, shall be severely examined. But this and all other Matters loosely hinted at now and in my former Papers, shall have their proper Place in my following Discourses: The present writing is only to admonish the World, that they shall not find me an idle but a very busy Spectator.

Monday, March 5, 1711.



The Preference of Wit and Sense to Honesty and Virtue

*Credebant hoc grande Nefas, et Morte pianduri,
Si Juvenis Vetulo non assurrexerat—*. —Juv.

I know no Evil under the Sun so great as the Abuse of the Understanding, and yet there is no one Vice more common. It has diffus'd itself through both Sexes, and all Qualities of Mankind; and there is hardly that Person to be found, who is not more concerned for the Reputation of Wit and Sense, than Honesty and Virtue. But this unhappy Affectation of being Wise rather than Honest, Witty than Good-natur'd, is the Source of most of the ill Habits of Life. Such false Impressions are owing to the abandon'd Writings of Men of Wit, and the awkward Imitation of the rest of Mankind.

For this Reason, Sir ROGER was saying last Night, that he was of Opinion that none but Men of fine Parts deserve to be hanged. The Reflections of such Men are so delicate upon all Occurrences which they are concern'd in,

THE PREFERENCE OF

that they should be expos'd to more than ordinary Infamy and Punishment, for offending against such quick Admonitions as their own Souls give them, and blunting the fine Edge of their Minds in such a Manner, that they are no more shock'd at Vice and Folly, than Men of slower Capacities. There is no greater Monster in Being, than a very ill Man of great Parts; He lives like a Man in a Palsy, with one Side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the Satisfaction of Luxury, of Wealth, of Ambition, he has lost the Taste of Goodwill, of Friendship, of Innocence. *Scarecrow*, the Beggar in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, who disabled himself in his Right-Leg, and asks Alms all Day to get himself a warm Supper and a Trull at Night, is not half so despicable a Wretch as such a Man of Sense. The Beggar has no Relish above Sensations; he finds Rest more agreeable than Motion; and while he has a warm Fire and his Doxy, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. Every Man who terminates his Satisfaction and Enjoyments within the Supply of his own Necessities and Passions, is, says Sir ROGER, in my Eye as poor a Rogue as *Scarecrow*. But, continued he, for the loss of publick and private Virtue we are beholden to your Men of Parts forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it is done with an Air. But to me who am so whimsical in a corrupt Age as to act according to Nature and Reason, a selfish Man in the most shining Circumstance and Equipage, appears in the same Condition with the Fellow

above-mentioned, but more contemptible in Proportion to what more he robs the Publick of and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a Rule, That the whole Man is to move together; that every Action of any Importance is to have a Prospect of publick Good; and that the general Tendency of our indifferent Actions ought to be agreeable to the Dictates of Reason, of Religion, of good Breeding; without this, a Man, as I have before hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper Motion.

While the honest Knight was thus bewildering himself in good Starts, I look'd intently upon him, which made him I thought collect his Mind a little. What I aim at, says he, is, to represent, That I am of Opinion, to polish our Understandings and neglect our Manners is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern Passion, but instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and, as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise Man is not always a good Man. This Degeneracy is not only the Guilt of particular Persons, but also at some times of a whole People; and perhaps it may appear upon Examination, that the most polite Ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the Folly of admitting Wit and Learning as Merit in themselves, without considering the Application of them. By this Means it becomes a Rule not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false Beauty will not pass upon Men of honest Minds and true Taste. *Sir Richard*

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Blackmore says, with as much good Sense as Virtue, *It is a mighty Dishonour and Shame to employ excellent Faculties and abundance of Wit, to humour and please Men in their Vices and Follies. The great Enemy of Mankind, notwithstanding his Wit and Angelick Faculties, is the most odious Being in the whole Creation.* He goes on soon after to say very generously, That he undertook the writing of his Poem *to rescue the Muses out of the Hands of Ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste Mansions, and to engage them in an Employment suitable to their Dignity.* This certainly ought to be the Purpose of every man who appears in Publick; and whoever does not proceed upon that Foundation, injures his Country as fast as he succeeds in his Studies. When Modesty ceases to be the chief Ornament of one Sex, and Integrity of the other, Society is upon a wrong Basis, and we shall be ever after without Rules to guide our Judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and Reason direct one thing, Passion and Humour another: To follow the Dictates of the two latter, is going into a Road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other, our Passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but *England* is at present as polite a Nation as any in the World; but any Man who thinks can easily see, that the Affectation of being gay and in fashion has very near eaten up our good Sense and our Religion. Is there anything so just, as that Mode and Gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves

in what is proper and agreeable to the Institutions of Justice and Piety among us? And yet is there anything more common, than that we run in perfect Contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other Pretension, than that it is done with what we call a good Grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what Nature it self should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of Superiours is founded methinks upon Instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as Age? I make this abrupt Transition to the Mention of this Vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little Story, which I think a pretty Instance that the most polite Age is in danger of being the most vicious.

"It happen'd at *Athens*, during a publick Representation of some Play exhibited in honour of the Common-wealth that an old Gentleman came too late for a Place suitable to his Age and Quality. Many of the young Gentlemen who observed the Difficulty and Confusion he was in, made Signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sate: The good Man bustled through the Crowd accordingly; but when he came to the Seats to which he was invited, the Jest was to sit close, and expose him, as he stood out of Countenance, to the whole Audience. The Frolick went round all the Athenian Benches. But on those Occasions there were also particular Places assigned for Foreigners: When the good Man skulked towards the Boxes ap-

pointed for the *Lacedemonians*, that honest People, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a Man, and with the greatest Respect received him among them. The *Athenians* being suddenly touched with a Sense of the *Spartan* Virtue, and their own Degeneracy, gave a Thunder of Applause; and the old Man cry'd out, *The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it.*"

R.

Wednesday, March 7, 1711.

The Absurdity of being Abashed at One's Bodily Imperfections

—*Tetrum ante Omnia vultum.*—Juv.

Since our Persons are not of our own Making, when they are such as appear Defective or Uncomely, it is, methinks, an honest and laudable Fortitude to dare to be Ugly; at least to keep our selves from being abashed with a Consciousness of Imperfections which we cannot help, and in which there is no Guilt. I would not defend an haggard Beau, for passing away much time at a Glass, and giving Softnesses and Languishing Graces to Deformity. All I intend is, that we ought to be contented with our Countenance and Shape, so far, as never to give our selves an uneasie Reflection on that Subject. It is to the ordinary People, who are not accustomed to make very proper Remarks on any Occasion, matter of great Jest, if a Man enters with a prominent Pair of Shoulders into an Assembly, or is distinguished by an Expansion of Mouth, or Obliquity of Aspect. It is happy for a Man, that has any of these Odd-

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nesses about him, if he can be as merry upon himself, as others are apt to be upon that Occasion: When he can possess himself with such a Chearfulness, Women and Children, who were at first frighted at him, will afterwards be as much pleased with him. As it is barbarous in others to railly him for natural Defects, it is extreemly agreeable when he can Jest upon himself for them.

Madam *Maintenon's* first Husband was an Hero in this Kind, and has drawn many Pleasantries from the Irregularity of his Shape, which he describes as very much resembling the Letter Z. He diverts himself likewise by representing to his Reader the Make of an Engine and Pully, with which he used to take off his Hat. When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a Visage, and the Owner of it thinks it an Aspect of Dignity, he must be of very great Quality to be exempt from Railery: The best Expedient therefore is to be pleasant upon himself. Prince *Harry* and *Falstaffe*, in *Shakspear*, have carry'd the Ridicule upon Fat and Lean as far as it will go. *Falstaffe* is Humourously called *Woolsack*, *Bed-presser*, and *Hill of Flesh*; *Harry* a *Starveling*, an *Elves-Skin*, a *Sheath*, a *Bowcase*, and a *Tuck*. There is, in several incidents of the Conversation between them, the Jest still kept up upon the Person. Great Tenderness and Sensibility in this Point is one of the greatest Weaknesses of Self-love; for my own part, I am a little unhappy in the Mold of my Face, which is not quite so long as it is broad: Whether

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this might not partly arise from my opening my Mouth much seldomer than other People, and by Consequence not so much lengthning the Fibres of my Visage, I am not at leisure to determine. However it be, I have been often put out of Countenance by the Shortness of my Face, and was formerly at great Pains in concealing it by wearing a Periwigg with an high Foretop, and letting my Beard grow. But now I have thoroughly got over this Delicacy, and could be contented it were much shorter, provided it might qualify me for a Member of the Merry Club, which the following Letter gives me an Account of. I have received it from *Oxford*, and as it abounds with the Spirit of Mirth and good Humour, which is natural to that Place, I shall set it down Word for Word as it came to me.

"Most Profound Sir,

Having been very well entertained, in the last of your Speculations that I have yet seen, by your Specimen upon Clubs, which I therefore hope you will continue, I shall take the Liberty to furnish you with a brief Account of such a one as perhaps you have not seen in all your Travels, unless it was your Fortune to touch upon some of the woody Parts of the *African* Continent, in your Voyage to or from *Grand Cairo*. There have arose in this University (long since you left us without saying any thing) several of these inferior Hebdomadal Societies, as *the Punning Club, the Witty Club,*

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and amongst the rest, *the Handsom Club*; as a Burlesque upon which, a certain merry Species, that seem to have come into the World in Masquerade, for some Years last past have associated themselves together, and assum'd the name of *the Ugly Club*: This ill-favoured Fraternity consists of a President and twelve Fellows; the Choice of which is not confin'd by Patent to any particular Foundation (as *St. John's Men* would have the World believe, and have therefore erected a separate Society within themselves) but Liberty is left to elect from any School in *Great Britain*, provided the Candidates be within the Rules of the Club, as set forth in a Table entitled *The Act of Deformity*. A Clause or two of which I shall transmit to you.

I. That no Person whatsoever shall be admitted without a visible Quearity in his Aspect, or peculiar Cast of Countenance; of which the President and Officers for the time being are to determine, and the President to have the casting Voice.

II. That a singular Regard be had, upon Examination, to the Gibbosity of the Gentlemen that offer themselves, as Founders' Kinsmen, or to the Obliquity of their Figure, in what sort soever.

III. That if the Quantity of any Man's Nose be eminently miscalculated, whether as to Length or Breadth, he shall have a just Pretence to be elected.

Lastly, That if there shall be two or more Competitors for the same Vacancy, *cæteris*

BODILY IMPERFECTIONS

paribus, he that has the thickest Skin to have the Preference.

Every fresh Member, upon his first Night, is to entertain the Company with a Dish of Cod-fish, and a Speech in praise of *Æsop*; whose portraiture they have in full Proportion, or rather Disproportion, over the Chimney; and their Design is, as soon as their Funds are sufficient, to purchase the Heads of *Thersites*, *Duns Scotus*, *Scarron*, *Hudibras*, and the old Gentleman in *Oldham*, with all the celebrated ill Faces of Antiquity, as Furniture for the Club Room.

As they have always been profess'd Admirers of the other Sex, so they unanimously declare that they will give all possible Encouragement to such as will take the Benefit of the Statute, tho' none yet have appeared to do it.

The worthy President, who is their most devoted Champion, has lately shown me two Copies of Verses composed by a Gentleman of his Society; the first, a Congratulatory Ode inscrib'd to Mrs. *Touchwood*, upon the loss of her two Fore-teeth; the other, a Panegyrick upon Mrs. *Andiron's* left Shoulder. Mrs. *Vizard* (he says) since the Small Pox, is grown tolerably ugly, and a top Toast in the Club; but I never hear him so lavish of his fine things, as upon old *Nell Trot*, who constantly officiates at their Table; her he even adores, and extolls as the very Counterpart of Mother *Shipton*; in short, *Nell* (says he) is one of the Extraordinary Works of Nature; but as for

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Complexion, Shape, and Features, so valued by others, they are all meer Outside and Symmetry, which is his Aversion. Give me leave to add, that the President is a facetious, pleasant Gentleman, and never more so, than when he has got (as he calls 'em) his dear Mummers about him; and he often protests it does him good to meet a Fellow with a right genuine Grimace in his Air, (which is so agreeable in the generality of the *French Nation*;) and as an Instance of his Sincerity in this particular, he gave me a sight of a List in his Pocket-book of all of this Class, who for these five Years have fallen under his Observation, with himself at the Head of 'em, and in the Rear (as one of a promising and improving Aspect),

Sir,

Your Obliged and

Humble Servant,

Oxford,

Alexander Carbuncle."

March 12, 1710.

R.

Tuesday, March 20, 1711.

Impudence Rebuked—The Starers

—Κύνος ὁμματ' ἔχων— —Hom.

Among the other hardy Undertakings which I have proposed to my self, that of the Correction of Impudence is what I have very much at Heart. This in a particular Manner is my Province as SPECTATOR; for it is generally an Offence committed by the Eyes, and that against such as the Offenders would perhaps never have an Opportunity of injuring any other Way. The following Letter is a Complaint of a Young Lady, who sets forth a Trespass of this Kind with that Command of herself as befits Beauty and Innocence, and yet with so much Spirit as sufficiently expresses her Indignation. The whole Transaction is performed with the Eyes; and the Crime is no less than employing them in such a Manner, as to divert the Eyes of others from the best use they can make of them, even looking up to Heaven.

“SIR,

There never was (I believe) an acceptable Man, but had some awkward Imitators. Ever

since the SPECTATOR appear'd, have I remarked a kind of Men, whom I choose to call *Starers*, that without any Regard to Time, Place, or Modesty, disturb a large Company with their impertinent Eyes. Spectators make up a proper Assembly for a Puppet-Show or a Bear-Garden; but devout Supplicants and attentive Hearers, are the Audience one ought to expect in Churches. I am, Sir, Member of a small pious congregation near one of the North Gates of this City; much the greater Part of us indeed are Females, and used to behave our selves in a regular attentive Manner, till very lately one whole Isle has been disturbed with one of these monstrous *Starers*: He's the Head taller than any one in the Church; but for the greater Advantage of exposing himself, stands upon a Hassock, and commands the whole Congregation, to the great Annoyance of the devoutest part of the Auditory; for what with Blushing, Confusion, and Vexation, we can neither mind the Prayers nor Sermon. Your Animadversion upon this Insolence would be a great favour to,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

S. C."

I have frequently seen of this Sort of Fellows; and do not think there can be a greater Aggravation of an Offence, than that it is committed where the Criminal is protected

by the Sacredness of the Place which he violates. Many Reflections of this Sort might be very justly made upon this Kind of Behaviour, but a *Starer* is not usually a Person to be convinced by the Reason of the thing; and a Fellow that is capable of showing an impudent Front before a whole Congregation, and can bear being a publick Spectacle, is not so easily rebuked as to amend by Admonitions. If therefore my Correspondent does not inform me, that within Seven Days after this Date the Barbarian does not at least stand upon his own Legs only, without an Eminence, my friend WILL. PROSPER has promised to take an Hassock opposite to him, and stare against him in Defence of the Ladies. I have given him Directions, according to the most exact Rules of Opticks, to place himself in such a Manner that he shall meet his Eyes wherever he throws them: I have Hopes that when WILL. confronts him, and all the Ladies, in whose Behalf he engages him, cast kind Looks and Wishes of Success at their Champion, he will have some Shame, and feel a little of the Pain he has so often put others to, of being out of Countenance.

It has indeed been Time out of Mind generally remarked, and as often lamented, that this Family of *Starers* have infested publick Assemblies: And I know no other Way to obviate so great an Evil, except, in the Case of fixing their Eyes upon Women, some Male Friend will take the Part of such as are under the Oppression of Impudence, and encounter the

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Eyes of the *Starers* wherever they meet them. While we suffer our Women to be thus impudently attacked, they have no Defence, but in the End to cast yielding Glances at the *Starers*: And in this Case, a Man who has no Sense of Shame has the same Advantage over his Mistress, as he who has no Regard for his own Life has over his Adversary. While the Generality of the World are fetter'd by Rules, and move by proper and just Methods, he who has no Respect to any of them, carries away the Reward due to that Propriety of Behaviour, with no other Merit but that of having neglected it.

I take an impudent Fellow to be a sort of Outlaw in Good-Breeding, and therefore what is said of him no Nation or Person can be concerned for: For this Reason one may be free upon him. I have put my self to great Pains in considering this prevailing Quality which we call Impudence, and have taken Notice that it exerts it self in a different Manner, according to the different Soils wherein such Subjects of these Dominions as are Masters of it were born. Impudence in an Englishman is sullen and insolent, in a Scotchman it is untractable and rapacious, in an Irishman absurd and fawning: As the Course of the World now runs, the impudent Englishman behaves like a surly Landlord, the Scot, like an ill-received Guest, and the Irishman, like a Stranger who knows he is not welcome. There is seldom anything entertaining either in the Impudence of a South or North

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Briton; but that of an Irishman is always comick. A true and genuine Impudence is ever the Effect of Ignorance, without the least Sense of it. The best and most successful *Starers* now in this Town are of that Nation: They have usually the Advantage of the Stature mentioned in the above Letter of my Correspondent, and generally take their Stands in the Eye of Women of Fortune; insomuch that I have known one of them, three Months after he came from Plough, with a tolerable good Air lead out a Woman from a Play, which one of our own Breed, after four years at *Oxford* and two at the *Temple*, would have been afraid to look at.

I cannot tell how to account for it, but these People have usually the Preference to our own Fools, in the Opinion of the sillier Part of Womankind. Perhaps it is that an English Coxcomb is seldom so obsequious as an Irish one; and when the Design of pleasing is visible, an Absurdity in the Way toward it is easily forgiven.

But those who are downright impudent, and go on without Reflection that they are such, are more to be tolerated, than a Set of Fellows among us who profess Impudence with an Air of Humour, and think to carry off the most inexcusable of all Faults in the World, with no other Apology than saying in a gay Tone, *I put an impudent Face upon the Matter*. No, no Man shall be allowed the Advantages of Impudence, who is conscious that he is such: If he knows he is impudent, he may as well be otherwise;

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and it shall be expected that he blush, when he sees he makes another do it: For nothing can atone for the want of Modesty, without which Beauty is ungraceful, and Wit detestable.

R.

Friday, March 23, 1711.

Private Persons and Public Mourning

—*Hic vivimus Ambitiosa
Paupertate omnes.*—Juv.

The most improper things we commit in the Conduct of our Lives, we are led into by the Force of Fashion. Instances might be given, in which a prevailing Custom makes us act against the Rules of Nature, Law and common Sense: but at present I shall confine my Consideration of the Effect it has upon Men's Minds, by looking into our Behaviour when it is the Fashion to go into Mourning. The Custom of representing the Grief we have for the Loss of the Dead by our Habits, certainly had its Rise from the real Sorrow of such as were too much distressed to take the proper Care they ought of their Dress. By Degrees it prevailed, that such as had this inward Oppression upon their Minds, made an Apology for not joining with the rest of the World in their ordinary Diversions, by a Dress suited to their Condition. This therefore was at first assumed by such only as were under real Distress: to whom it was a Relief that they had

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nothing about them so light and gay as to be irksome to the Gloom and Melancholy of their inward Reflections, or that might misrepresent them to others. In process of Time this laudable Distinction of the Sorrowful was lost, and Mourning is now worn by Heirs and Widows. You see nothing but Magnificence and Solemnity in the Equipage of the Relict, and an Air of Release from Servitude in the Pomp of a Son who has lost a wealthy Father. This Fashion of Sorrow is now become a generous Part of the Ceremonial between Princes and Sovereigns, who in the Language of all Nations are stiled Brothers to each other, and put on the Purple upon the Death of any Potentate with whom they live in Amity. Courtiers, and all who wish themselves such, are immediately seized with Grief from Head to Foot upon this Disaster to their Prince; so that one may know by the very Buckles of a Gentleman-Usher, what Degree of Friendship any deceased Monarch maintained with the Court to which he belongs. A good Courtier's Habit and Behaviour is hieroglyphical on these Occasions: He deals much in Whispers, and you may see he dresses according to the best Intelligence.

The general Affectation among Men, of appearing greater than they are, makes the whole World run into the Habit of the Court. You see the Lady, who the Day before was as various as a Rainbow, upon the Time appointed for beginning to mourn, as dark as a Cloud. This Humour does not prevail only on those whose Fortunes can support any Change in

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their Equipage, not on those only whose Incomes demand the Wantonness of new Appearances; but on such also who have just enough to cloath them. An old Acquaintance of mine, of Ninety Pounds a Year, who has naturally the Vanity of being a Man of Fashion deep at his Heart, is very much put to it to bear the Mortality of Princes. He made a new black Suit upon the Death of the King of *Spain*, he turned it for the King of *Portugal*, and he now keeps his Chamber while it is scouring for the Emperor. He is a good Œconomist in his Extravagance, and makes only a fresh black Button upon his Iron-gray Suit for any Potentate of small Territories; he indeed adds his Crape Hatband for a Prince whose Exploits he has admired in the *Gazette*. But whatever Compliments may be made on these Occasions, the true Mourners are the Mercers, Silkmen, Lacemen and Milliners. A Prince of merciful and royal Disposition would reflect with great Anxiety upon the Prospect of his Death, if he considered what Numbers would be reduced to Misery by that Accident only: He would think it of Moment enough to direct, that in the Notification of his Departure, the Honour done to him might be restrained to those of the Houshold of the Prince to whom it should be signified. He would think a general Mourning to be in a less Degree the same Ceremony which is practised in barbarous Nations, of killing their Slaves to attend the Obsequies of their Kings.

I had been wonderfully at a Loss for many

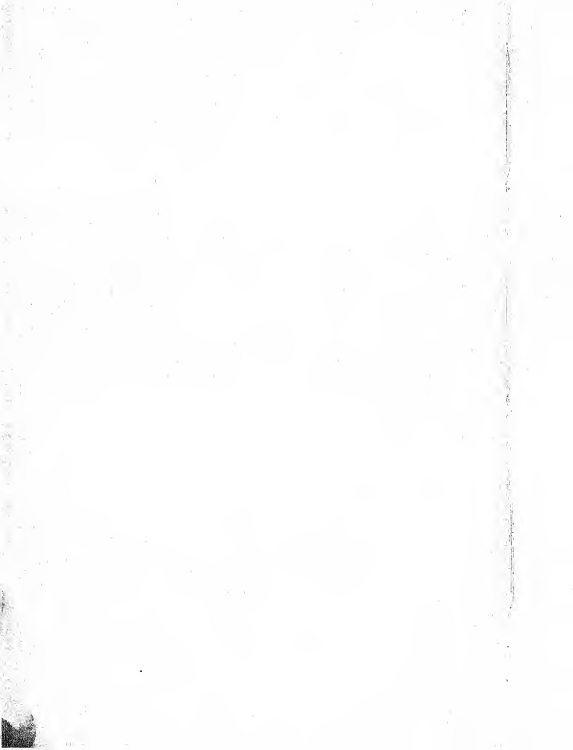
Months together, to guess at the Character of a Man who came now and then to our Coffee-house: He ever ended a News-paper with this Reflection, *Well, I see all the Foreign Princes are in good Health.* If you asked, Pray, Sir, what says the *Postman* from *Vienna*? he answered, *Make us thankful, the German Princes are all well:* What does he say from *Barcelona*? *He does not speak but that the Country agrees very well with the new Queen.* After very much Enquiry, I found this Man of universal Loyalty was a wholesale Dealer in Silks and Ribbands: His way is, it seems, if he hires a Weaver, or Workman, to have it inserted in his Articles, "That all this shall be well and truly performed, provided no foreign Potentate shall depart this Life within the Time above-mentioned". It happens in all publick Mourning, that the many Trades which depend upon our Habits, are during that Folly either pinched with present Want, or terrified with the apparent Approach of it. All the Atonement which Men can make for wanton Expences (which is a sort of insulting the Scarcity under which others labour) is, that the Superfluities of the Wealthy give Supplies to the Necessities of the Poor: but instead of any other Good arising from the Affectation of being in courtly Habits of Mourning, all Order seems to be destroyed by it; and the true Honour which one Court does to another on that Occasion, loses its Force and Efficacy. When a foreign Minister beholds the Court of a Nation (which flourishes in Riches and Plenty) lay aside, upon

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the Loss of his Master, all Marks of Splendor and Magnificence, though the Head of such a joyful People, he will conceive greater Idea of the Honour done his Master, than when he sees the Generality of the People in the same Habit. When one is afraid to ask the Wife of a Tradesman whom she has lost of her Family; and after some Preparation endeavours to know whom she mourns for; how ridiculous is it to hear her explain her self, That we have lost one of the House of *Austria*! Princes are elevated so highly above the rest of Mankind, that it is a presumptuous Distinction to take a Part in Honours done to their Memories, except we have Authority for it, by being related in a particular Manner to the Court which pays that Veneration to their Friendship, and seems to express on such an Occasion the Sense of the Uncertainty of humane Life in general, by assuming the Habit of Sorrow tho' in the full possession of Triumph and Royalty.

R.

Monday, May 14, 1711.



Impudence Rebuked—The Swaggering Soldier

—*Qui aut Tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.*—Tull.

Having notified to my good Friend Sir ROGER that I should set out for *London* the next Day, his Horses were ready at the appointed Hour in the Evening; and attended by one of his Grooms, I arrived at the County-Town at twilight, in order to be ready for the Stage-Coach the Day following. As soon as we arrived at the Inn, the Servant who waited upon me, inquir'd of the Chamberlain in my Hearing what Company he had for the Coach? The Fellow answered, Mrs. *Betty Arable*, the great Fortune, and the Widow her Mother; a recruiting Officer (who took a Place because they were to go;) young Squire *Quickset* her Cousin (that her Mother wished her to be married to;) *Ephraim* the Quaker, her Guardian; and a Gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY's. I observed by what he said of my self, that according to his Office he dealt much in Intelligence; and

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doubted not but there was some Foundation for his Reports of the rest of the Company, as well as for the whimsical Account he gave of me. The next Morning at Day-break we were all called; and I, who know my own natural Shyness, and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first Preparation for our Setting-out was, that the Captain's Half-Pike was placed near the Coach-man, and a Drum behind the Coach. In the mean Time the Drummer, the Captain's Equipage, was very loud, that none of the Captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his Cloake-bag was fixed in the Seat of the Coach: And the Captain himself, according to a frequent, tho' invidious Behaviour of Military Men, ordered his Man to look sharp, that none but one of the Ladies should have the Place he had taken fronting to the Coach-box.

We were in some little Time fixed in our Seats, and sat with that Dislike which People not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first Sight. The Coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of Familiarity: and we had not moved above two Miles, when the Widow asked the Captain what Success he had in his Recruiting? The Officer, with a Frankness he believed very graceful, told her, "That indeed he had but very little Luck, and had suffered much by Desertion, therefore should be glad to end his Warfare in the Service of her or her fair Daughter. In a Word, continued he, I

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am a Soldier, and to be plain is my Character: You see me, Madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me your self, Widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your Disposal. I am a Soldier of Fortune, ha!" This was followed by a vain Laugh of his own, and a deep Silence of all the rest of the Company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all Speed. "Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a Wedding at the next Town: We will wake this pleasant Companion who is fallen asleep, to be the Brideman, and" (giving the Quaker a Clap on the Knee) he concluded, "This sly Saint, who, I'll warrant, understands what's what as well as you or I, Widow, shall give the Bride as Father." The Quaker, who happened to be a Man of Smartness, answered, "Friend, I take it in good Part that thou hast given me the Authority of a Father over this comely and virtuous Child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy Mirth, Friend, savoureth of Folly: Thou art a Person of a light Mind; thy Drum is a Type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy Fullness, but thy Emptiness that thou hast spoken this Day. Friend, Friend, we have hired this Coach in Partnership with thee, to carry us to the great City; we cannot go any other Way. This worthy Mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy Follies; we cannot help it, Friend, I say: if thou wilt we must hear thee: But if thou wert a Man of

Understanding, thou wouldst not take Advantage of thy courageous Countenance to abash us Children of Peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a Soldier; give Quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou flee at our Friend, who feigned himself asleep? he said nothing: but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young Virgin, consider it is an Outrage against a distressed Person that cannot get from thee: To speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this publick Vehicle, is in some Degree assaulting on the high Road."

Here *Ephraim* paused, and the Captain with an happy and uncommon Impudence (which can be convicted and support it self at the same time) cries, "Faith, Friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoaky old Fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing Part of the Journey. I was going to give my self Airs, but, Ladies, I beg Pardon."

The Captain was so little out of Humour, and our Company was so far from being sowered by this little Ruffle, that *Ephraim* and he took a particular Delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different Provinces in the Conduct of the Company. Our Reckonings, Apartments, and Accommodation, fell under *Ephraim*: and the Captain looked to all Disputes on the Road, as the good Behaviour of our Coachman, and the

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Right we had of taking Place as going to *London* of all Vehicles coming from thence. The Occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the Relation of them: But when I consider'd the Company we were in, I took it for no small good Fortune that the whole Journey was not spent in Impertinences, which to one Part of us might be an Entertainment, to the other a Suffering. What therefore *Ephraim* said when we were almost arriv'd at *London*, had to me an Air not only of good Understanding but good Breeding. Upon the young Lady's expressing her Satisfaction in the Journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, *Ephraim* declared himself as follows: "There is no ordinary Part of humane Life which expresseth so much a good Mind, and a right inward Man, as his Behaviour upon meeting with Strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable Companions to him: Such a Man, when he falleth in the way with Persons of Simplicity and Innocence, however knowing he may be in the Ways of Men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide his Superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good Friend, (continued he, turning to the Officer) thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again: But be advised by a plain Man; Modes and Apparel are but Trifles to the real Man, therefore do not think such a Man as thy self terrible for thy Garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such

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as thee and I meet, with Affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou should'st rejoice to see my peaceable Demeanour, and I should be glad to see thy Strength and Ability to protect me in it."

T.

Wednesday, August 1, 1711.

How to meet Death

*Quis Desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam Chari capitis?—Hor.*

There is a sort of Delight, which is alternately mixed with Terror and Sorrow, in the Contemplation of Death. The Soul has its Curiosity more than ordinarily awakened, when it turns its Thoughts upon the Conduct of such who have behaved themselves with an Equal, a Resigned, a Cheerful, a Generous or Heroick Temper in that Extremity. We are affected with these respective Manners of Behaviour, as we secretly believe the Part of the Dying Person imitable by our selves, or such as we imagine our selves more particularly capable of. Men of exalted Minds march before us like Princes, and are, to the Ordinary Race of Mankind, rather Subjects for their Admiration than Example. However, there are no Ideas strike more forcibly upon our Imaginations, than those which are raised from Reflections upon the Exits of great and excellent Men. Innocent Men who have suffered as Criminals, tho' they were Benefactors to Human Society, seem to be Persons of the highest Distinction, among the vastly greater Number of Human Race, the Dead. When

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the Iniquity of the Times brought *Socrates* to his Execution, how great and wonderful is it to behold him, unsupported by any thing but the Testimony of his own Conscience and Conjectures of Hereafter, receive the Poison with an Air of Mirth and good Humour, and as if going on an agreeable Journey bespeak some Deity to make it fortunate.

When *Phocion's* good Actions had met with the like Reward from his Country, and he was led to Death with many others of his Friends, they bewailing their Fate, he walking composedly towards the Place of Execution, how gracefully does he support his Illustrious Character to the very last Instant. One of the Rabble spitting at him as he passed, with his usual Authority he called to know if no one was ready to teach this Fellow how to behave himself. When a Poor-spirited Creature that died at the same time for his Crimes bemoaned himself unmanfully, he rebuked him with this Question, Is it no Consolation to such a Man as thou art to die with *Phocion*? At the Instant when he was to die, they asked him what commands he had for his Son, he answered, To forget this Injury of the *Athenians*. *Niocles*, his Friend, under the same Sentence, desired he might drink the Potion before him; *Phocion* said, because he never had denied him any thing he would not even this, the most difficult Request he had ever made.

These Instances were very noble and great, and the Reflections of those Sublime Spirits had made Death to them what it is really in-

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tended to be by the Author of Nature, a Relief from a various Being ever subject to Sorrows and Difficulties.

Epaminondas, the *Theban* General, having received in Fight a mortal Stab with a Sword, which was left in his Body, lay in that Posture 'till he had Intelligence that his Troops had obtained the Victory, and then permitted it to be drawn out, at which Instant he expressed himself in this manner, *This is not the end of my Life, my Fellow-Soldiers; it is now your Epaminondas is born, who dies in so much Glory.*

It were an endless Labour to collect the Accounts with which all Ages have filled the World of Noble and Heroick Minds that have resigned this Being, as if the Termination of Life were but an ordinary Occurrence of it.

This common-place way of Thinking I fell into from an awkward Endeavour to throw off a real and fresh Affliction, by turning over Books in a melancholy Mood; but it is not easy to remove Grievs which touch the Heart, by applying Remedies which only entertain the Imagination. As therefore this Paper is to consist of any thing which concerns Human Life, I cannot help letting the present Subject regard what has been the last Object of my Eyes, tho' an Entertainment of Sorrow.

I went this Evening to visit a Friend, with a design to rally him, upon a Story I had heard of his intending to steal a Marriage without the Privy of us his intimate Friends and Acquaintance. I came into his Apartment with that Intimacy I have done for very many

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Years, and walked directly into his Bed-chamber, where I found my Friend in the Agonies of Death. What could I do? The innocent Mirth in my Thoughts struck upon me like the most flagitious Wickedness: I in vain called upon him; he was senseless, and too far spent to have the least Knowledge of my Sorrow, or any Pain in himself. Give me leave then to transcribe my Soliloquy, as I stood by his Mother, dumb with the weight of Grief for a Son who was her Honour and her Comfort, and never till that Hour since his Birth had been an Occasion of a Moment's Sorrow to her.

“How surprising is this Change! from the Possession of vigorous Life and Strength, to be reduced in a few Hours to this fatal Extremity! Those Lips which look so pale and livid, within these few Days gave Delight to all who heard their Utterance: It was the Business, the Purpose of his Being, next to Obeying him to whom he is going, to please and instruct, and that for no other end but to please and instruct. Kindness was the Motive of his Actions, and with all the Capacity requisite for making a Figure in a contentious World, Moderation, Good-Nature, Affability, Temperance and Chastity, were the Arts of his Excellent Life. There as he lies in helpless Agony, no Wise Man who knew him so well as I, but would resign all the World can bestow to be so near the end of such a Life. Why does my Heart so little obey my Reason as to lament

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thee, thou excellent Man?—Heaven receive him, or restore him.—Thy beloved Mother, thy obliged Friends, thy helpless Servants, stand around thee without Distinction. How much wouldst thou, hadst thou thy Senses, say to each of us!

But now that good Heart bursts, and he is at rest—with that Breath expired a Soul who never indulged a Passion unfit for the Place he is gone to: Where are now thy Plans of Justice, of Truth, of Honour? Of what use the Volumes thou hast collated, the Arguments thou hast invented, the Examples thou hast followed? Poor were the Expectations of the Studious, the Modest and the Good, if the Reward of their Labours were only to be expected from Man. No, my Friend, thy intended Pleadings, thy intended good Offices to thy Friends, thy intended Services to thy Country, are already performed (as to thy Concern in them) in his Sight before whom the Past, Present, and Future appear at one View. While others with thy Talents were tormented with Ambition, with Vain-glory, with Envy, with Emulation, how well didst thou turn thy Mind to its own Improvement in things out of the Power of Fortune, in Probity, in Integrity, in the Practice and Study of Justice; how silent thy Passage, how private thy Journey, how glorious thy End! *Many have I known more Famous, some more Knowing, not one so Innocent."*

R.

Thursday, August 2, 1711.



The Liar's Account of Himself.

———*Parthis mendacior*——— Hor.

According to the Request of this strange Fellow, I shall Print the following Letter.

“*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I shall without any manner of Preface or Apology acquaint you, that I am, and ever have been from my Youth upward, one of the greatest Liars this Island has produced. I have read all the Moralists upon the Subject, but could never find any Effect their Discourses had upon me, but to add to my Misfortune by new Thoughts and Ideas, and making me more ready in my Language, and capable of sometimes mixing seeming Truths with my Improbabilities. With this strong Passion towards Falshood in this kind, there does not live an honest Man or a sincerer Friend; but my Imagination runs away with me, and whatever is started I have such a Scene of Adventures appears in an Instant before me, that I cannot help uttering them, tho', to my immediate

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Confusion, I cannot but know I am liable to be detected by the first Man I meet.

Upon occasion of the mention of the Battel of *Pultowa*, I could not forbear giving an Account of a Kinsman of mine, a young Merchant who was bred at *Mosco*, that had too much Metal to attend Books of Entries and Accounts, when there was so active a Scene in the Country where he resided, and followed the Czar as a Volunteer: This warm Youth, born at the Instant the thing was spoke of, was the Man who unhorsed the *Swedish* General, he was the Occasion that the *Muscovites* kept their Fire in so soldier-like a manner, and brought up those Troops which were covered from the Enemy at the beginning of the Day; besides this, he had at last the good Fortune to be the Man who took Count *Piper*. With all this Fire I knew my Cousin to be the Civilest Creature in the World. He never made any impertinent Show of his Valour, and then he had an excellent Genius for the World in every other kind. I had Letters from him (here I felt in my Pockets) that exactly spoke the Czar's Character, which I knew perfectly well; and I could not forbear concluding, that I lay with his Imperial Majesty twice or thrice a Week all the while he lodged at *Deptford*. What is worse than all this, it is impossible to speak to me, but you give me some occasion of coming out with one Lie or other, that has neither Wit, Humour, Prospect of Interest, or any other Motive that I can think of in Nature. The other Day, when one was commending

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an Eminent and Learned Divine, what occasion in the World had I to say, Methinks he would look more Venerable if he were not so fair a man? I remember the Company smiled. I have seen the Gentleman since, and he is Coal-Black. I have Intimations every Day in my Life that no Body believes me, yet I am never the better. I was saying something the other Day to an old Friend at *Will's* Coffee-house, and he made me no manner of Answer; but told me, that an Acquaintance of *Tully* the Orator having two or three times together said to him, without receiving any Answer, That upon his Honour he was but that very Month forty Years of Age; *Tully* answer'd, Surely you think me the most incredulous Man in the World, if I don't believe what you have told me every Day this ten Years. The Mischief of it is, I find myself wonderfully inclin'd to have been present at every Occurrence that is spoken of before me; this has led me into many Inconveniencies, but indeed they have been the fewer, because I am no ill-natur'd Man, and never speak Things to any Man's Disadvantage. I never directly defame, but I do what is as bad in the Consequence, for I have often made a Man say such and such a lively Expression, who was born a mere Elder Brother. When one has said in my Hearing, Such a one is no wiser than he should be, I immediately have reply'd, Now 'faith, I can't see that, he said a very good Thing to my Lord such a one, upon such an Occasion, and the like. Such an honest Dolt as this has been

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watch'd in every Expression he uttered, upon my Recommendation of him, and consequently been subject to the more Ridicule. I once endeavoured to cure my self of this impertinent Quality, and resolved to hold my Tongue for seven Days together; I did so, but then I had so many Winks and unnecessary Distortions of my Face upon what any body else said, that I found I only forbore the Expression, and that I still lied in my Heart to every Man I met with. You are to know one Thing (which I believe you'll say is a pity, considering the Use I should have made of it) I never Travelled in my Life; but I do not know whether I could have spoken of any Foreign Country with more Familiarity than I do at present, in Company who are Strangers to me. I have cursed the Inns in *Germany*; commended the Brothels at *Venice*; the Freedom of Conversation in *France*; and tho' I never was out of this dear Town, and fifty Miles about it, have been three Nights together dogged by Bravoës for an Intreague with a Cardinal's Mistress at *Rome*.

It were endless to give you Particulars of this kind, but I can assure you, Mr. SPECTATOR, there are about Twenty or Thirty of us in this Town, I mean by this Town the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*; I say there are in Town a sufficient Number of us to make a Society among our selves; and since we cannot be believed any longer, I beg of you to print this my Letter, that we may meet together, and be under such Regulation as there may be

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no Occasion for Belief or Confidence among us. If you think fit, we might be called *The Historians*, for *Liar* is become a very harsh Word. And that a Member of the Society may not hereafter be ill received by the rest of the World, I desire you would explain a little this sort of Men, and not let us *Historians* be ranked, as we are in the Imaginations of ordinary People, among common Liars, Makebates, Impostors, and Incendiaries. For your Instruction herein, you are to know that an Historian in Conversation is only a Person of so pregnant a Fancy, that he cannot be contented with ordinary Occurrences. I know a Man of Quality of our Order, who is of the wrong Side of Forty-three, and has been of that Age, according to *Tully's* Jest, for some Years since, whose Vein is upon the Romantick. Give him the least Occasion, and he will tell you something so very particular that happen'd in such a Year, and in such Company, where by the by was present such a one, who was afterwards made such a thing. Out of all these Circumstances, in the best Language in the World, he will join together with such probable Incidents an Account that shews a Person of the deepest Penetration, the honestest Mind, and withal something so Humble when he speaks of himself, that you would Admire. Dear Sir, why should this be Lying! There is nothing so instructive. He has withal the gravest Aspect; something so very venerable and great! Another of these Historians is a Young Man whom we would take in, tho'

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he extreemly wants Parts, as People send Children (before they can learn any thing) to School, to keep them out of Harm's way. He tells things which have nothing at all in them, and can neither please nor displease, but merely take up your Time to no manner of Purpose, no manner of Delight; but he is Good-natured, and does it because he loves to be saying something to you, and entertain you.

I could name you a Soldier that hath done very great things without Slaughter; he is prodigiously dull and slow of Head, but what he can say is for ever false, so that we must have him.

Give me leave to tell you of one more who is a Lover; he is the most afflicted Creature in the World, lest what happened between him and a Great Beauty should ever be known. Yet again, he comforts himself. *Hang the Jade her Woman. If Mony can keep the Slut trusty I will do it, though I mortgage every Acre; Anthony and Cleopatra for that; All for Love and the World well lost—*

Then, Sir, there is my little Merchant, honest *Indigo* of the *Change*, there's my Man for Loss and Gain, there's Tare and Tret, there's lying all round the Globe; he has such a prodigious Intelligence he knows all the *French* are doing, or what we intend or ought to intend, and has it from such Hands. But, alas, whither am I running! While I complain, while I remonstrate to you, even all this is a Lie, and there is not one such Person of Quality, Lover, Soldier, or Merchant as I

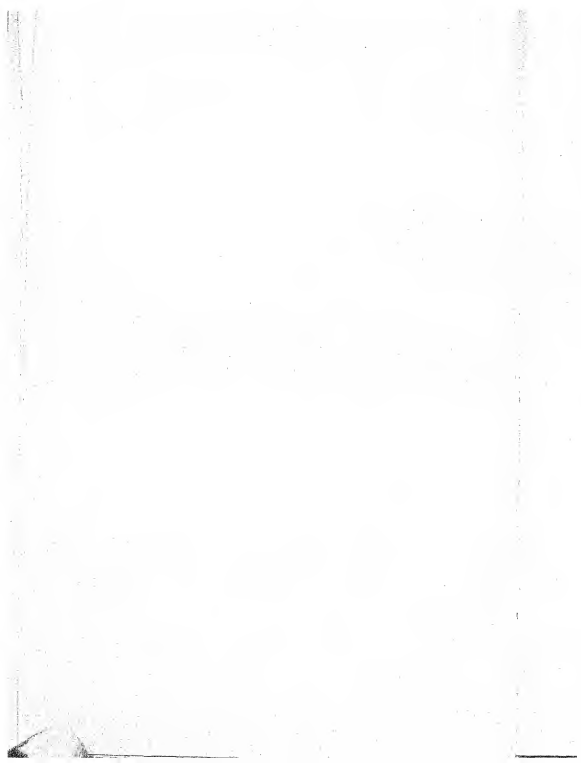
ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

have now described in the whole World, that I know of. But I will catch my self once in my Life, and in spite of Nature speak one Truth, to wit that I am

Your Humble Servant, &c."

T.

Monday, August 6, 1711.



The Grievances of Servants

At hæc etiam Servis semper libera fuerunt, timerent, gauderent, dolerent, suo potius quam alterius arbitrio.

—Tull. Epist.

It is no small Concern to me, that I find so many Complaints from that Part of Mankind whose Portion it is to live in Servitude, that those whom they depend upon will not allow them to be even as happy as their Condition will admit of. There are, as these unhappy Correspondents inform me, Masters who are offended at a chearful Countenance, and think a Servant is broke loose from them, if he does not preserve the utmost Awe in their Presence. There is one who says, if he looks satisfied, his Master asks him what makes him so pert this Morning; if a little sour, Hark ye, Sirrah, are not you paid your Wages? The poor Creatures live in the most extreme Misery together: The Master knows not how to preserve Respect, nor the Servant how to give it. It seems this Person is of so sullen a Nature, that he knows but little Satisfaction in the midst of a plentiful Fortune, and secretly frets to see any Appearance of Content, in one that lives upon the hundredth Part of his Income,

GRIEVANCES OF SERVANTS

who is unhappy in the Possession of the Whole. Uneasy Persons, who cannot possess their own Minds, vent their Spleen upon all who depend upon them: which, I think, is expressed in a lively manner in the following Letters.

“SIR,

August 2, 1711.

I have read your *Spectator* of the third of the last Month, and wish I had the Happiness of being preferred to serve so good a Master as Sir ROGER. The Character of my Master is the very Reverse of that good and gentle Knight's. All his Directions are given, and his Mind revealed, by way of Contraries: As when any thing is to be remembered, with a peculiar Cast of Face he cries, *Be sure to forget now*. If I am to make haste back, *Don't come these two Hours; be sure to call by the Way upon some of your Companions*. Then another excellent Way of his is, if he sets me any thing to do, which he knows must necessarily take up half a Day, he calls ten times in a Quarter of an Hour to know whether I have done yet. This is his Manner; and the same Perverseness runs through all his Actions, according as the Circumstances vary. Besides all this, he is so suspicious, that he submits himself to the Drudgery of a Spy. He is as unhappy himself as he makes his Servants: He is constantly watching us, and we differ no more in Pleasure and Liberty than as a Gaoler and a Prisoner. He lays Traps for Faults, and no sooner makes

GRIEVANCES OF SERVANTS

a Discovery, but falls into such Language, as I am more ashamed of for coming from him, than for being directed to me. This, Sir, is a short Sketch of a Master I have served upwards of nine Years; and tho' I have never wronged him, I confess my Despair of pleasing him has very much abated my Endeavour to do it. If you will give me leave to steal a Sentence out of my Master's *Clarendon*, I shall tell you my Case in a Word, *Being used worse than I deserved, I cared less to deserve well than I had done.*

I am, SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

RALPH VALET."

"*Dear Mr. SPECTER,*

I am the next thing to a Lady's Woman, and am under both my Lady and her Woman. I am so used by them both, that I should be very glad to see them in the SPECTER. My Lady her self is of no Mind in the World, and for that Reason her Woman is of twenty Minds in a Moment. My Lady is one that never knows what to do with her self; she pulls on and puts off every thing she wears twenty times before she resolves upon it for that Day. I stand at one end of the Room, and reach things to her Woman. When my Lady asks for a thing, I hear and have half brought it, when the Woman meets me in the middle of the Room to receive it, and at that

GRIEVANCES OF SERVANTS

Instant she says No she will not have it. Then I go back, and her Woman comes up to her, and by this time she will have that and two or three things more in an Instant: The Woman and I run to each other; I am loaded and delivering the things to her, when my Lady says she wants none of all these things, and we are the dullest Creatures in the World, and she the unhappiest Woman living, for she shan't be dress'd in any time. Thus we stand not knowing what to do, when our good Lady with all the Patience in the World tells us as plain as she can speak, that she will have Temper because we have no manner of Understanding; and begins again to dress, and see if we can find out of our selves what we are to do. When she is Dressed she goes to Dinner, and after she has disliked every thing there, she calls for the Coach, then commands it in again, and then she will not go out at all, and then will go too, and orders the Chariot. Now, good Mr. SPECTER, I desire you would in the Behalf of all who serve froward Ladies, give out in your Paper, that nothing can be done without allowing Time for it, and that one cannot be back again with what one was sent for, if one is called back before one can go a Step for that they want. And if you please let them know that all Mistresses are as like as all Servants.

I am

Your Loving Friend,

PATIENCE GIDDY."

GRIEVANCES OF SERVANTS

These are great Calamities; but I met the other Day in the five Fields towards *Chelsea*, a pleasanter Tyrant than either of the above represented. A fat Fellow was puffing on in his open Waistcoat; a Boy of fourteen in a Livery, carrying after him his Cloak, upper Coat, Hat, Wig, and Sword. The poor Lad was ready to sink with the Weight, and could not keep up with his Master, who turned back every half Furlong, and wondered what made the lazy Young Dog lag behind.

There is something very unaccountable, that People cannot put themselves in the Condition of the Persons below them, when they consider the Commands they give. But there is nothing more common, than to see a Fellow (who if he were reduced to it, would not be hired by any Man living) lament that he is troubled with the most worthless Dogs in Nature.

It would, perhaps, be running too far out of common Life to urge, that he who is not Master of himself and his own Passions, cannot be a proper Master of another. *Æquanimity* in a Man's own Words and Actions, will easily diffuse it self through his whole Family. *Pamphilio* has the happiest Household of any Man I know, and that proceeds from the humane regard he has to them in their private Persons, as well as in respect that they are his Servants. If there be any Occasion, wherein they may in themselves be supposed to be unfit to attend their Master's Concerns, by reason of an Attention to their own, he is so good as

GRIEVANCES OF SERVANTS

to place himself in their Condition. I thought it very becoming in him, when at Dinner the other Day he made an Apology for want of more Attendants. He said, *One of my Footmen is gone to the Wedding of his Sister, and the other I don't expect to Wait, because his Father died but two Days ago.* T.

Tuesday, August 7, 1711.

Impertinence Rebuked— Frivolous Disputants

Utitur in re non Dubia testibus non necessariis.—Tull.

One meets now and then with Persons who are extreamly learned and knotty in Expounding clear Cases. *Tully* tells us of an Author that spent some Pages to prove that Generals could not perform the great Enterprizes which have made them so illustrious, if they had not had Men. He asserted also, it seems, that a Minister at home, no more than a Commander abroad, could do any thing without other Men were his Instruments and Assistants. On this Occasion he produces the Example of *Themistocles*, *Pericles*, *Cyrus*, and *Alexander* himself, whom he denies to have been capable of effecting what they did, except they had been followed by others. It is pleasant enough to see such Persons contend without Opponents, and triumph without Victory.

The Author above-mention'd by the Orator, is placed for ever in a very ridiculous Light, and we meet every Day in Conversation such as deserve the same kind of Renown, for troubling those with whom they converse with the

like Certainties. The Persons that I have always thought to deserve the highest Admiration in this kind are your ordinary Story-tellers, who are most religiously careful of keeping to the Truth in every particular Circumstance of a Narration, whether it concern the main End or not. A Gentleman whom I had the Honour to be in Company with the other Day, upon some Occasion that he was pleas'd to take, said, He remembered a very pretty Repartee made by a very witty Man in King *Charles's* time upon the like Occasion. I remember (said he, upon entring into the Tale) much about the time of *Oates's* Plot, that a Cousin-German of mine and I were at the *Bear* in *Holborn*: No, I am out, it was at the *Gross Keys*, but *Jack Thompson* was there, for he was very great with the Gentleman who made the Answer. But I am sure it was spoken some where thereabouts, for we drank a Bottle in that Neighbourhood every Evening: But no matter for all that, the thing is the same; but——

He was going on to settle the Geography of the Jest when I left the Room, wondering at this odd turn of Head which can play away its Words, with uttering nothing to the Purpose, still observing its own Impertinencies, and yet proceeding in them. I do not question but he inform'd the rest of his Audience, who had more Patience than I, of the Birth and Parentage, as well as the Collateral Alliances of his Family who made the Repartee, and of him who provoked him to it.

It is no small Misfortune to any who have a just Value for their Time, when this Quality of being so very Circumstantial, and careful to be exact, happens to shew it self in a Man whose Quality obliges them to attend his Proofs, that it is now Day, and the like. But this is augmented when the same Genius gets into Authority, as it often does. Nay I have known it more than once ascend the very Pulpit. One of this sort taking it in his Head to be a great Admirer of Dr. Tillotson and Dr. Beveridge, never fail'd of proving out of these great Authors Things which no Man living would have denied him upon his own single Authority. One Day resolving to come to the Point in hand, he said, According to that excellent Divine, I will enter upon the Matter, or in his Words, in the fifteenth Sermon of the Folio Edition, Page 160.

I shall briefly explain the Words, and then consider the Matter contained in them.

This honest Gentleman needed not, one would think, strain his Modesty so far as to alter his Design of *Entering into the Matter*, to that of *Briefly explaining*. But so it was, that he would not even be contented with that Authority, but added also the other Divine to strengthen his Method, and told us, With the Pious and Learned Dr. Beveridge, Page 4th of his 9th Volume, *I shall endeavour to make it as plain as I can from the Words which I have now read, wherein for that Purpose we shall consider—* This Wiseacre was reckoned by the Parish, who did not understand him, a most excellent

IMPERTINENCE REBUKED

Preacher; but that he read too much, and was so Humble that he did not trust enough to his own Parts.

Next to these ingenious Gentlemen, who argue for what no body can deny them, are to be ranked a sort of People who do not indeed attempt to prove insignificant things, but are ever labouring to raise Arguments with you about Matters you will give up to them without the least Controversy. One of these People told a Gentleman who said he saw Mr. such a one go this Morning at nine a Clock towards the *Gravel-Pits*, Sir, I must beg your pardon for that, for tho' I am very loath to have any Dispute with you, yet I must take the liberty to tell you it was nine when I saw him at *St. James's*. When Men of this Genius are pretty far gone in Learning they will put you to prove that Snow is white, and when you are upon that Topick can say that there is really no such thing as Colour in Nature; in a Word, they can turn what little Knowledge they have into a ready Capacity of raising Doubts; into a Capacity of being always frivolous and always unanswerable. It was of two Disputants of this impertinent and laborious kind that the Cynick said, *One of these Fellows is Milking a Ram, and the other holds the Pail.*

ADVERTISEMENT

The Exercise of the Snuff-Box, according to the most fashionable Airs and Motions, in opposition to the Exercise of the Fan, will be Taught with the

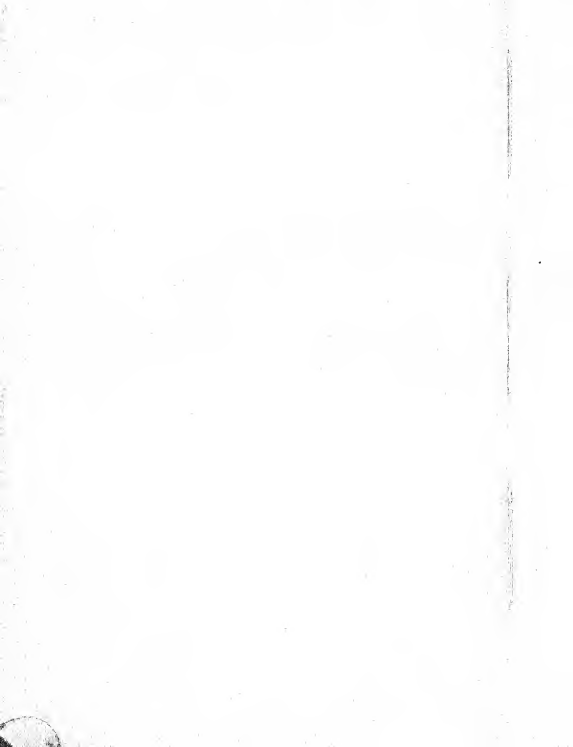
FRIVOLOUS DISPUTANTS

best plain or perfum'd Snuff, at Charles Lillie's Perfumer at the Corner of Beaufort-Buildings in the Strand, and Attendance given for the Benefit of the young Merchants about the Exchange for two Hours every Day at Noon, except Saturdays, at a Toy-shop near Garraway's Coffee-House. There will be likewise Taught The Ceremony of the Snuff-Box, or Rules for offering Snuff to a Stranger, a Friend, or a Mistress, according to the Degrees of Familiarity or Distance; with an Explanation of the Careless, the Scornful, the Politick, and the Surly Pinch, and the Gestures proper to each of them.

N.B. *The Undertaker does not question but in a short time to have form'd a Body of Regular Snuff-Boxes ready to meet and make head against all the Regiment of Fans which have been lately Disciplin'd, and are now in Motion.*

T.

Wednesday, August 8, 1711.



Valetudinarians

Non est vivere sed valere Vita.—Martial.

It is an unreasonable thing some Men expect of their Acquaintance. They are ever complaining that they are out of Order, or Displeased, or they know not how, and are so far from letting that be a Reason for retiring to their own Homes, that they make it their Argument for coming into Company. What has any body to do with Accounts of a Man's being Indispos'd but his Physician? If a Man laments in Company, where the rest are in Humour enough to enjoy themselves, he should not take it ill if a Servant is ordered to present him with a Porringer of Cawdle or Posset-drink, by way of Admonition that he go Home to Bed. That Part of Life which we ordinarily understand by the Word Conversation, is an Indulgence to the Sociable Part of our Make; and should incline us to bring our Proportion of good Will or good Humour among the Friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with Relations which must of necessity oblige them to a real or feigned Affliction. Cares, Distresses, Diseases, Uneasinesses, and Dislikes of our own, are by no means to be

obtruded upon our Friends. If we would consider how little of this Vicissitude of Motion and Rest, which we call Life, is spent with Satisfaction, we should be more tender of our Friends, than to bring them little Sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real Life, but chearful Life; therefore Valetudinarians should be sworn before they enter into Company, not to say a Word of themselves till the Meeting breaks up. It is not here pretended, that we should be always sitting with Chaplets of Flowers round our Heads, or be crowned with Roses, in order to make our Entertainment agreeable to us; but if (as it is usually observed) they who resolve to be Merry, seldom are so; it will be much more unlikely for us to be well-pleased, if they are admitted who are always complaining they are sad. Whatever we do we should keep up the Cheerfulness of our Spirits, and never let them sink below an Inclination at least to be well-pleased: The Way to this, is to keep our Bodies in Exercise, our Minds at Ease. That insipid State wherein neither are in Vigour, is not to be accounted any part of our Portion of Being. When we are in the Satisfaction of some Innocent Pleasure, or Pursuit of some laudable Design, we are in the Possession of Life, of Human Life. Fortune will give us Disappointments enough, and Nature is attended with Infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy Side of our Account by our Spleen or ill Humour. Poor *Cottilus*, among so many real Evils, a Chronical Dis-

temper and a narrow Fortune, is never heard to complain: That equal Spirit of his, which any Man may have, that, like him, will conquer Pride, Vanity and Affectation, and follow Nature, is not to be broken, because it has no Points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what Nature demands as necessary, if it is not the Way to an Estate, is the Way to what Men aim at by getting an Estate. This Temper will preserve Health in the Body, as well as Tranquillity in the Mind. *Cottilus* sees the World in a Hurry, with the same Scorn that a Sober Person sees a Man Drunk. Had he been contented with what he ought to have been, how could, says he, such a one have met with such a Disappointment? If another had valued his Mistress for what he ought to have lov'd her, he had not been in her Power. If her Virtue had had a Part of his Passion, her Levity had been his Cure; she could not then have been false and amiable at the same time.

Since we cannot promise ourselves constant Health, let us endeavour at such a Temper as may be our best Support in the Decay of it. *Uranus* has arrived at that Composure of Soul, and wrought himself up to such a Neglect of every thing with which the Generality of Mankind is enchanted, that nothing but acute Pains can give him Disturbance, and against those too he will tell his intimate Friends he has a Secret which gives him present Ease: *Uranus* is so thoroughly perswaded of another Life, and endeavours so sincerely to secure an In-

terest in it, that he looks upon Pain but as a quickening of his Pace to an Home, where he shall be better provided for than in his present Apartment. Instead of the melancholy Views which others are apt to give themselves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is Mortal, nor will he think of himself as such. He thinks at the Time of his Birth he entered into an Eternal Being; and the short Article of Death he will not allow an Interruption of Life, since that Moment is not of half the Duration as is his ordinary Sleep. Thus is his Being one uniform and consistent Series of chearful Diversions and moderate Cares, without Fear or Hope of Futurity. Health to him is more than Pleasure to another Man, and Sickness less affecting to him than Indisposition is to others.

I must confess, if one does not regard Life after this manner, none but Ideots can pass it away with any tolerable Patience. Take a Fine Lady who is of a Delicate Frame, and you may observe from the Hour she rises a certain Weariness of all that passes about her. I know more than one who is much too nice to be quite alive. They are sick of such strange frightful People that they meet; one is so awkward, and another so disagreeable, that it looks like a Penance to breathe the same Air with them. You see this is so very true, that a great Part of Ceremony and Good-breeding among Ladies turns upon their Uneasiness; and I'll undertake, if the How-d'ye Servants of our Women were to make a Weekly Bill of

VALETUDINARIANS

Sickness, as the Parish Clerks do of Mortality, you would not find in an account of seven Days, one in Thirty that was not downright Sick or indisposed, or but a very little better than she was, and so forth.

It is certain that to enjoy Life and Health as a constant Feast, we should not think Pleasure necessary, but, if possible, to arrive at an Equality of Mind. It is as mean to be overjoyed upon Occasions of Good-Fortune, as to be dejected in Circumstances of Distress. Laughter in one Condition is as unmanly as Weeping in the other. We should not form our Minds to expect Transport on every Occasion, but know how to make it Enjoyment to be out of Pain. Ambition, Envy, vagrant Desire, or impertinent Mirth will take up our Minds, without we can possess our selves in that Sobriety of Heart which is above all Pleasures, and can be felt much better than described. But the ready Way, I believe, to the right Enjoyment of Life, is by a Prospect towards another to have but a very mean Opinion of it. A great Author of our Time has set this in an excellent Light, when with a Philosophick Pity of Human Life, he spoke of it in his *Theory of the Earth*, in the following manner.

For what is this Life but a Circulation of little mean Actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary, and then we lie down again, and the Circle returns. We spend the Day in Trifles, and when the Night comes we throw our selves into the Bed of Folly, amongst Dreams and broken

VALETUDINARIANS

Thoughts, and wild Imaginations. Our Reason lies asleep by us, and we are for the Time as arrant Brutes as those that sleep in the Stalls or in the Field. Are not the Capacities of Man higher than these? And ought not his Ambition and Expectations to be greater? Let us be Adventurers for another World: 'Tis at least a fair and noble Chance; and there is nothing in this worth our Thoughts or our Passions. If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our Fellow-Mortals; and if we succeed in our Expectations, we are Eternally Happy.

Tuesday, August 14, 1711.

Impertinence Rebuked— Wagerers and Whistlers

Stultitiam patiuntur opes— Hor.

If the following Enormities are not amended upon the first Mention, I desire further Notice from my Correspondents.

“*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I am obliged to you for your Discourse the other Day upon frivolous Disputants, who with great Warmth, and Enumeration of many Circumstances and Authorities, undertake to prove Matters which no Body living denies. You cannot employ yourself more usefully than in adjusting the Laws of Disputation in Coffee-houses and accidental Companies, as well as in more formal Debates. Among many other things which your own Experience must suggest to you, it will be very obliging if you please to take notice of Wagerers. I will not here repeat what *Hudibras* says of such Disputants, which is so true, that it is almost Proverbial; but shall only acquaint you with a Set of young Fellows of the Inns of Court, whose Fathers have provided for them so plentifully, that they

need not be very anxious to get Law into their Heads for the Service of their Country at the Bar; but are of those who are sent (as the Phrase of Parents is) to the *Temple* to know how to keep their own. One of these Gentlemen is very loud and captious at a Coffee-house which I frequent, and being in his Nature troubled with an Humour of Contradiction, though withal excessive Ignorant, he has found a way to indulge this Temper, go on in Idleness and Ignorance, and yet still give himself the Air of a very learned and knowing Man, by the Strength of his Pocket. The Misfortune of the thing is, I have, as it happens sometimes, a greater Stock of Learning than of Mony. The Gentleman I am speaking of, takes Advantage of the Narrowness of my Circumstances in such a manner, that he has read all that I can pretend to, and runs me down with such a positive Air, and with such powerful Arguments, that from a very Learned Person I am thought a mere Pretender. Not long ago I was relating that I had read such a Passage in *Tacitus*, up starts my young Gentleman in a full Company, and pulling out his Purse offered to lay me ten Guineas, to be staked immediately in that Gentleman's Hands (pointing to one smoaking at another Table) that I was utterly mistaken. I was Dumb for want of ten Guineas; he went on unmercifully to Triumph over my Ignorance how to take him up, and told the whole Room he had read *Tacitus* twenty times over, and such a remarkable Instance as that could not

WAGERERS AND WHISTLERS

escape him. He has at this time three considerable Wagers depending between him and some of his Companions, who are rich enough to hold an Argument with him. He has five Guineas upon Questions in Geography, two that the *Isle of Wight* is a Peninsula, and three Guineas to one that the World is round. We have a Gentleman comes to our Coffee-house, who deals mightily in Antique Scandal; my Disputant has laid him twenty Pieces upon a Point of History, to wit, that *Cæsar* never lay with *Cato's* Sister, as is scandalously reported by some People.

There are several of this sort of Fellows in Town, who wager themselves into Statesmen, Historians, Geographers, Mathematicians, and every other Art, when the Persons with whom they talk have not Wealth equal to their Learning. I beg of you to prevent, in these Youngsters, this compendious Way to Wisdom, which costs other People so much Time and Pains, and you will oblige

Your Humble Servant."

*Coffee-house, near the
Temple, Aug. 12, 1711.*

"*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

Here's a young Gentleman that sings Opera-Tunes or Whistles in a full House. Pray let him know that he has no Right to act here as if he were in an empty Room. Be pleased to divide the Spaces of a Publick Room, and certify Whistlers, Singers, and Common

IMPERTINENCE REBUKED

Orators, that are heard further than their Portion of the Room comes to, that the Law is open, and that there is an Equity which will relieve us from such as interrupt us in our Lawful Discourse, as much as against such as stop us on the Road. I take these Persons, Mr. SPECTATOR, to be such Trespassers as the Officer in your Stage-Coach, and am of the same Sentiment with Counsellor *Ephraim*. It is true the Young Man is rich, and, as the Vulgar say, needs not care for any Body; but sure that is no Authority for him to go whistle where he pleases,

*I am, SIR,
Your Most Humble Servant.*

P.S. I have Chambers in the *Temple*, and here are Students that learn upon the Hautboy; pray desire the Benchers that all Lawyers who are Proficients in Wind-Musick may lodge to the *Thames*."

"Mr. SPECTATOR,

We are a Company of young Women who pass our Time very much together, and obliged by the mercenary Humour of the Men to be as Mercenarily inclined as they are. There visits among us an old Batchelor whom each of us has a Mind to. The Fellow is rich, and knows he may have any of us, therefore is particular to none, but excessively ill-bred. His Pleasantry consists in Romping, he snatches Kisses by Surprize, puts his Hand in our

WAGERERS AND WHISTLERS

Necks, tears our Fans, robs us of Ribbons, forces Letters out of our Hands, looks into any of our Papers, and a thousand other Rude-nesses. Now what I'll desire of you is to acquaint him, by Printing this, that if he does not marry one of us very suddenly, we have all agreed, the next time he pretends to be merry, to affront him, and use him like a Clown as he is. In the Name of the Sisterhood I take my Leave of you, and am, as they all are,

*Your Constant Reader,
and Well-wisher."*

"Mr. SPECTATOR,

I and several others of your Female Readers, have conformed our selves to your Rules, even to our very Dress. There is not one of us but has reduced our outward Petticoat to its ancient Sizable Circumference, tho' indeed we retain still a Quilted one underneath, which makes us not altogether uncomformable to the Fashion; but 'tis on Condition, Mr. SPECTATOR extends not his Censure so far. But we find you Men secretly approve our Practice, by imitating our Pyramidical Form. The Skirt of your fashionable Coats forms as large a Circumference as our Petticoats; as these are set out with Whalebone, so are those with Wire, to encrease and sustain the Bunch of Fold that hangs down on each Side; and the Hat, I perceive, is decreased in

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just proportion to our Head - dresses. We make a regular Figure, but I defy your Mathematicks to give Name to the Form you appear in. Your Architecture is mere *Gothick*, and betrays a worse Genius than ours; therefore if you are partial to your own Sex, I shall be less than I am now

Your Humble Servant."

I.

Thursday, August 16, 1711.

The Proper Reading of the Church Service

*Pronuntiatio est Vocis et Vultus et Gestus moderatio cum
venustate.*—Tull.

“*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

The well Reading of the Common Prayer is of so great Importance, and so much neglected, that I take the Liberty to offer to your Consideration some Particulars on that Subject: And what more worthy your Observation than this? A thing so Publick, and of so high Consequence. It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent Exercise of it should not make the Performers of that Duty more expert in it. This Inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little Care that is taken of their Reading, while Boys and at School, where when they are got into *Latin*, they are looked upon as above *English*, the Reading of which is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose, without any due Observations made to them of the proper Accent and Manner of Reading; by this means they have acquired such ill Habits as won't easily be removed. The only way that I know of to remedy this, is to propose some Person of great Ability that way as

THE PROPER READING OF

a Pattern for them; Example being most effectual to convince the Learned, as well as instruct the Ignorant.

You must know, Sir, I've been a constant Frequenter of the Service of the Church of *England* for above these four Years last past, and 'till *Sunday* was Seven-night never discovered, to so great a Degree, the Excellency of the Common Prayer. When being at *St. James's Garlick-Hill Church*, I heard the Service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an Impossibility to be unattentive. My Eyes and my Thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confin'd to my Prayers: I then considered I addressed my self to the Almighty, and not to a beautiful Face. And when I reflected on my former Performances of that Duty, I found I had run it over as a matter of Form, in comparison to the Manner in which I then discharged it. My Mind was really affected, and fervent Wishes accompanied my Words. The Confession was read with such a resigned Humility, the Absolution with such a comfortable Authority, the Thanksgivings with such a Religious Joy, as made me feel those Affections of the Mind in a Manner I never did before. To remedy therefore the Grievance above complained of, I humbly propose, that this excellent Reader, upon the next and every Annual Assembly of the Clergy of *Sion-College*, and all other Conventions, should read Prayers before them. For then those that are afraid of stretching their Mouths, and spoiling their soft Voice,

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will learn to Read with Clearness, Loudness, and Strength. Others that affect a rakish negligent Air by folding their Arms, and lolling on their Book, will be taught a decent Behaviour, and comely Erection of Body. Those that Read so fast as if impatient of their Work, may learn to speak deliberately. There is another sort of Persons whom I call Pindarick Readers, as being confined to no set measure; these pronounce five or six Words with great Deliberation, and the five or six subsequent ones with as great Celerity: The first part of a Sentence with a very exalted Voice, and the latter part with a submissive one: Sometimes again with one sort of a Tone, and immediately after with a very different one. These Gentlemen will learn of my admired Reader an Evenness of Voice and Delivery, and all who are innocent of these Affectations, but read with such an Indifferency as if they did not understand the Language, may then be informed of the Art of Reading movingly and fervently, how to place the Emphasis, and give the proper Accent to each Word, and how to vary the Voice according to the Nature of the Sentence. There is certainly a very great Difference between the Reading a Prayer and a Gazette, which I beg of you to inform a Set of Readers, who affect, forsooth, a certain Gentleman-like Familiarity of Tone, and mend the Language as they go on, crying instead of Pardoneth and Absolveth, Pardons and Absolves. These are often pretty Classical Scholars, and would think it an unpardonable Sin

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to read *Virgil* or *Martial* with so little Taste as they do Divine Service.

This Indifferency seems to me to arise from the Endeavour of avoiding the Imputation of Cant, and the false Notion of it. It will be proper therefore to trace the Original and Signification of this Word. Cant is, by some People, derived from one *Andrew Cant*, who, they say, was a Presbyterian minister in some illiterate Part of *Scotland*, who by Exercise and Use had obtained the Faculty, *alias* Gift, of Talking in the Pulpit in such a Dialect, that it's said he was understood by none but his own Congregation, and not by all of them. Since *Mar. Cant's* time, it has been understood in a larger Sense, and signifies all sudden Exclamations, Whinings, unusual Tones, and in fine all Praying and Preaching, like the unlearned of the Presbyterians. But I hope a proper Elevation of Voice, a due Emphasis and Accent, are not to come within this Description. So that our Readers may still be as unlike the Presbyterians as they please. The Dissenters (I mean such as I have heard) do indeed elevate their Voices, but it is with sudden jumps from the lower to the higher part of them; and that with so little Sense or Skill, that their Elevation and Cadence is Bawling and Muttering. They make use of an Emphasis, but so improperly, that it is often placed on some very insignificant Particle, as upon *if*, or *and*. Now if these Improproprieties have so great an Effect on the People, as we see they have, how great an Influence would

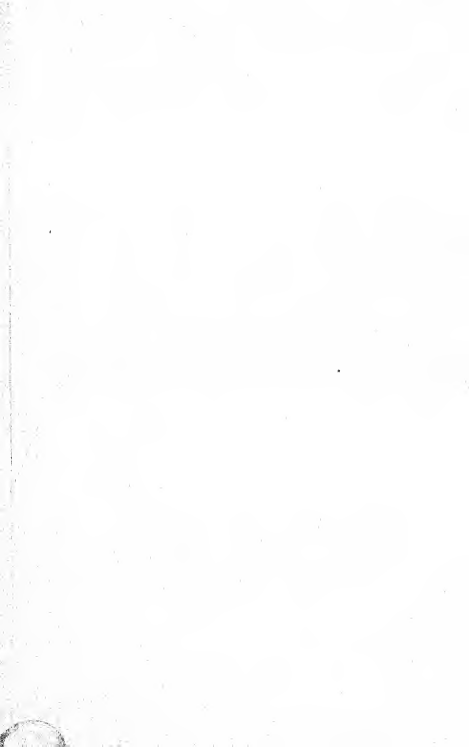
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the Service of our Church, containing the best Prayers that ever were composed, and that in Terms most affecting, most humble, and most expressive of our Wants, and Dependance on the Object of our Worship, dispos'd in most proper Order, and void of all Confusion; what Influence, I say, would these Prayers have, were they delivered with a due Emphasis, and apposite Rising and Variation of Voice, the Sentence concluded with a gentle Cadence, and, in a word, with such an Accent and Turn of Speech as is peculiar to Prayer?

As the matter of Worship is now managed, in Dissenting Congregations, you find insignificant Words and Phrases raised by a lively Vehemence; in our own Churches, the most exalted Sense depreciated, by a dispassionate Indolence. I remember to have heard Dr. S——e say in his Pulpit, of the Common Prayer, that, at least, it was as perfect as any thing of Human Institution: If the Gentlemen who err in this kind would please to recollect the many Pleasantries they have read upon those who recite good Things with an ill Grace, they would go on to think that what in that Case is only Ridiculous, in themselves is Impious. But leaving this to their own Reflections, I shall conclude this Trouble with what *Cæsar* said upon the Irregularity of Tone in one who read before him, *Do you read or sing? If you sing, you sing very ill.*

T. *Your most Humble Servant."*

Saturday, August 13, 1711.



Impudence Rebuked— Bar-Loiterers

———*Hæ nugæ seria ducunt*
In mala——— Hor.

I have more than once taken Notice of an indecent Licence taken in Discourse, wherein the Conversation on one Part is involuntary, and the Effect of some necessary Circumstance. This happens in travelling together in the same hired Coach, sitting near each other in any publick Assembly, or the like. I have, upon making Observations of this sort, received innumerable Messages from that part of the Fair Sex whose Lot in Life is to be of any Trade or publick Way of Life. They are all to a Woman urgent with me to lay before the World the unhappy Circumstances they are under, from the unreasonable Liberty which is taken in their Presence, to talk on what Subject it is thought fit by every Coxcomb who wants Understanding or Breeding. One or two of these Complaints I shall set down.

“*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I Keep a Coffee-house, and am one of those whom you have thought fit to mention

IMPUDENCE REBUKED

as an Idol some time ago. I suffered a good deal of Raillery upon that Occasion; but shall heartily forgive you, who are the Cause of it, if you will do me Justice in another Point. What I ask of you, is, to acquaint my Customers (who are otherwise very good ones) that I am unavoidably hasped in my Bar, and cannot help hearing the improper Discourses they are pleased to entertain me with. They strive who shall say the most immodest Things in my Hearing: At the same time half a dozen of them loll at the Bar staring just in my Face, ready to interpret my Looks and Gestures according to their own Imaginations. In this passive Condition I know not where to cast my Eyes, place my Hands, or what to employ my self in: But this Confusion is to be a Jest, and I hear them say in the End, with an Air of Mirth and Subtlety, Let her alone, she knows as well as we, for all she looks so. Good Mr. SPECTATOR, persuade Gentlemen that it is out of all Decency: Say it is possible a Woman may be modest and yet keep a Publick-house. Be pleased to argue, that in truth the Affront is the more unpardonable because I am oblig'd to suffer it, and cannot fly from it. I do assure you, Sir, the Chearfulness of Life which would arise from the honest Gain I have, is utterly lost to me, from the endless, flat, impertinent Plesantries which I hear from Morning to Night. In a Word, it is too much for me to bear, and I desire you to acquaint them, that I will keep Pen and Ink at the Bar, and write down all they say to me, and send it to you for

BAR-LOITERERS

the Press. It is possible when they see how empty what they speak, without the Advantage of an impudent Countenance and Gesture, will appear, they may come to some Sense of themselves, and the Insults they are guilty of towards me. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

The Idol."

This Representation is so just, that it is hard to speak of it without an Indignation which perhaps would appear too elevated to such as can be guilty of this inhuman Treatment, where they see they affront a modest, plain, and ingenuous Behaviour. This Correspondent is not the only Sufferer in this kind, for I have long Letters both from the *Royal* and *New Exchange* on the same Subject. They tell me that a young Fop cannot buy a Pair of Gloves, but he is at the same time straining for some Ingenious Ribaldry to say to the young Woman who helps them on. It is no small Addition to the Calamity, that the Rogues buy as hard as the plainest and modestest Customers they have; besides which, they loiter upon their Counters half an Hour longer than they need, to drive away other Customers, who are to share their Impertinencies with the Milliner, or go to another Shop. Letters from *'Change-Alley* are full of the same Evil, and the Girls tell me except I can chase some eminent Mer-

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chants from their Shops they shall in a short time fail. It is very unaccountable, that Men can have so little Deference to all Mankind who pass by them, as to bear being seen toying by two's and three's at a time, with no other Purpose but to appear gay enough to keep up a light Conversation of Common-place Jests, to the Injury of her whose Credit is certainly hurt by it, tho' their own may be strong enough to bear it. When we come to have exact Accounts of these Conversations, it is not to be doubted but that their Discourses will raise the usual Stile of buying and selling: Instead of the plain downright lying, and asking and bidding so unequally to what they will really give and take, we may hope to have from these fine Folks an Exchange of Compliments. There must certainly be a great deal of pleasant Difference between the Commerce of Lovers, and that of all other Dealers, who are, in a kind, Adversaries. A sealed Bond, or a Bank-Note, would be a pretty Gallantry to convey unseen into the Hands of one whom a Director is charmed with; otherwise the City-Loiterers are still more unreasonable than those at the other End of the Town: At the *New Exchange* they are eloquent for want of Cash, but in the City they ought with Cash to supply their want of Eloquence.

If one might be serious on this prevailing Folly, one might observe, that it is a melancholy thing, when the World is mercenary even to the buying and selling our very Persons, that young Women, tho' they have never

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so great Attractions from Nature, are never the nearer being happily disposed of in Marriage; I say, it is very hard under this Necessity, it shall not be possible for them to go into a way of Trade for their Maintenance, but their very Excellencies and personal Perfections shall be a Disadvantage to them, and subject them to be treated as if they stood there to sell their Persons to Prostitution. There cannot be a more melancholy Circumstance to one who has made any Observation in the World, than one of those erring Creatures exposed to Bankruptcy. When that happens, none of these toying Fools will do any more than any other Man they meet to preserve her from Infamy, Insult, and Distemper. A Woman is naturally more helpless than the other Sex; and a Man of Honour and Sense should have this in his View in all Manner of Commerce with her. Were this well weighed, Inconsideration, Ribaldry, and Nonsense, would not be more natural to entertain Women with than Men; and it would be as much Impertinence to go into a Shop of one of these young Women without buying, as into that of any other Trader. I shall end this Speculation with a Letter I have received from a pretty Milliner in the City.

“*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I have read your Account of Beauties, and was not a little surprized to find no Character of my self in it. I do assure you I have little

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else to do but to give Audience as I am such. Here are Merchants of no small Consideration, who call in as certainly as they go to 'Change, to say something of my roguish Eye: And here is one who makes me once or twice a Week tumble over all my Goods, and then owns it was only a Gallantry to see me act with these pretty Hands; then lays out three Pence in a little Ribbon for his Wrist-bands, and thinks he is a Man of great Vivacity. There is an ugly Thing not far off me, whose Shop is frequented only by People of Business, that is all Day long as busy as possible. Must I that am a Beauty be treated with for nothing but my Beauty? Be pleased to assign Rates to my kind Glances, or make all pay who come to see me, or I shall be undone by my Admirers for want of Customers. *Albacinda, Eudisia,* and all the rest would be used just as we are, if they were in our Condition; therefore pray consider the Distress of us the lower Order of Beauties, and I shall be

T. *Your obliged humble Servant."*

Tuesday, August 28, 1711.

The Grievances of a Jealous Wife

Comis in uxorem—— Hor.

I cannot defer taking Notice of this Letter.

“*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I am but too good a Judge of your Paper of the 15th Instant, which is a Master-piece; I mean that of Jealousy: But I think it unworthy of you to speak of that Torture in the Breast of a Man, and not to mention also the Pangs of it in the Heart of a Woman. You have very Judiciously, and with the greatest Penetration imaginable, considered it as Woman is the Creature of whom the Diffidence is raised; but not a Word of a Man who is so unmerciful as to move Jealousy in his Wife, and not care whether she is so or not. It is possible you may not believe there are such Tyrants in the World; but alas, I can tell you of a Man who is ever out of Humour in his Wife's Company, and the pleasantest Man in the World every where else; the greatest Sloven at home when he appears to none but his Family, and most exactly well-dressed in

THE GRIEVANCES OF

all other Places. Alas, Sir, is it of Course, that to deliver one's self wholly into a Man's Power without Possibility of Appeal to any other Jurisdiction but to his own Reflections, is so little an Obligation to a Gentleman, that he can be offended and fall into a Rage, because my Heart swells Tears into my Eyes when I see him in a cloudy Mood? I pretend to no Succour, and hope for no Relief but from himself; and yet he that has Sense and Justice in every thing else, never reflects, that to come home only to sleep off an Intemperance, and spend all the Time he is there as if it were a Punishment, cannot but give the Anguish of a jealous Mind. He always leaves his Home as if he were going to Court, and returns as if he were entering a Gaol. I could add to this, that from his Company and his usual Discourse, he does not scruple being thought an abandoned Man, as to his Morals. Your own Imagination will say enough to you concerning the Condition of me his Wife; and I wish you would be so good as to represent to him, for he is not ill-natured, and reads you much, that the Moment I hear the Door shut after him, I throw myself upon my Bed, and drown the Child he is so fond of with my Tears, and often frighten it with my Cries; that I curse my Being; that I run to my Glass all over bathed in Sorrows, and help the Utterance of my inward Anguish by beholding the Gush of my own Calamities as my Tears fall from my Eyes. This looks like an imagined Picture to tell you, but indeed this is one of my Pastimes.

A JEALOUS WIFE

Hitherto I have only told you the general Temper of my Mind, but how shall I give you an Account of the Distraction of it? Could you but conceive how cruel I am one Moment in my Resentment, and at the ensuing Minute, when I place him in the Condition my Anger would bring him to, how compassionate; it would give you some Notion how miserable I am, and how little I deserve it. When I remonstrate with the greatest Gentleness that is possible against unhandsome Appearances, and that married Persons are under particular Rules; when he is in the best Humour to receive this, I am answered only, That I expose my own Reputation and Sense if I appear jealous. I wish, good Sir, you would take this into serious Consideration, and admonish Husbands and Wives what Terms they ought to keep towards each other. Your Thoughts on this important Subject will have the greatest Reward, that which descends on such as feel the Sorrows of the Afflicted. Give me leave to subscribe my self,

*Your unfortunate
humble Servant,*

CELINDA."

I had it in my Thoughts, before I received the Letter of this Lady, to consider this dreadful Passion in the Mind of a Woman; and the Smart she seems to feel does not abate the Inclination I had to recommend to Husbands a more regular Behaviour, than to give the

THE GRIEVANCES OF

most exquisite of Torments to those who love them, nay whose Torment would be abated if they did not love them.

It is wonderful to observe how little is made of this inexpressible Injury, and how easily Men get into a Habit of being least agreeable where they are most obliged to be so. But this Subject deserves a distinct Speculation, and I shall observe for a Day or two the Behaviour of two or three happy Pair I am acquainted with, before I pretend to make a System of Conjugal Morality. I design in the first Place to go a few Miles out of Town, and there I know where to meet one who practises all the Parts of a fine Gentleman in the Duty of an Husband. When he was a Batchelor much Business made him particularly negligent in his Habit; but now there is no young Lover living so exact in the Care of his Person. One who asked why he was so long washing his Mouth, and so delicate in the Choice and Wearing of his Linen, was answered, Because there is a Woman of Merit obliged to receive me kindly, and I think it incumbent upon me to make her Inclination go along with her Duty.

If a Man would give himself leave to think, he would not be so unreasonable as to expect Debauchery and Innocence could live in Commerce together; or hope that Flesh and Blood is capable of so strict an Allegiance, as that a fine Woman must go on to improve her self 'till she is as good and impassive as an Angel, only to preserve a Fidelity to a Brute and a Satyr. The Lady who desires me for her Sake to end

A JEALOUS WIFE

one of my Papers with the following Letter,
I am persuaded, thinks such a Perseverance
very impracticable.

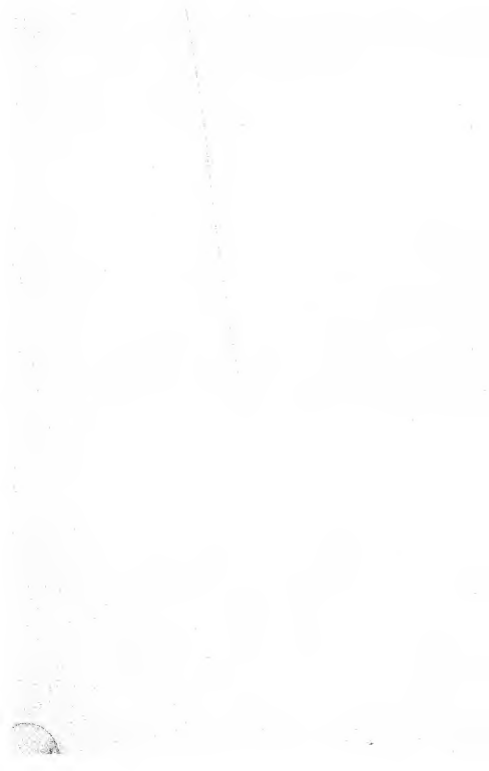
Husband,

"Stay more at home. I know where you
visited at Seven of the Clock on *Thursday* Even-
ing. The Colonel whom you charged me to
see no more, is in Town.

T.

Martha Housewife."

Monday, September 24, 1711.



Impudence Rebuked — Ill-mannered Playgoers

———*Veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.*———*Or.*

I have several Letters of People of good Sense, who lament the Depravity or Poverty of Taste the Town has fallen into with relation to Plays and publick Spectacles. A Lady in particular observes, that there is such a Levity in the Minds of her own Sex, that they seldom attend any thing but Impertinences. It is indeed prodigious to observe how little Notice is taken of the most exalted Parts of the best Tragedies in *Shakespear*; nay, it is not only visible that Sensuality has devoured all Greatness of Soul, but the Under-Passion (as I may so call it) of a noble Spirit, Pity, seems to be a Stranger to the Generality of an Audience. The Minds of Men are indeed very differently disposed; and the Reliefs from Care and Attention are of one Sort in a great Spirit, and of another in an ordinary one. The Man of a great Heart and a serious Complexion, is more pleased with Instances of Generosity and Pity, than the light and ludicrous Spirit can possibly be with the highest Strains of Mirth and Laughter: It is therefore a melancholy Prospect when we see a

numerous Assembly lost to all serious Entertainments, and such Incidents, as should move one sort of Concern, excite in them a quite contrary one. In the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, the other Night, when the Lady who is conscious of the Crime of murdering the King, seems utterly astonished at the News, and makes an Exclamation at it, instead of the Indignation which is natural to the Occasion, that Expression is received with a loud Laugh: They were as merry when a Criminal was stabbed. It is certainly an Occasion of rejoicing when the Wicked are seized in their Designs; but I think it is not such a Triumph as is exerted by Laughter.

You may generally observe, that the Appetites are sooner moved than the Passions: A sly Expression which alludes to Bawdry, puts a whole Row into a pleasing Smirk; when a good Sentence that describes an inward Sentiment of the Soul, is received with the greatest Coldness and Indifference. A Correspondent of mine, upon this Subject, has divided the Female Part of the Audience, and accounts for their Prepossession against this reasonable Delight in the following Manner. The Prude, says he, as she acts always in Contradiction, so she is gravely sullen at a Comedy, and extravagantly gay at a Tragedy. The Coquette is so much taken up with throwing her Eyes around the Audience, and considering the Effect of them, that she cannot be expected to observe the Actors but as they are her Rivals, and take off the Observation of the Men from her self.

ILL-MANNERED PLAYGOERS

Besides these Species of Women, there are the *Examples*, or the first of the Mode: These are to be supposed too well acquainted with what the Actor was going to say to be moved at it. After these one might mention a certain flippant Set of Females who are Mimicks, and are wonderfully diverted with the Conduct of all the People around them, and are Spectators only of the Audience. But what is of all the most to be lamented, is the Loss of a Party whom it would be worth preserving in their right Senses upon all Occasions, and these are those whom we may indifferently call the Innocent or the Unaffected. You may sometimes see one of these sensibly touched with a well-wrought Incident; but then she is immediately so impertinently observed by the Men, and frowned at by some insensible Superiour of her own Sex, that she is ashamed, and loses the Enjoyment of the most laudable Concern, Pity. Thus the whole Audience is afraid of letting fall a Tear, and shun as a Weakness the best and worthiest Part of our Sense.

“SIR,

As you are one that doth not only pretend to reform, but effects it amongst People of any Sense; makes me (who are one of the greatest of your Admirers) give you this Trouble to desire you will settle the Method of us Females knowing when one another is in Town: For they have now got a Trick of never sending to their Acquaintance when they first come; and

IMPUDENCE REBUKED

if one does not visit them within the Week which they stay at home, it is a mortal Quarrel. Now, dear Mr. SPEC, either command them to put it in the Advertisement of your Paper, which is generally read by our Sex, or else order them to breathe their saucy Footmen (who are good for nothing else) by sending them to tell all their Acquaintance. If you think to print this, pray put it into a better Style as to the spelling Part. The Town is now filling every Day, and it cannot be deferred, because People take Advantage of one another by this Means and break off Acquaintance, and are rude: Therefore pray put this in your Paper as soon as you can possibly, to prevent any future Miscarriages of this Nature. I am, as I ever shall be,

Pray settle what is to be a proper Notification of a Person's being in Town, and how that dif- fers according to People's Quality.	Dear SPEC, <i>Your most obedient</i> <i>Humble Servant,</i> Mary Meanwell."
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"Mr. SPECTATOR, October the 20th.

I have been out of Town, so did not meet with your Paper dated *September* the 28th, wherein you, to my Heart's Desire, expose that cursed Vice of insnaring poor young Girls, and drawing them from their Friends. I assure you without Flattery it has saved a Prentice of mine from Ruin; and in Token of Gratitude as well as for the Benefit of my Family, I have put it in a Frame and Glass, and hung it

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behind my Counter. I shall take Care to make my young ones read it every Morning, to fortify them against such pernicious Rascals. I know not whether what you writ was Matter of Fact, or your own Invention; but this I will take my Oath on, the first Part is so exactly like what happened to my Prentice, that had I read your Paper then, I should have taken your Method to have secured a Villain. Go on and prosper.

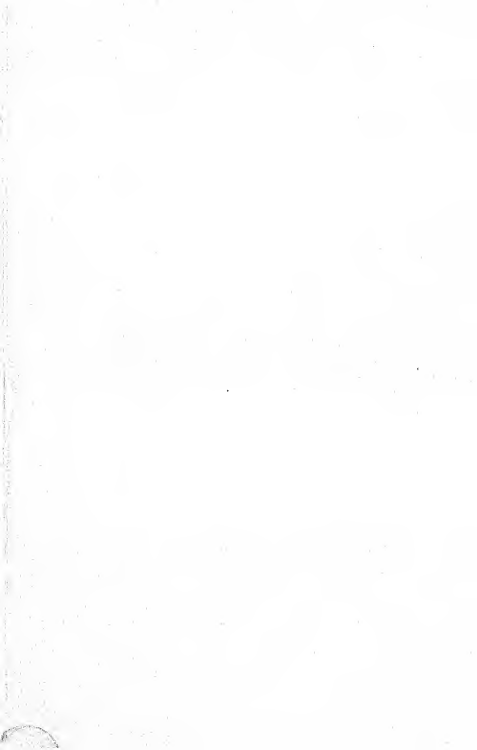
Your most obliged humble Servant."

"Mr. SPECTATOR,

Without Raillery, I desire you to insert this Word for Word in your next, as you value a Lover's Prayers. You see it is an Hue and Cry after a stray Heart (with the Marks and Blemishes underwritten) which whoever shall bring to you, shall receive Satisfaction. Let me beg of you not to fail, as you remember the Passion you had for her to whom you lately ended a Paper.

*Noble, Generous, Great, and Good,
But never to be understood;
Fickle as the Wind, still changing,
After every Female ranging,
Panting, trembling, sighing, dying,
But addicted much to Lying:
When the Siren Songs repeats,
Equal Measures still it beats;
Who e'er shall wear it, it will smart her,
And who e'er takes it, takes a Tartar."* T.

Monday, October 29, 1711.



The Grievances of Clients

——— *Perierunt tempora longi*
Servitii——— Juv.

I did some time ago lay before the World the unhappy Condition of the trading Part of Mankind, who suffer by want of Punctuality in the Dealings of Persons above them; but there is a Set of Men who are much more the Objects of Compassion than even those, and these are the Dependants on great Men, whom they are pleased to take under their Protection as such as are to share in their Friendship and Favour. These indeed, as well from the Homage that is accepted from them, as the hopes which are given to them, are become a Sort of Creditors; and these Debts, being Debts of Honour, ought, according to the accustomed Maxim, to be first discharged.

When I speak of Dependants, I would not be understood to mean those who are worthless in themselves, or who, without any Call, will press into the Company of their Betters. Nor, when I speak of Patrons, do I mean those who either have it not in their Power, or have no Obligation to assist their Friends; but I speak of such Leagues where there is Power

GRIEVANCES OF CLIENTS

and Obligation on the one Part, and Merit and Expectation on the other.

The Division of Patron and Client, may, I believe, include a Third of our Nation; the Want of Merit and real Worth in the Client, will strike out about Ninety-nine in a Hundred of these; and the Want of Ability in Patrons, as many of that Kind. But however, I must beg leave to say, that he who will take up another's Time and Fortune in his Service, though he has no Prospect of rewarding his Merit towards him, is as unjust in his Dealings as he who takes up Goods of a Tradesman without Intention or Ability to pay him. Of the few of the Class which I think fit to consider, there are not two in ten who succeed, insomuch that I know a Man of good Sense who put his Son to a Blacksmith, tho' an Offer was made him of his being received as a Page to a Man of Quality. There are not more Cripples come out of the Wars than there are from those great Services; some through Discontent lose their Speech, some their Memories, others their Senses or their Lives; and I seldom see a Man thoroughly discontented, but I conclude he has had the Favour of some great Man. I have known of such as have been for twenty Years together within a Month of a good Employment, but never arrived at the Happiness of being possessed of any thing.

There is nothing more ordinary, than that a Man who is got into a considerable Station, shall immediately alter his manner of treating

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all his Friends, and from that Moment he is to deal with you as if he were your Fate. You are no longer to be consulted, even in Matters which concern your self, but your Patron is of a Species above you, and a free Communication with you is not to be expected. This perhaps may be your Condition all the while he bears Office, and when that is at an End, you are as intimate as ever you were, and he will take it very ill if you keep the Distance he prescribed you towards him in his Grandeur. One would think this should be a Behaviour a Man could fall into with the worst Grace imaginable; but they who know the World have seen it more than once. I have often, with secret Pity, heard the same Man who has professed his Abhorrence against all Kind of passive Behaviour, lose Minutes, Hours, Days, and Years in a fruitless Attendance on one who had no Inclination to befriend him. It is very much to be regarded, that the Great have one particular Privilege above the rest of the World, of being slow in receiving Impressions of Kindness, and quick in taking Offence. The Elevation above the rest of Mankind, except in very great Minds, makes Men so giddy, that they do not see after the same Manner they did before: Thus they depise their old Friends, and strive to extend their Interests to new Pretenders. By this means it often happens, that when you come to know how you lost such an Employment, you will find the Man who got it never dreamed of it; but, forsooth, he was to be surprised into it, or perhaps solicited

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to receive it. Upon such Occasions as these a Man may perhaps grow out of Humour; and if you are so, all Mankind will fall in with the Patron, and you are an Humourist and untractable if you are capable of being sour at a Disappointment: But it is the same thing, whether you do or do not resent ill Usage, you will be used after the same Manner; as some good Mothers will be sure to whip their Children till they cry, and then whip them for crying.

There are but two Ways of doing any thing with great People, and those are by making your self either considerable or agreeable: The former is not to be attained but by finding a Way to live without them, or concealing that you want them; the latter is only by falling into their Taste and Pleasures: This is of all the Employments in the World the most servile, except it happens to be of your own natural Humour. For to be agreeable to another, especially if he be above you, is not to be possessed of such Qualities and Accomplishments as should render you agreeable in your self, but such as make you agreeable in respect to him. An Imitation of his Faults, or a Compliance, if not Subservience, to his Vices, must be the Measures of your Conduct.

When it comes to that, the unnatural State a Man lives in, when his Patron pleases, is ended; and his Guilt and Complaisance are objected to him, tho' the Man who rejects him for his Vices was not only his Partner but Seducer. Thus the Client (like a young

GRIEVANCES OF CLIENTS

Woman who has given up the Innocence which made her charming) has not only lost his Time, but also the Virtue which could render him capable of resenting the Injury which is done him.

It would be endless to recount the Tricks of turning you off from themselves to Persons who have less Power to serve you, the Art of being sorry for such an unaccountable Accident in your Behaviour, that such a one (who, perhaps, has never heard of you) opposes your Advancement; and if you have any thing more than ordinary in you, you are flattered with a Whisper, that 'tis no Wonder People are so slow in doing for a Man of your Talents, and the like.

After all this Treatment, I must still add the pleasantest Insolence of all, which I have once or twice seen; to wit, That when a silly Rogue has thrown away one Part in three of his Life in unprofitable Attendance, it is taken wonderfully ill that he withdraws, and is resolved to employ the rest for himself.

When we consider these things, and reflect upon so many honest Natures (which one who makes Observation of what passes, may have seen) that have miscarried by such sort of Applications, it is too melancholy a Scene to dwell upon; therefore I shall take another Opportunity to discourse of good Patrons, and distinguish such as have done their Duty to those who have depended upon them, and were not able to act without their Favour. Worthy Patrons are like *Plato's* Guardian Angels, who

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are always doing good to their Wards; but negligent Patrons are like *Epicurus's* Gods, that lie lolling on the Clouds, and instead of Blessings pour down Storms and Tempests on the Heads of those that are offering Incense to them.

Monday, November 5, 1711.

Impertinence Rebuked— Inquisitive Talkers

Percunctatorem fugito, nam Garrulus idem est.—Hor.

There is a Creature who has all the Organs of Speech, a tolerable good Capacity for conceiving what is said to it, together with a pretty proper Behaviour in all the Occurrences of common Life; but naturally very vacant of Thought in it self, and therefore forced to apply it self to foreign Assistances. Of this Make is that Man who is very inquisitive. You may often observe, that tho' he speaks as good Sense as any Man upon any thing with which he is well acquainted, he cannot trust to the Range of his own Fancy to entertain himself upon that Foundation, but goes on to still new Enquiries. Thus, tho' you know he is fit for the most polite Conversation, you shall see him very well contented to sit by a Jockey, giving an Account of the many Revolutions in his Horse's Health, what Potion he made him take, how that agreed with him, how afterwards he came to his Stomach and his Exercise, or any the like Impertinence;

IMPERTINENCE REBUKED

and be as well pleased as if you talked to him on the most important Truths. This Humour is far from making a Man unhappy, tho' it may subject him to Raillery; for he generally falls in with a Person who seems to be born for him, which is your talkative Fellow. It is so ordered, that there is a secret Bent, as natural as the Meeting of different Sexes, in these two Characters, to supply each other's Wants. I had the Honour the other Day to sit in a publick Room, and saw an inquisitive Man look with an Air of Satisfaction upon the Approach of one of these Talkers. The Man of ready Utterance sat down by him, and rubbing his Head, leaning on his Arm, and making an uneasy Countenance, he began; "There is no manner of News To-day. I cannot tell what is the Matter with me, but I slept very ill last Night; whether I caught Cold or no, I know not, but I fancy I do not wear Shoes thick enough for the Weather, and I have coughed all this Week: It must be so, for the Custom of washing my Head Winter and Summer with cold Water, prevents any Injury from the Season entering that Way; so it must come in at my Feet; But I take no notice of it: as it comes so it goes. Most of our Evils proceed from too much Tenderness; and our Faces are naturally as little able to resist the Cold as other Parts. The *Indian* answered very well to an *European*, who asked him how he could go naked; I am all Face."

I observed this Discourse was as welcome to my general Enquirer as any other of more

INQUISITIVE TALKERS

Consequence could have been; but some Body calling our Talker to another Part of the Room, the Enquirer told the next Man who sat by him, that Mr. such a one, who was just gone from him, used to wash his Head in cold Water every Morning; and so repeated almost *verbatim* all that had been said to him. The Truth is, the Inquisitive are the Funnels of Conversation; they do not take in any thing for their own Use, but merely to pass it to another: They are the Channels through which all the Good and Evil that is spoken in Town are conveyed. Such as are offended at them, or think they suffer by their Behaviour, may themselves mend that Inconvenience; for they are not a malicious People, and if you will supply them, you may contradict any thing they have said before by their own Mouths. A farther Account of a thing is one of the gratefulest Goods that can arrive to them; and it is seldom that they are more particular than to say, The Town will have it, or I have it from a good Hand: So that there is room for the Town to know the Matter more particularly, and for a better Hand to contradict what was said by a good one.

I have not known this Humour more ridiculous than in a Father, who has been earnestly solicitous to have an Account how his Son has passed his leisure Hours; if it be in a Way thoroughly insignificant, there cannot be a greater Joy than an Enquirer discovers in seeing him follow so hopefully his own Steps: But this Humour among Men is most

pleasant when they are saying something which is not wholly proper for a third Person to hear, and yet is in itself indifferent. The other Day there came in a well-dressed young Fellow, and two Gentlemen of this Species immediately fell a whispering his Pedigree. I could overhear, by Breaks, She was his Aunt; then an Answer, Ay, she was of the Mother's Side: Then again in a little lower Voice, His Father wore generally a darker Wig; Answer, Not much. But this Gentleman wears higher Heels to his Shoes.

As the Inquisitive, in my Opinion, are such merely from a Vacancy in their own Imaginations, there is nothing, methinks, so dangerous as to communicate Secrets to them; for the same Temper of Enquiry makes them as impertinently communicative: But no Man, though he converses with them, need put himself in their Power, for they will be contented with Matters of less Moment as well. When there is Fuel enough, no matter what it is—Thus the Ends of Sentences in the News Papers, as, *This wants Confirmation, This occasions many Speculations, and Time will discover the Event,* are read by them, and considered not as mere Expletives.

One may see now and then this Humour accompanied with an insatiable Desire of knowing what passes, without turning it to any Use in the world but merely their own Entertainment. A Mind which is gratified this Way is adapted to Humour and Pleasantry, and formed for an unconcerned Character in the

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World; and, like my self, to be a mere Spectator. This Curiosity, without Malice or Self-interest, lays up in the Imagination a Magazine of Circumstances which cannot but entertain when they are produced in Conversation. If one were to know, from the Man of the first Quality to the meanest Servant, the different Intrigues, Sentiments, Pleasures, and Interests of Mankind, would it not be the most pleasing Entertainment imaginable to enjoy so constant a Farce, as the observing Mankind much more different from themselves in their secret Thoughts and publick Actions, than in their Night-caps and long Periwigs?

“*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

Plutarch tells us, that *Caius Gracchus*, the Roman, was frequently hurried by his Passion into so loud and tumultuous a way of Speaking, and so strained his Voice as not to be able to proceed. To remedy this Excess, he had an ingenious Servant, by Name *Licinius*, always attended him with a Pitch-pipe, or Instrument to regulate the Voice; who, whenever he heard his Master begin to be high, immediately touched a soft Note; at which, 'tis said, *Caius* would presently abate and grow calm.

Upon recollecting this Story, I have frequently wondered that this useful Instrument should have been so long discontinued; especially since we find that this good Office of *Licinius* has preserved his Memory for many hundred Years, which, methinks, should have

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encouraged some one to have revived it, if not for the publick Good, yet for his own Credit. It may be objected, that our loud Talkers are so fond of their own Noise, that they would not take it well to be check'd by their Servants: But granting this to be true, surely any of their Hearers have a very good Title to play a soft Note in their own Defence. To be short, no *Licinius* appearing and the Noise increasing, I was resolved to give this late long Vacation to the Good of my Country; and I have at length, by the Assistance of an ingenious Artist (who works to the Royal Society), almost compleated my Design, and shall be ready in a short Time to furnish the Publick with what Number of these Instruments they please, either to lodge at Coffee-houses, or carry for their own private Use. In the mean time I shall pay that Respect to several Gentlemen, who I know will be in Danger of offending against this Instrument, to give them notice of it by private Letters, in which I shall only write, *Get a Licinius*.

I should now trouble you no longer, but that I must not conclude without desiring you to accept one of these Pipes, which shall be left for you with *Buckley*; and which I hope will be serviceable to you, since as you are silent yourself you are most open to the Insults of the Noisy.

I am, SIR, &c.,

W. B.

INQUISITIVE TALKERS

I had almost forgot to inform you, that as an Improvement in this Instrument, there will be a particular Note, which I call a Hush-Note; and this is to be made use of against a long Story, Swearing, Obsceneness, and the like."

Wednesday, November 21, 1711.



Account of a Good- Natured Liar

Fellem in amicitia erraremus.—Hor.

You very often hear People, after a Story has been told with some entertaining Circumstances, tell it over again with Particulars that destroy the Jest, but give Light into the Truth of the Narration. This sort of Veracity, though it is impertinent, has something amiable in it, because it proceeds from the Love of Truth, even in frivolous Occasions. If such honest Amendments do not promise an agreeable Companion, they do a sincere Friend; for which Reason one should allow them so much of our Time, if we fall into their Company, as to set us right in Matters that can do us no manner of Harm, whether the Facts be one Way or the other. Lies which are told out of Arrogance and Ostentation a Man should detect in his own Defence, because he should not be triumphed over; Lies which are told out of Malice he should expose, both for his own sake and that of the rest of Mankind, because every Man should rise against a common Enemy: But the officious Liar many have

A GOOD-NATURED LIAR

argued is to be excused, because it does some Man good, and no Man hurt. The Man who made more than ordinary speed from a Fight in which the *Athenians* were beaten, and told them they had obtained a complete Victory, and put the whole City into the utmost Joy and Exultation, was check'd by the Magistrates for his Falshood; but excused himself by saying, O *Athenians*! am I your Enemy because I gave you two happy Days? This Fellow did to a whole People what an Acquaintance of mine does every Day he lives in some eminent Degree to particular Persons. He is ever lying People into good Humour, and, as *Plato* said, it was allowable in Physicians to lie to their Patients to keep up their Spirits, I am half doubtful whether my Friend's Behaviour is not as excusable. His Manner is to express himself surprised at the Cheerful Countenance of a Man whom he observes diffident of himself; and generally by that means makes his Lie a Truth. He will, as if he did not know any thing of the Circumstance, ask one whom he knows at Variance with another, what is the meaning that Mr. such a one, naming his Adversary, does not applaud him with that Heartiness which formerly he has heard him? He said indeed, (continues he) I would rather have that Man for my Friend than any Man in *England*; but for an Enemy——This melts the Person he talks to, who expected nothing but downright Raillery from that Side. According as he sees his Practices succeeded, he goes to the opposite Party, and tells him, he

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cannot imagine how it happens that some People know one another so little; you spoke with so much Coldness of a Gentleman who said more Good of you, than, let me tell you, any Man living deserves. The Success of one of these Incidents was, that the next time that one of the Adversaries spied the other, he hems after him in the publick Street, and they must crack a Bottle at the next Tavern, that used to turn out of the other's Way to avoid one another's Eyeshot. He will tell one Beauty she was commended by another, nay, he will say she gave the Woman he speaks to, the Preference in a Particular for which she herself is admired. The pleasantest Confusion imaginable is made through the whole Town by my Friend's indirect Offices; you shall have a Visit returned after half a Year's Absence, and mutual Railing at each other every Day of that Time. They meet with a thousand Lamentations for so long a Separation, each Party naming herself for the greater Delinquent, if the other can possibly be so good as to forgive her, which she has no Reason in the World, but from the Knowledge of her Goodness, to hope for. Very often a whole Train of Railers of each Side tire their Horses in setting Matters right which they have said during the War between the Parties; and a whole Circle of Acquaintance are put into a thousand pleasing Passions and Sentiments, instead of the Pangs of Anger, Envy, Detraction, and Malice.

The worst Evil I ever observed this Man's Falshood occasion, has been that he turned

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Detraction into Flattery. He is well skilled in the Manners of the World, and by overlooking what Men really are, he grounds his Artifices upon what they have a Mind to be. Upon this Foundation, if two distant Friends are brought together, and the Cement seems to be weak, he never rests till he finds new Appearances to take off all Remains of Ill-will, and that by new Misunderstandings they are thoroughly reconciled.

To the SPECTATOR.

“SIR, *Devonshire, Nov. 14, 1711.*

There arrived in this Neighbourhood two Days ago one of your gay Gentlemen of the Town, who being attended at his Entry with a Servant of his own, besides a Countryman he had taken up for a Guide, excited the Curiosity of the Village to learn whence and what he might be. The Countryman (to whom they applied as most easy of Access) knew little more than that the Gentleman came from *London* to travel and see Fashions, and was, as he heard say, a Free-thinker: What Religion that might be, he could not tell; and for his own Part, if they had not told him the Man was a Free-thinker, he should have guessed, by his way of talking, he was little better than a Heathen; excepting only that he had been a good Gentleman to him, and made him drunk twice in one Day, over and above what they had bargained for.

I do not look upon the Simplicity of this,

and several odd Enquiries with which I shall not trouble you to be wondered at, much less can I think that our Youths of fine Wit, and enlarged Understandings, have any Reason to laugh. There is no Necessity that every Squire in *Great Britain* should know what the Word Free-thinker stands for; but it were much to be wished, that they who value themselves upon that conceited Title were a little better instructed in what it ought to stand for; and that they would not persuade themselves a Man is really and truly a Free-thinker in any tolerable Sense, merely by virtue of his being an Atheist, or an Infidel of any other Distinction. It may be doubted, with good Reason, whether there ever was in Nature a more abject, slavish, and bigotted Generation than the Tribe of *Beaux Esprits*, at present so prevailing in this Island. Their Pretension to be Free-thinkers, is no other than Rakes have to be Free-livers, and Savages to be Free-men, that is, they can think whatever they have a Mind to, and give themselves up to whatever Conceit the Extravagancy of their Inclination, or their Fancy, shall suggest; they can think as wildly as they talk and act, and will not endure that their Wit should be controuled by such formal Things as Decency and common Sense: Deduction, Coherence, Consistency, and all the Rules of Reason they accordingly disdain, as too precise and mechanical for Men of a liberal Education.

This, as far as I could ever learn from their Writings, or my own Observation, is a true

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Account of the *British* Free-thinker. Our Visitant here, who gave occasion to this Paper, has brought with him a new System of common Sense, the Particulars of which I am not yet acquainted with, but will lose no Opportunity of informing my self whether it contain any thing worth Mr. SPECTATOR's Notice. In the mean time, Sir, I cannot but think it would be for the good of Mankind, if you would take this Subject into your own Consideration, and convince the hopeful Youth of our Nation, that Licentiousness is not Freedom; or, if such a Paradox will not be understood, that a Prejudice towards Atheism is not Impartiality.

I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant,

PHILONOUS."

Wednesday, Nov. 28, 1711.

The Discourteous and Surly Behaviour of some Hus- bands

—*Dare Jura maritis.*—Hor.

“*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

You have not spoken in so direct a manner upon the Subject of Marriage as that important Case deserves. It would not be improper to observe upon the Peculiarity in the Youth of *Great Britain*, of railing and laughing at that Institution; and when they fall into it, from a profligate Habit of Mind, being insensible of the Satisfaction in that Way of Life, and treating their Wives with the most barbarous Disrespect.

Particular Circumstances and Cast of Temper, must teach a Man the Probability of mighty Uncasinesses in that State, (for unquestionably some there are whose very Dispositions are strangely averse to conjugal Friendship;) but no one, I believe, is by his own natural Complexion prompted to tease and torment another for no Reason but being nearly allied to him: And can there be any

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thing more base, or serve to sink a Man so much below his own distinguishing Characteristick, (I mean Reason) than returning Evil for Good in so open a Manner, as that of treating an helpless Creature with Unkindness, who has had so good an Opinion of him as to believe what he said relating to one of the greatest Concerns of Life, by delivering her Happiness in this World to his Care and Protection? Must not that Man be abandoned even to all manner of Humanity, who can deceive a Woman with Appearances of Affection and Kindness, for no other End but to torment her with more Ease and Authority? Is any Thing more unlike a Gentleman, than when his Honour is engaged for the performing his Promises, because nothing but that can oblige him to it, to become afterwards false to his Word, and be alone the Occasion of Misery to one whose Happiness he but lately pretended was dearer to him than his own? Ought such a one to be trusted in his common Affairs? or treated but as one whose Honesty consisted only in his Incapacity of being otherwise?

There is one Cause of this Usage no less absurd than common, which takes place among the more unthinking Men; and that is the Desire to appear to their Friends free and at Liberty, and without those Trammels they have so much ridiculed. To avoid this they fly into the other Extream, and grow Tyrants that they may seem Masters. Because an uncontrollable Command of their own Actions is

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a certain Sign of entire Dominion, they won't so much as recede from the Government even in one Muscle of their Faces. A kind Look they believe would be fawning, and a civil Answer yielding the Superiority. To this must we attribute an Austerity they betray in every Action: What but this can put a Man out of Humour in his Wife's Company, tho' he is so distinguishingly pleasant every where else? The Bitterness of his Replies, and the Severity of his Frowns to the tenderest of Wives, clearly demonstrate, that an ill-grounded Fear of being thought too submissive, is at the Bottom of this, as I am willing to call it, affected Moroseness; but if it be such only, put on to convince his Acquaintance of his entire Dominion, let him take Care of the Consequence, which will be certain, and worse than the present Evil; his seeming Indifference will by degrees grow into real Contempt, and if it doth not wholly alienate the Affections of his Wife for ever from him, make both him and her more miserable than if it really did so.

However inconsistent it may appear, to be thought a well-bred Person has no small Share in this clownish Behaviour: A Discourse therefore relating to good Breeding towards a loving and a tender Wife, would be of great Use to this Sort of Gentlemen. Could you but once convince them, that to be civil at least is not beneath the Character of a Gentleman, nor even tender Affection towards one who would make it reciprocal, betrays any Softness or Effeminacy that the most masculine Disposi-

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tion need be ashamed of; could you satisfy them of the Generosity of voluntary Civility, and the Greatness of Soul that is conspicuous in Benevolence without immediate Obligations; could you recommend to People's Practice the Saying of the Gentleman quoted in one of your Speculations, *That he thought it incumbent upon him to make the Inclinations of a Woman of Merit go along with her Duty*: Could you, I say, persuade these Men of the Beauty and Reasonableness of this Sort of Behaviour, I have so much Charity for some of them at least, to believe you would convince them of a Thing they are only ashamed to allow: Besides, you would recommend that State in its truest, and consequently its most agreeable Colours; and the Gentlemen who have for any Time been such professed Enemies to it, when Occasion should serve, would return you their Thanks for assisting their Interest in prevailing over their Prejudices. Marriage in general would by this Means be a more easy and comfortable Condition; the Husband would be no where so well satisfied as in his own Parlour, nor the Wife so pleasant as in the Company of her Husband: A Desire of being agreeable in the Lover would be increased in the Husband, and the Mistress be more amiable by becoming the Wife. Besides all which, I am apt to believe we should find the Race of Men grow wiser as their Progenitors grew kinder, and the Affection of the Parents would be conspicuous in the Wisdom of their Children; in short, Men would in general be much better humoured

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than they are, did not they so frequently exercise the worst Turns of their Temper where they ought to exert the best.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

I am a Woman who left the Admiration of this whole Town, to throw myself (for Love of Wealth) into the Arms of a Fool. When I married him, I could have had any one of several Men of Sense who languished for me; but my Case is just. I believed my superior Understanding would form him into a tractable Creature. But, alas, my Spouse has Cunning and Suspicion, the inseparable Companions of little Minds; and every Attempt I make to divert, by putting on an agreeable Air, a sudden Cheerfulness, or kind Behaviour, he looks upon as the first Act towards an Insurrection against his undeserved Dominion over me. Let every one who is still to chuse, and hopes to govern a Fool, remember

TRISTISSA.”

St. Martins, November 25.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

This is to complain of an evil Practice which I think very well deserves a Redress, though you have not as yet taken any Notice of it: If you mention it in your Paper, it may perhaps have a very good Effect. What I mean is the Disturbance some People give to others at Church, by their Repetition of the

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Prayers after the Minister, and that not only in the Prayers, but also the Absolution and the Commandments fare no better, which are in a particular Manner the Priest's Office: This I have known done in so audible a manner, that sometimes their Voices have been as loud as his. As little as you would think it, this is frequently done by People seemingly devout. This irreligious Inadvertency is a Thing extremely offensive: But I do not recommend it as a Thing I give you Liberty to ridicule, but hope it may be amended by the bare Mention.

T. *SIR, your very humble Servant, T. S."*

Friday, November 30, 1711.

The Desire of Pleasing

Principibus Placuisse viris non ultima laus est.—Hor.

The Desire of Pleasing makes a Man agreeable or unwelcome to those with whom he converses, according to the Motive from which that Inclination appears to flow. If your Concern for pleasing others arises from innate Benevolence, it never fails of Success; if from a Vanity to excel, its Disappointment is no less certain. What we call an agreeable Man, is he who is endowed with the natural Bent to do acceptable things from a Delight he takes in them meerly as such; and the Affectation of that Character is what constitutes a Fop. Under these Leaders one may draw up all those who make any Manner of Figure, except in dumb Show. A rational and select Conversation is composed of Persons, who have the Talent of Pleasing with Delicacy of Sentiments flowing from habitual Chastity of Thought; but mixed Company is frequently made up of Pretenders to Mirth, and is usually pestered with constrained, obscene, and painful Witticisms. Now and then you meet with a Man

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so exactly formed for Pleasing, that it is no matter what he is doing or saying, that is to say, that there need no Manner of Importance in it, to make him gain upon every Body who hears or beholds him. This Felicity is not the Gift of Nature only, but must be attended with happy Circumstances, which add a Dignity to the familiar Behaviour which distinguishes him whom we call an agreeable Man. It is from this that every Body loves and esteems *Polycarpus*. He is in the Vigour of his Age and the Gayety of Life, but has passed through very conspicuous Scenes in it; though no Soldier, he has shared the Danger, and acted with great Gallantry and Generosity on a decisive Day of Battle. To have those Qualities which only make other Men conspicuous in the World as it were supernumerary to him, is a Circumstance which gives Weight to his most indifferent Actions; for as a known Credit is ready Cash to a Trader, so is acknowledged Merit immediate Distinction, and serves in the Place of Equipage to a Gentleman. This renders *Polycarpus* graceful in Mirth, important in Business, and regarded with Love in every ordinary Occurrence. But not to dwell upon Characters which have such particular Recommendations to our Hearts, let us turn our Thoughts rather to the Methods of Pleasing which must carry Men through the World who cannot pretend to such Advantages. Falling in with the particular Humour or Manner of one above you, abstracted from the general Rules of good Behaviour, is the Life of a Slave.

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A Parasite differs in nothing from the meanest Servant, but that the Footman hires himself for bodily Labour, subjected to go and come at the Will of his Master, but the other gives up his very Soul: He is prostituted to speak, and professes to think after the Mode of him whom he courts. This Servitude to a Patron, in an honest Nature, would be more grievous than that of wearing his Livery; therefore we will speak of those Methods only which are worthy and ingenuous.

The happy Talent of Pleasing either those above you or below you, seems to be wholly owing to the Opinion they have of your Sincerity. This Quality is to attend the agreeable Man in all the Actions of his Life; and I think there need no more be said in Honour of it, than that it is what forces the Approbation even of your Opponents. The guilty Man has an Honour for the Judge who with Justice pronounces against him the Sentence of Death it self. The Author of the Sentence at the Head of this Paper, was an excellent Judge of human Life, and passed his own in Company the most agreeable that ever was in the World. *Augustus* lived amongst his Friends as if he had his Fortune to make in his own Court: Candour and Affability, accompanied with as much Power as ever Mortal was vested with, were what made him in the utmost Manner agreeable among a Set of admirable Men, who had Thoughts too high for Ambition, and Views too large to be gratified by what he could give them in the Disposal of an

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Empire, without the Pleasures of their mutual Conversation. A certain Unanimity of Taste and Judgment, which is natural to all of the some Order in the Species, was the Band of this Society; and the Emperor assumed no Figure in it but what he thought was his Due from his private Talents and Qualifications, as they contributed to advance the Pleasures and Sentiments of the Company.

Cunning People, Hypocrites, all who are but half virtuous, or half wise, are incapable of tasting the refined Pleasure of such an equal Company as could wholly exclude the Regard of Fortune in their Conversations. *Horace*, in the Discourse from whence I take the Hint of the present Speculation, lays down excellent Rules for Conduct in Conversation with Men of Power; but he speaks it with an Air of one who had no Need of such an Application for any thing which related to himself. It shews he understood what it was to be a skilful Courtier, by just Admonitions against Importunity, and shewing how forcible it was to speak Modestly of your own Wants. There is indeed something so shameless in taking all Opportunities to speak of your own Affairs, that he who is guilty of it towards him upon whom he depends, fares like the Beggar, who exposes his Sores, which instead of moving Compassion makes the Man he begs of turn away from the Object.

I cannot tell what is become of him, but I remember about sixteen Years ago an honest Fellow, who so justly understood how dis-

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agreeable the Mention of Appearance of his Wants would make him, that I have often reflected upon him as a Counterpart of *Irus*, whom I have formerly mentioned. This Man, whom I have missed for some Years in my Walks, and have heard was someway employed about the Army, made it a Maxim, That good Wigs, delicate Linen, and a chearful Air, were to a poor Dependant the same that working Tools are to a poor Artificer. It was no small Entertainment to me, who knew his Circumstances, to see him, who had fasted two Days, attribute the Thinness they told him of to the Violence of some Gallantries he had lately been guilty of. The skilful Dissembler carried this on with the utmost Address; and if any suspected his Affairs were narrow, it was attributed to indulging himself in some fashionable Vice rather than an irreproachable Poverty, which saved his Credit with those on whom he depended.

The main Art is to be as little troublesome as you can, and make all you hope for come rather as a Favour from your Patron than Claim from you. But I am here prating of what is the Method of Pleasing so as to succeed in the World, when there are Crowds who have, in City, Town, Court, and Country, arrived at considerable Acquisitions, and yet seem incapable of acting in any constant Tenour of Life, but have gone on from one successful Error to another: Therefore I think I may shorten this Enquiry after the Method of Pleasing; and as the old Beau said to his Son,

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once for all, *Pray, Jack, be a fine Gentleman*, so may I, to my Reader, abridge my Instructions, and finish the Art of Pleasing in a Word, *Be rich*.

T.

Monday, January 21, 1712.

Impudence Rebuked—The Devotée and the Blusterer

—*Cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande supercilium.*—Juv.

“*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

You have in some of your Discourses describ'd most sorts of Women in their distinct and proper Classes, as the *Ape*, the *Coquet*, and many others; but I think you have never yet said anything of a *Devotée*. A *Devotée* is one of those who disparage Religion by their indiscreet and unseasonable introduction of the Mention of Virtue on all Occasions: She professes she is what nobody ought to doubt she is; and betrays the Labour she is put to, to be what she ought to be with Chearfulness and Alacrity. She lives in the World, and denies her self none of the Diversions of it, with a constant Declaration how insipid all things in it are to her. She is never her self but at Church; there she displays her Virtue, and is so fervent in her Devotions, that I have frequently seen her Pray her self out of Breath. While other young Ladies in the House are dancing, or playing at Questions and Commands, she reads

THE DEVOTEE AND

aloud in her Closet. She says all Love is ridiculous, except it be Celestial; but she speaks of the Passion of one Mortal to another with too much Bitterness, for one that had no Jealousy mixed with her Contempt of it. If at any time she sees a Man warm in his Addresses to his Mistress, she will lift up her Eyes to Heaven, and cry, What Nonsense is that Fool talking! Will the Bell never ring for Prayers? We have an eminent Lady of this Stamp in our Country, who pretends to Amusements very much above the rest of her Sex. She never carries a white Shock-dog with Bells under her Arm, nor a Squirrel or Dormouse in her Pocket, but always an abridg'd Piece of Morality to steal out when she is sure of being observ'd. When she went to the famous Ass-race (which I must confess was but an odd Diversion to be encouraged by People of Rank and Figure) it was not, like other Ladies, to hear those poor Animals bray, nor to see Fellows run naked, or to hear Country Squires in bob Wigs and white Girdles make love at the side of a Coach, and cry, Madam, this is dainty Weather. Thus she described the Diversion; for she went only to pray heartily that no body might be hurt in the Crowd, and to see if the poor Fellow's Face, which was distorted with grinning, might any way be brought to it self again. She never chats over her Tea, but covers her Face, and is supposed in an Ejaculation before she tastes a Sup. This ostentatious Behaviour is such an Offence to true Sanctity, that it disparages it,

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and makes Virtue not only unamiable, but also ridiculous. The Sacred Writings are full of Reflections which abhor this kind of Conduct; and a *Devotée* is so far from promoting Goodness, that she deters others by her Example. Folly and Vanity in one of these Ladies, is like Vice in a Clergyman; it does not only debase him, but makes the inconsiderate Part of the World think the worse of Religion.

I am,

SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

Hotspur."

"*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

Xenophon, in his short Account of the *Spartan* Commonwealth, speaking of the Behaviour of their young Men in the Streets, says, There was so much Modesty in their Looks, that you might as soon have turned the eyes of a Marble Statue upon you as theirs; and that in all their Behaviour they were more modest than a Bride when put to bed upon her Wedding-Night: This Virtue, which is always join'd to Magnanimity, had such an influence upon their Courage, that in Battel an Enemy could not look them in the Face, and they durst not but Die for their Country.

"Whenever I walk into the Streets of *London* and *Westminster*, the Countenances of all the young Fellows that pass by me, make me wish

THE DEVOTEE AND

my self in *Sparta*; I meet with such blustering
Airs, big Looks, and bold Fronts, that to a
superficial Observer would bespeak a Courage
above those *Grecians*. I am arrived to that
Perfection in Speculation, that I understand
the Language of the Eyes, which would be a
great misfortune to me, had I not corrected the
Testiness of old Age by Philosophy. There
is scarce a Man in a red Coat who does not
tell me, with a full Stare, he's a bold Man:
I see several swear inwardly at me, without
any Offence of mine, but the Oddness of my
Person: I meet Contempt in every Street, ex-
press'd in different Manners, by the scornful
Look, the elevated Eye-brow, and the swelling
Nostrils of the Proud and Prosperous. The
Prentice speaks his Disrespect by an extended
Finger, and the Porter by stealing out his
Tongue. If a Country Gentleman appears a
little curious in observing the Edifices, Signs,
Clocks, Coaches, and Dials, it is not to be
imagined how the Polite Rabble of this Town,
who are acquainted with these Objects, ridicule
his Rusticity. I have known a Fellow with a
Burden on his Head steal a Hand down from
his Load, and slyly twirle the Cock of a Squire's
Hat behind him; while the Offended Person
is swearing, or out of Countenance, all the
Wagg-Wits in the High-way are grinning in
applause of the ingenious Rogue that gave him
the Tip, and the Folly of him who had not
Eyes all round his Head, to prevent receiving
it. These things arise from a general Affecta-
tion of Smartness, Wit, and Courage. *Wycherly*

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somewhere rallies the Pretensions this Way, by making a Fellow say, Red Breeches are a certain Sign of Valour; and *Okey* makes a Man to boast his Agility, trip up a Beggar on Crutches. From such Hints I beg a Speculation on this Subject; in the mean time I shall do all in the Power of a weak old Fellow in my own Defence: for as *Diogenes*, being in quest of an honest Man, sought for him when it was broad Day-light with a Lanthorn and Candle, so I intend for the future to walk the Streets with a dark Lanthorn, which has a convex Chrystal in it; and if any Man stares at me, I give fair Warning, that I'll direct the Light full into his Eyes. Thus despairing to find Men Modest, I hope by this Means to evade their Impudence.

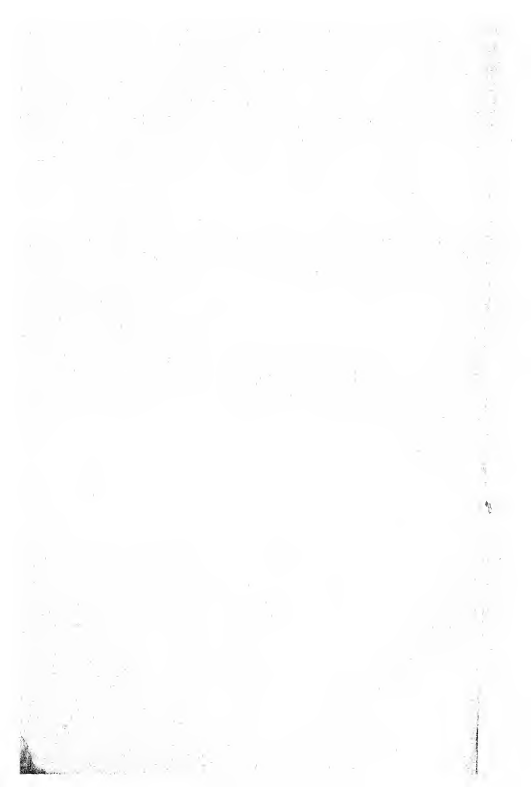
I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

T.

Sophrosunius."

Wednesday, April 16, 1712.



The Propriety of Dressing Above One's Station

— *De paupertate tacentes
Plus poscente ferunt.*—Hor.

I have nothing to do with the Business of this Day, any further than affixing the piece of *Latin* on the Head of my Paper; which I think a Motto not unsuitable, since if Silence of our Poverty is a Recommendation, still more commendable is his Modesty who conceals it by a decent Dress.

“*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

There is an Evil under the Sun which has not yet come within your Speculation; and is, the Censure, Disesteem, and Contempt which some young Fellows meet with from particular Persons, for the reasonable Methods they take to avoid them in general. This is by appearing in a better Dress, than may seem to a Relation regularly consistent with a small Fortune; and therefore may occasion a Judgment of a suitable Extravagance in other Particulars: But the Disadvantage with which the Man of

PROPRIETY OF DRESSING

narrow Circumstances acts and speaks, is so feelingly set forth in a little Book called the *Christian Hero*, that the appearing to be otherwise is not only pardonable but necessary. Every one knows the hurry of Conclusions that are made in contempt of a Person that appears to be calamitous, which makes it very excusable to prepare one's self for the Company of those that are of a superior Quality and Fortune, by appearing to be in a better Condition than one is, so far as such Appearance shall not make us really of worse.

It is a Justice due to the Character of one who suffers hard Reflections from any particular Person upon this Account, that such Persons would enquire into his manner of spending his Time; of which, tho' no further Information can be had than that he remains so many Hours in his Chamber, yet if this is cleared, to imagine that a reasonable Creature wrung with a narrow Fortune does not make the best use of this Retirement, would be a Conclusion extremely uncharitable. From what has, or will be said, I hope no Consequence can be extorted, implying, that I would have any young Fellow spend more Time than the common Leisure which his Studies require, or more Money than his Fortune or Allowance may admit of, in the pursuit of an Acquaintance with his Betters: For as to his Time, the gross of that ought to be sacred to more substantial Acquisitions: for each irrevocable Moment of which he ought to believe he stands religiously Accountable. And as to his Dress,

ABOVE ONE'S STATION

I shall engage myself no further than in the modest Defence of two plain Suits a Year: For being perfectly satisfied in *Eutrapelus's* Contrivance of making a *Mohock* of a Man, by presenting him with lac'd and embroider'd Suits, I would by no means be thought to controvert that Conceit, by insinuating the Advantages of Foppery. It is an Assertion which admits of much Proof, that a Stranger of tolerable Sense dress'd like a Gentleman, will be better received by those of Quality above him, than one of much better Parts, whose Dress is regulated by the rigid Notions of Frugality. A Man's Appearance falls within the Censure of every one that sees him; his Parts and Learning very few are Judges of; and even upon these few, they can't at first be well intruded; for Policy and good Breeding will counsel him to be reserv'd among Strangers, and to support himself only by the common Spirit of Conversation. Indeed among the Injudicious, the Words Delicacy, Idiom, fine Images, Structure of Periods, Genius, Fire, and the rest, made use of with a frugal and comely Gravity, will maintain the Figure of immense Reading, and Depth of Criticism.

All Gentlemen of Fortune, at least the young and middle-aged, are apt to pride themselves a little too much upon their Dress, and consequently to value others in some measure upon the same Consideration. With what Confusion is a Man of Figure obliged to return the Civilities of the Hat to a Person whose Air and Attire hardly entitle him to it? For

whom nevertheless the other has a particular Esteem, tho' he is ashamed to have it challenged in so publick a Manner. It must be allowed, that any young Fellow that affects to dress and appear genteelly, might with artificial Management save ten Pound a Year; as instead of fine Holland he might mourn in Sack-cloth, and in other Particulars be proportionably shabby: But of what great Service would this Sum be to avert any Misfortune, whilst it would leave him deserted by the little good Acquaintance he has, and prevent his gaining any other? As the Appearance of an easy Fortune is necessary towards making one, I don't know but it might be of advantage sometimes to throw into one's Discourse certain Exclamations about *Bank-Stock*, and to shew a marvelous Surprize upon its Fall, as well as the most affected Triumph upon its Rise. The Veneration and Respect which the Practice of all Ages has preserved to Appearances, without doubt suggested to our Tradesmen that wise and Politick Custom, to apply and recommend themselves to the publick by all those Decorations upon their Sign-posts and Houses, which the most eminent Hands in the Neighbourhood can furnish them with. What can be more attractive to a Man of Letters, than that immense Erudition of all Ages and Languages which a skilful Bookseller, in conjunction with a Painter, shall image upon his Column and the Extremities of his Shop? The same Spirit of maintaining a handsome Appearance reigns among the grave and

solid Apprentices of the Law (here I could be particularly dull in proving the Word Apprentice to be significant of a Barrister) and you may easily distinguish who has most lately made his Pretensions to Business, by the whitest and most ornamental Frame of his Window: If indeed the Chamber is a Ground-Room, and has Rails before it, the Finery is of Necessity more extended, and the Pomp of Business better maintain'd. And what can be a greater Indication of the Dignity of Dress, than that burdensome Finery which is the regular Habit of our Judges, Nobles, and Bishops, with which upon certain Days we see them incumbered? And though it may be said this is awful, and necessary for the Dignity of the State, yet the wisest of them have been remarkable, before they arrived at their present Stations, for being *very well dressed Persons*. As to my own Part, I am near Thirty; and since I left School have not been idle, which is a modern Phrase for having studied hard. I brought off a clean System of Moral Philosophy, and a tolerable Jargon of Metaphysicks from the University: since that, I have been engaged in the clearing Part of the perplex'd Style and Matter of the Law, which so hereditarily descends to all its Professors: To all which severe Studies I have thrown in, at proper Interims, the pretty Learning of the Classics. Notwithstanding which, I am what *Shakespear* calls *A Fellow of no Mark or Likelihood*; which makes me understand the more fully, that since the regular Methods of making

DRESSING

Friends and a Fortune by the mere Force of a Profession is so very slow and uncertain, a Man should take all reasonable Opportunities, by enlarging a good Acquaintance, to court that Time and Chance which is said to happen to every Man.”
T.

Wednesday, April 23, 1712.

The Art of Being Agreeable in Company

Cum Tristibus severe, cum Remissis jucunde, cum Senibus graviter, cum Juventute comiter vivere.—Tull.

The piece of *Latin* on the Head of this Paper is part of a Character extremely vicious, but I have set down no more than may fall in with the Rules of Justice and Honour. *Cicero* spoke it of *Catiline*, who, he said, lived with the Sad severely, with the Chearful agreeably, with the Old gravely, with the Young pleasantly; he added, with the Wicked boldly, with the Wanton lasciviously. The two last Instances of his Complaisance I forbear to consider, having it in my thoughts at present only to speak of obsequious Behaviour as it sits upon a Companion in Pleasure, not a Man of Design and Intrigue. To vary with every Humour in this Manner, cannot be agreeable, except it comes from a Man's own Temper and natural Complexion; to do it out of an Ambition to excel that Way, is the most fruitless and unbecoming Prostitution imaginable. To put on an artful Part to obtain no other End but an unjust Praise from the Undiscern-

ing, is of all Endeavours the most despicable. A Man must be sincerely pleased to become Pleasure, or not to interrupt that of others: For this Reason it is a most calamitous Circumstance, that many People who want to be alone or should be so, will come into Conversation. It is certain, that all Men who are the least given to Reflection, are seized with an Inclination that Way; when, perhaps, they had rather be inclined to Company: but indeed they had better go home, and be tired with themselves, than force themselves upon others to recover their good Humour. In all this the Cases of communicating to a Friend a sad Thought or Difficulty, in order to relieve a heavy Heart, stands excepted; but what is here meant, is, that a Man should always go with Inclination to the Turn of the Company he is going into, or not pretend to be of the Party. It is certainly a very happy Temper to be able to live with all kinds of Dispositions, because it argues a Mind that lies open to receive what is pleasing to others, and not obstinately bent on any Particularity of its own.

This is that which makes me pleased with the Character of my good Acquaintance *Acasto*. You meet him at the Tables and Conversations of the Wise, the Impertinent, the Grave, the Frolick, and the Witty; and yet his own Character has nothing in it that can make him particularly agreeable to any one Sect of Men; but *Acasto* has natural good Sense, good Nature and Discretion, so that every Man enjoys himself in his company; and tho' *Acasto* contri-

butes nothing to the Entertainment, he never was at a Place where he was not welcome a second time. Without these subordinate good Qualities of *Acasio*, a Man of Wit and Learning would be painful to the Generality of Mankind, instead of being pleasing. Witty Men are apt to imagine they are agreeable as such, and by that means grow the worst Companions imaginable; they deride the Absent or rally the Present in a wrong manner, not knowing that if you pinch or tickle a Man till he is uneasy in his Seat, or ungracefully distinguished from the rest of the Company, you equally hurt him.

I was going to say, the true Art of being agreeable in Company (but there can be no such thing as Art in it), is to appear well pleased with those you are engaged with, and rather to seem well entertained, than to bring Entertainment to others. A Man thus disposed is not indeed what we ordinarily call a good Companion, but essentially is such, and in all the Parts of his Conversation has something friendly in his Behaviour, which conciliates Men's Minds more than the highest Sallies of Wit or Starts of Humour can possibly do. The Feebleness of Age in a Man of this Turn, has something which should be treated with respect even in a Man no otherwise venerable. The Forwardness of Youth, when it proceeds from Alacrity and not Insolence, has also its Allowances. The Companion who is formed for such by Nature, gives to every Character of Life its due Regards, and is ready

THE ART OF

to account for their Imperfections, and receive their Accomplishments as if they were his own. It must appear that you receive Law from, and not give it to your Company, to make you agreeable.

I remember *Tully*, speaking, I think, of *Anthony*, says, *That in eo faciliæ erant, quæ nulla arte tradi possunt: He had a witty Mirth, which could be acquired by no Art.* This Quality must be of the Kind of which I am now speaking; for all sorts of Behaviour which depend upon Observation and Knowledge of Life, is to be acquired: but that which no one can describe, and is apparently the Act of Nature, must be every where prevalent, because every thing it meets is a fit Occasion to exert it; for he who follows Nature, can never be improper or unseasonable.

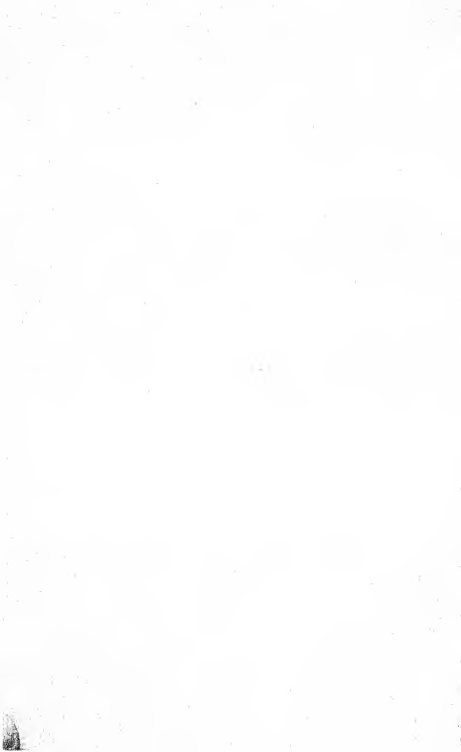
How unaccountable then must their Behaviour be, who, without any manner of Consideration of what the Company they have just now entered are upon, give themselves the Air of a Messenger, and make as distinct Relations of the Occurrences they last met with, as if they had been dispatched from those they talk to, to be punctually exact in a Report of those Circumstances: It is unpardonable to those who are met to enjoy one another, that a fresh Man shall pop in, and give us only the last part of his own Life, and put a stop to ours during the History. If such a Man comes from *Change*, whether you will or not, you must hear how the Stocks go; and tho' you are ever so intently employed on a graver

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Subject, a young Fellow of the other end of the Town will take his place, and tell you, Mrs. Such-a-one is charmingly handsome, because he just now saw her. But I think I need not dwell on this Subject, since I have acknowledged there can be no Rules made for excelling this Way; and Precepts of this kind fare like Rules for writing Poetry, which, 'tis said, may have prevented ill Poets, but never made good ones.

T.

Friday, May 23, 1712.



Impertinence Rebuked— Persons of a Satirical Vein

Hec scripsi non otii abundantia sed amoris erga te.—Tull.
Epis.

I do not know any thing which gives greater Disturbance to Conversation, than the false Notion some People have of Raillery. It ought certainly to be the first Point to be aimed at in Society, to gain the good Will of those with whom you converse. The Way to that, is to shew you are well inclined towards them: What then can be more absurd, than to set up for being extremely sharp and biting, as the Term is, in your Expressions to your Familiars? A Man who has no good Quality but Courage, is in a very ill way towards making an agreeable Figure in the World, because that which he has superior to other People cannot be exerted, without raising himself an *Enemy*. Your Gentleman of a Satirical Vein is in the like Condition. To say a Thing which perplexes the Heart of him you speak to, or brings Blushes into his Face, is a degree of Murder; and it is, I think, an unpardonable Offence to shew a Man you do not care,

IMPERTINENCE REBUKED

whether he is pleased or displeased. But won't you then take a Jest? Yes: but pray let it be a Jest. It is no Jest to put me, who am so unhappy as to have an utter Aversion to speaking to more than one Man at a time, under a Necessity to explain my self in much Company, and reducing me to Shame and Derision, except I perform what my Infirmary of Silence disables me to do.

Callisthenes has great Wit accompanied with that Quality (without which a Man can have no Wit at all) a Sound Judgment. This Gentleman rallies the best of any Man I know, for he forms his Ridicule upon a Circumstance which you are in your Heart not unwilling to grant him, to wit, that you are Guilty of an Excess in something which is in it self laudable. He very well understands what you would be, and needs not fear your Anger for declaring you are a little too much that Thing. The Generous will bear being reproached as Lavish, and the Valiant, Rash, without being provoked to Resentment against their Monitor. What has been said to be a Mark of a good Writer, will fall in with the Character of a good Companion. The good Writer makes his Reader better pleased with himself, and the agreeable Man makes his Friends enjoy themselves, rather than him, while he is in their Company. *Callisthenes* does this with inimitable Plesantry. He whispered a Friend the other Day, so as to be overheard by a young Officer, who gave Symptoms of Cocking upon the Company, That Gentleman has very

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much of the Air of a General Officer. The Youth immediately put on a Composed Behaviour, and behaved himself suitably to the Conceptions he believed the Company had of him. It is to be allowed that *Callisthenes* will make a Man run into impertinent Relations, to his own Advantage, and express the Satisfaction he has in his own dear self till he is very ridiculous, but in this case the Man is made a Fool by his own Consent, and not exposed as such whether he will or no. I take it therefore that to make Raillery agreeable, a Man must either not know he is rallied, or think never the worse of himself if he sees he is.

Acet is of a quite contrary Genius, and is more generally admired than *Callisthenes*, but not with Justice. *Acet* has no regard to the Modesty or Weakness of the Person he Rallies; but if his Quality or Humility gives him any Superiority to the Man he would fall upon, he has no Mercy in making the Onset. He can be pleased to see his best Friend out of Countenance, while the Laugh is loud in his own Applause. His Raillery always puts the Company into little Divisions and separate Interests, while that of *Callisthenes* cements it, and makes every Man not only better pleased with himself, but also with all the rest in the Conversation.

To rally well, it is absolutely necessary that Kindness must run thro' all you say, and you must ever preserve the Character of a Friend to support your Pretensions to be free with a

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Man. *Acetus* ought to be banished human Society, because he raises his Mirth upon giving Pain to the Person upon whom he is pleasant. Nothing but the Malevolence, which is too general towards those who excell, could make his Company tolerated; but they with whom he converses, are sure to see some Man sacrificed wherever he is admitted, and all the Credit he has for Wit is owing to the Gratification it gives to other Men's Ill-nature.

Minutus has a Wit that conciliates a Man's Love at the same time that it is exerted against his Faults. He has an Art of keeping the Person he rallies in Countenance, by insinuating that he himself is guilty of the same Imperfection. This he does with so much Address, that he seems rather to bewail himself, than fall upon his Friend.

It is really monstrous to see how unaccountably it prevails among Men, to take the Liberty of displeasing each other. One would think sometimes that the Contention is, who shall be most disagreeable, Allusions to past Follies, Hints which revive what a Man has a Mind to forget for ever, and desires that all the rest of the World should, are commonly brought forth even in Company of Men of Distinction. They do not thrust with the Skill of Fencers, but cut up with the Barbarity of Butchers. It is, methinks, below the Character of Men of Humanity and Good-manners, to be capable of Mirth while there is any one of the Company in Pain and Disorder. They who have the true Taste of Conversation, enjoy them-

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selves in a Communication of each other's Excellencies, and not in a Triumph over their Imperfections. *Fortius* would have been reckoned a Wit, if there had never been a Fool in the World: He wants not Foils to be a Beauty, but has that natural Pleasure in observing Perfection in others, that his own Faults are overlooked out of Gratitude by all his Acquaintance.

After these several Characters of Men who succeed or fail in Raillery, it may not be amiss to reflect a little further what one takes to be the most agreeable Kind of it; and that to me appears when the Satyr is directed against Vice, with an Air of Contempt of the Fault, but no ill-Will to the Criminal. Mr. *Congreve's Doris* is a Master-piece in this Kind. It is the Character of a Woman utterly abandoned, but her Impudence by the finest Piece of Raillery is made only Generosity.

*Peculiar therefore in her Way,
Whether by Nature taught,
I shall not undertake to say,
Or by experience bought;*

*For who o'er Night obtain'd her Grace,
She can next Day disown,
And stare upon the strange Man's Face,
As one she ne'er had known,*

*So well she can the Truth disguise,
Such artful Wonder frame,
The Lover or distrusts his Eyes,
Or thinks 't was all a Dream.*

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*Some censure this as lewd or low,
Who are to Bounty blind;
For to forget what we bestow,
Bespeaks a noble Mind.*

T.

Friday, July 4, 1712.

Various Kinds of Disagreeable Persons

———*Animum rege qui nisi paret*
Imperat——— Hor.

It is a very common Expression, That such a one is very good-natur'd, but very passionate. The Expression indeed is very good-natur'd, to allow passionate People so much Quarter: But I think a passionate Man deserves the least Indulgence Imaginable. It is said, it is soon over; that is, all the Mischief he does is quickly dispatch'd, which, I think, is no great Recommendation to Favour. I have known one of these good-natur'd passionate Men say in a mix'd Company even to his own Wife or Child, such Things as the most inveterate Enemy of his Family would not have spoke, even in Imagination. It is certain that quick Sensibility is inseparable from a ready Understanding; but why should not that good Understanding call to it self all its Force on such Occasions, to master that sudden Inclination to Anger. One of the greatest Souls now in the World is the most subject by Nature to Anger, and yet so famous from a Conquest of

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himself this Way, that he is the known Example when you talk of Temper and Command of a Man's Self. To contain the Spirit of Anger, is the worthiest Discipline we can put our selves to. When a Man has made any Progress this way, a frivolous Fellow in a Passion, is to him as contemptible as a froward Child. It ought to be the Study of every Man, for his own Quiet and Peace. When he stands combustible and ready to flame upon every thing that touches him, Life is as uneasie to himself as it is to all about him. *Syncropius* leads, of all Men living, the most ridiculous Life; he is ever offending, and begging Pardon. If his Man enters the Room without what he sent for, *That Blockhead*, begins he—*Gentlemen, I ask your Pardon, but Servants now-a-days*—The wrong Plates are laid, they are thrown into the Middle of the Room; his Wife stands by in Pain for him, which he sees in her Face, and answers as if he had heard all she was thinking; *Why, what the Devil! Why don't you take Care to give Orders in these things?* His Friends sit down to a tasteless Plenty of every thing, every Minute expecting new Insults from his impertinent Passions. In a Word, to eat with, or visit *Syncropius*, is no other than going to see him exercise his Family, exercise their Patience, and his own Anger.

It is monstrous that the Shame and Confusion in which this good-natured angry Man must needs behold his Friends while he thus lays about him, does not give him so much Reflection as to create an Amendment. This

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is the most scandalous Disuse of Reason imaginable; all the harmless Part of him is no more than that of a Bull-Dog, they are tame no longer than they are not offended. One of these good-natured angry Men shall, in an Instant, assemble together so many Allusions to secret Circumstances, as are enough to dissolve the Peace of all the Families and Friends he is acquainted with, in a Quarter of an Hour, and yet the next Moment be the best-natured Man in the whole World. If you would see Passion in its Purity, without Mixture of Reason, behold it represented in a mad Hero, drawn by a mad Poet. *Nat Lee* makes his *Alexander* say thus :

*Away, begon, and give a Whirlwind Room,
Or I will blow you up like Dust ! Avaunt;
Madness but meanly represents my Toil.
Eternal Discord!
Fury ! Revenge ! Disdain and Indignation !
Tear my swollen Breast, make way for Fire and Tem-
pest.
My Brain is burst, Debate and Reason quench'd;
The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
Splits with the Rack, while Passions, like the Wind,
Rise up to Heav'n, and put out all the Stars.*

Every passionate Fellow in Town talks half the Day with as little Consistency, and threatens Things as much out of his Power.

The next disagreeable Person to the outrageous Gentleman, is one of a much lower Order of Anger, and he is what we commonly call a peevish Fellow. A peevish Fellow is

DISAGREEABLE PERSONS

one who has some Reason in himself for being out of Humour, or has a natural Incapacity for Delight, and therefore disturbs all who are happier than himself with Pishes and Pshawes, or other well-bred Interjections, at every thing that is said or done in his Presence. There should be Physick mixed in the Food of all which these Fellows eat in good Company. This Degree of Anger passes, forsooth, for a Delicacy of Judgment, that won't admit of being easily pleas'd: but none above the Character of wearing a peevish Man's Livery, ought to bear with his ill Manners. All Things among Men of Sense and Condition should pass the Censure, and have the Protection, of the Eye of Reason.

No Man ought to be tolerated in an habitual Humour, Whim, or Particularity of Behaviour, by any who do not wait upon him for Bread. Next to the peevish Fellow is the Snarler. This Gentleman deals mightily in what we call the Irony, and as those sort of People exert themselves most against these below them, you see their Humour best, in their Talk to their Servants. That is so like you, You are a fine Fellow, Thou art the quickest Head-piece, and the like. One would think the Hectoring, the Storming, the Sullen, and all the different Species and Subordinations of the Angry should be cured, by knowing they live only as pardoned Men; and how pitiful is the Condition of being only suffered? But I am interrupted by the pleasantest Scene of Anger and the Disappointment of it that I have ever known,

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which happened while I was yet Writing, and I overheard as I sat in the Back-room at a *French Bookseller's*. There came into the Shop a very learned Man with an erect Solemn Air, and tho' a Person of great Parts otherwise, slow in understanding anything which makes against himself. The Composure of the faulty Man, and the whimsical Perplexity of him that was justly angry, is perfectly New: After turning over many Volumes, said the Seller to the Buyer, *Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first Volume of French Sermons I formerly lent you*; Sir, said the Chapman, I have often looked for it but cannot find it; It is certainly lost, and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many Years ago; *then, Sir, here is the other Volume, I'll send you home that, and please to pay for both*. My Friend, reply'd he, canst thou be so Senseless as not to know that one Volume is as imperfect in my Library as in your Shop? *Yes, Sir, but it is you have lost the first Volume, and to be short I will be Paid*. Sir, answered the Chapman, you are a young Man, your Book is lost, and learn by this little Loss to bear much greater Adversities, which you must expect to meet with. *Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I must, but I have not lost now, for I say you have it and shall pay me*. Friend, you grow Warm, I tell you the Book is lost, and I foresee in the Course even of a prosperous Life, that you will meet Afflictions to make you Mad, if you cannot bear this Trifle. *Sir, there is in this Case no need of bearing, for you have the Book*. I say, Sir, I have not the Book. But your Passion will

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not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn Resignation of your self to the Distresses of this Life: Nay do not fret and fume, it is my Duty to tell you that you are of an impatient Spirit, and an impatient Spirit is never without Woe. *Was ever any thing like this?* Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The Loss is but a Trifle, but your Temper is Wanton, and incapable of the least Pain; therefore let me advise you, be patient, the Book is lost, but do not you for that Reason lose your self. T.

Wednesday, July 23, 1712.

Impertinence Rebuked— The Breaker of Small Promises

Prodius hoc aliquid quandoque audebis.—Juv.

The first Steps towards Ill are very carefully to be avoided, for Men insensibly go on when they are once entered, and do not keep up a lively Abhorrence of the least Unworthiness. There is a certain frivolous Falshood that People indulge themselves in, which ought to be had in greater Detestation than it commonly meets with: What I mean is a Neglect of Promises made on small and indifferent Occasions, such as Parties of Pleasure, Entertainments, and sometimes Meetings out of Curiosity in Men of like Faculties to be in each other's Company. There are many Causes to which one may assign this light Infidelity. *Jack Sippet* never keeps the Hour he has appointed to come to a Friend's to Dinner; but he is an insignificant Fellow who does it out of Vanity. He could never, he knows, make any Figure in Company, but by giving a little Disturbance at his Entry, and therefore takes Care to drop in

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when he thinks you are just seated. He takes his Place after having discomposed every Body, and desires there may be no Ceremony; then does he begin to call himself the saddest Fellow, in disappointing so many Places as he was invited to elsewhere. It is the Fop's Vanity to name Houses of better Chear, and to acquaint you that he chose yours out of ten Dinners which he was obliged to be at that Day. The last Time I had the Fortune to eat with him, he was imagining how very fat he should have been had he eaten all he had ever been invited to. But it is impertinent to dwell upon the Manners of such a Wretch as obliges all whom he disappoints, though his Circumstances constrain them to be civil to him. But there are those that every one would be glad to see, who fall into the same detestable Habit. It is a merciless thing that any one can be at Ease, and suppose a Set of People who have a Kindness for him, at that Moment waiting out of Respect to him, and refusing to taste their Food or Conversation with the utmost Impatience. One of these Promisers sometimes shall make his Excuses for not coming at all, so late that half the Company have only to lament, that they have neglected Matters of Moment to meet him whom they find a Trifler. They immediately repent of the Value they had for him; and such Treatment repeated, makes Company never depend upon his Promise any more; so that he often comes at the Middle of a Meal, where he is secretly slighted by the Persons with whom he eats,

BREAKING SMALL PROMISES

and cursed by the Servants, whose Dinner is delayed by his prolonging their Master's Entertainment. It is wonderful, that Men guilty this Way, could never have observed, that the whiling Time, the gathering together, and waiting a little before Dinner, is the most awkwardly passed away of any Part in the four and twenty Hours. If they did think at all, they would reflect upon their Guilt, in lengthening such a Suspension of agreeable Life. The constant offending this Way, has, in a Degree, an Effect upon the Honesty of his Mind who is guilty of it, as common Swearing is a kind of habitual Perjury: It makes the Soul unattentive to what an Oath is, even while it utters it at the Lips. *Phocion* beholding a wordy Orator while he was making a magnificent Speech to the People full of vain Promises, *Metinks*, said he, *I am now fixing my Eyes upon a Cypress Tree, it has all the Pomp and Beauty imaginable in its Branches, Leaves, and Height, but alas it bears no Fruit.*

Tho' the Expectation which is raised by impertinent Promisers is thus barren, their Confidence, even after Failures, is so great, that they subsist by still promising on. I have heretofore discoursed of the insignificant Liar, the Boaster, and the Castle-Builder, and treated them as no ill-designing Men, (tho' they are to be placed among the frivolously false ones) but Persons who fall into that Way purely to recommend themselves by their Vivacities; but indeed I cannot let heedless Promisers, though in the most minute Circum-

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stances, pass with so slight a Censure. If a Man should take a Resolution to pay only Sums above an hundred Pounds, and yet contract with different People Debts of five and ten, how long can we suppose he will keep his Credit? This Man will as long support his good Name in Business, as he will in Conversation, who without Difficulty makes Assignations which he is indifferent whether he keeps or not.

I am the more severe upon this Vice, because I have been so unfortunate as to be a very great Criminal my self. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, and all other my Friends who are scrupulous to Promises of the meanest Consideration imaginable from an Habit of Virtue that way, have often upbraided me with it. I take shame upon my self for this Crime, and more particularly for the greatest I ever committed of the Sort, that when as agreeable a Company of Gentlemen and Ladies as ever were got together, and I forsooth, Mr. SPECTATOR, to be of the Party with Women of Merit, like a Booby as I was, mistook the time of Meeting, and came the Night following. I wish every Fool who is negligent in this Kind, may have as great a Loss as I had in this; for the same Company will never meet more, but are dispersed into various Parts of the World, and I am left under the Compunction that I deserve, in so many different Places to be called a Trifler.

This Fault is sometimes to be accounted for, when desirable People are fearful of appearing

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precious and reserved by Denials; but they will find the Apprehension of that Imputation will betray them into a childish Impotence of Mind, and make them promise all who are so kind to ask it of them. This leads such soft Creatures into the Misfortune of seeming to return Overtures of Good-will with Ingratitude. The first Steps in the Breach of a Man's Integrity are much more important than Men are aware of. The Man who scruples breaking his Word in little Things, would not suffer in his own Conscience so great Pain for Failures of Consequence, as he who thinks every little Offence against Truth and Justice a Disparagement. We should not make any thing we our selves disapprove habitual to us, if we would be sure of our Integrity.

I remember a Falshood of the trivial Sort, tho' not in relation to Assignations, that exposed a Man to a very uneasy Adventure. *Will. Trap* and *Jack Stint* were Chamber-fellows in the *Inner-Temple* about 25 Years ago. They one Night sate in the Pit together at a Comedy, where they both observed and liked the same young Woman in the Boxes. Their Kindness for her entered both Hearts deeper than they imagined. *Stint* had a good Faculty at writing Letters of Love, and made his Address privately that way; while *Trap* proceeded in the ordinary Course, by Money and her Waiting-Maid. The Lady gave them both Encouragement, receiving *Trap* into the utmost Favour, and answering at the same time *Stint's* Letters, and giving him appointments at third Places. *Trap*

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began to suspect the Epistolary Correspondence of his Friend, and discovered also that *Stint* opened all his Letters which came to their common Lodgings, in order to form his own Assignations. After much Anxiety and Restlessness, *Trap* came to a Resolution, which he thought would break off their Commerce with one another without any hazardous Explanation. He therefore writ a Letter in a feigned Hand to Mr. *Trap* at his Chambers in the *Temple*. *Stint*, according to Custom, seized and opened it, and was not a little surpriz'd to find the Inside directed to himself, when, with great Perturbation of Spirit, he read as follows.

“Mr. *Stint*,

You have gained a slight Satisfaction at the Expence of doing a very heinous Crime. At the Price of a faithful Friend you have obtained an inconstant Mistress. I rejoice in this Expedient I have thought of to break my Mind to you, and tell you, You are a base Fellow, by a Means which does not expose you to the Affront except you deserve it. I know, Sir, as criminal as you are, you have still Shame enough to avenge yourself against the Hardiness of any one that should publicly tell you of it. I therefore, who have received so many secret Hurts from you, shall take Satisfaction with Safety to my self. I call you Base, and you must bear it, or acknowledge it; I triumph over you that you cannot come at me; nor do I think it dishonourable to come

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in Armour to assault him, who was in Ambuscade when he wounded me.

What need more be said to convince you of being guilty of the basest Practice imaginable, than that it is such as has made you liable to be treated after this Manner, while you your self cannot in your own Conscience but allow the Justice of the Upbraidings of

Your Injur'd Friend,

T.

Ralph Trap.³²

Monday, August 4, 1712.

How to be Happy though Married

Domus et placens Unor.—Hor.

I have very long entertain'd an Ambition to make the Word *Wife* the most agreeable and delightful Name in Nature. If it be not so in it self, all the wiser Part of Mankind from the Beginning of the World to this Day has consented in an Error: But our Unhappiness in *England* has been, that a few loose Men of Genius for Pleasure, have turn'd it all to the Gratification of ungovern'd Desires, in spite of good Sense, Form and Order; when, in truth, any Satisfaction beyond the Boundaries of Reason, is but a Step towards Madness and Folly. But is the Sense of Joy and Accomplishment of Desire no way to be indulged or attain'd? and have we Appetites given us not to be at all gratify'd? Yes certainly. Marriage is an Institution calculated for a constant Scene of as much Delight as our Being is capable of. Two Persons who have chosen each other out of all the Species, with design to be each other's mutual Comfort and Entertainment, have in

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that Action bound themselves to be good-humour'd, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient and joyful, with respect to each other's Frailties and Perfections, to the End of their Lives. The wiser of the two (and it always happens one of them is such) will for her or his own sake, keep things from Outrage with the utmost Sanctity. When this Union is thus preserved (as I have often said) the most indifferent Circumstance administers Delight. Their Condition is an endless Source of new Gratifications. The married Man can say, If I am unacceptable to all the World beside, there is one whom I entirely love, that will receive me with Joy and Transport, and think herself obliged to double her Kindness and Caresses of me from the Gloom with which she sees me overcast. I need not dissemble the Sorrow of my Heart to be agreeable there, that very Sorrow quickens her Affection.

This Passion towards each other, when once well fixed, enters into the very Constitution, and the Kindness flows as easily and silently as the Blood in the Veins. When this Affection is enjoy'd in the most sublime Degree, unskilful Eyes see nothing of it; but when it is subject to be chang'd, and has an Allay in it that may make it end in Distaste, it is apt to break into Rage, or overflow into Fondness, before the rest of the World.

Uxander and *Viramira* are amorous and young, and have been married these two Years; yet do they so much distinguish each other in Company, that in your Conversation with the

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Dear Things you are still put to a Sort of Cross-Purposes. Whenever you address your self in ordinary Discourse to *Viramira*, she turns her Head another way, and the Answer is made to the dear *Uxander*: If you tell a merry Tale, the Application is still directed to her Dear; and when she should commend you, she says to him, as if he had spoke it, That is, my Dear, so pretty—— This puts me in mind of what I have somewhere read in the admired Memoirs of the famous *Cervantes*, where, while honest *Sancho Panza* is putting some necessary humble Question concerning *Rozinante*, his Supper, or his Lodgings, the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance is ever improving the harmless lowly Hints of his Squire to the poetical Conceit, Rapture and Flight, in Contemplation of the dear *Dulcinea* of his Affections.

On the other side, *Dictamnus* and *Moria* are ever squabbling, and you may observe them all the time they are in Company in a State of Impatience. As *Uxander* and *Viramira* wish you all gone, that they may be at freedom for Dalliance; *Dictamnus* and *Moria* wait your Absence, that they may speak their harsh Interpretations on each other's Words and Actions during the time you were with them.

It is certain that the greater Part of the Evils attending this Condition of Life, arises from Fashion. Prejudice in this Case is turn'd the wrong way, and instead of expecting more Happiness than we shall meet with in it, we are laugh'd into a Prepossession, that we shall

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be disappointed if we hope for lasting Satisfaction.

With all Persons who have made good Sense the Rule of Action, Marriage is describ'd as the State capable of the highest human Felicity. *Tully* has Epistles full of affectionate Pleasure, when he writes to his Wife, or speaks of his Children. But above all the Hints of this kind I have met with in Writers of ancient date, I am pleas'd with an Epigram of *Martial*, in honour of the Beauty of his Wife *Cleopatra*. Commentators say it was written the day after his Wedding-Night. When his Spouse was retir'd to the Bathing-room in the Heat of the Day, he, it seems, came in upon her when she was just going into the Water. To her Beauty and Carriage on this occasion we owe the following Epigram, which I shew'd my Friend *WILL. HONEYCOMB* in *French*, who has translated it as follows, without understanding the Original. I expect it will please the *English* better than the *Latin* Reader.

When my bright Consort, now nor Wife nor Maid,
Asham'd and wanton, of Embrace afraid,
Fled to the Streams, the Streams my Fair betray'd;
To my fond Eyes she all transparent stood,
She blush'd, I smil'd at the slight covering Flood.
Thus thro' the Glass the lovely Lilly glows,
Thus thro' the ambient Gem shines forth the Rose.
I saw new Charms, and plung'd to seize my Store,
Kisses I snatch'd, the Waves prevented more.

My Friend would not allow that this luscious Account could be given of a Wife, and there-

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fore used the Word *Consort*; which, he learnedly said, would serve for a Mistress as well, and give a more Gentlemanly Turn to the Epigram. But, under favour of him and all other such fine Gentlemen, I cannot be persuaded but that the Passion a Bridegroom has for a virtuous young Woman, will, by little and little, grow into Friendship, and then it is ascended to a higher Pleasure than it was in its first Fervour. Without this happens, he is a very unfortunate Man who has enter'd into this State, and left the Habitudes of Life he might have enjoy'd with a faithful Friend. But when the Wife proves capable of filling serious as well as joyous Hours, she brings Happiness unknown to Friendship itself. *Spenser* speaks of each kind of Love with great Justice, and attributes the highest Praise to Friendship; and indeed there is no disputing that Point, but by making that Friendship take Place between two married Persons.

*Hard is the Doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three kinds of Love together meet,
And to dispart the Heart with Power extreme,
Whether shall weigh the Ballance down; to wit,
The dear Affection unto Kindred sweet,
Or raging Fire of Love to Womenkind,
Or Zeal of Friends combin'd by Virtues meet.
But, of them all, the Band of virtuous Mind
Methinks the gentle Heart should most assured bind.*

*For natural Affection soon doth cease,
And quenched is with Cupid's greater Flame;
But faithful Friendship doth them both suppress,
And them with mastering Discipline does tame,*

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*Through Thoughts aspiring to eternal Fame.
For as the Soul doth ruie the Earthly Mass,
And all the Service of the Body frame;
So Love of Soul doth Love of Body pass,
No less than perfect Gold surmounts the meanest
Brass. T.*

Monday, September 22, 1712.

Letters of Recommendation

*Qualem commendes, etiam atque etiam adspice, ne mox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.—Hor.*

It is no unpleasant matter of Speculation to consider the recommendatory Epistles that pass round this Town from Hand to Hand, and the abuse People put upon one another in that kind. It is indeed come to that pass, that instead of being the Testimony of Merit in the Person recommended, the true reading of a Letter of this sort is, *The Bearer hereof is so uneasy to me, that it will be an Act of Charity in you to take him off my Hands; whether you prefer him or not, it is all one, for I have no manner of Kindness for him, or Obligation to him or his; and do what you please as to that.* As negligent as Men are in this respect, a point of Honour is concerned in it; and there is nothing a Man should be more ashamed of, than passing a worthless Creature into the Service or Interests of a Man who has never injured you. The Women indeed are a little too keen in their Resentments, to trespass often this Way: But you shall sometimes know that the Mistress

and the Maid shall quarrel, and give each other very free Language, and at last the Lady shall be pacified to turn her out of Doors, and give her a very good Word to any body else. Hence it is that you see, in a Year and Half's time, the same Face a Domestick in all parts of the Town. Good-breeding and Good-nature lead People in a great Measure to this Injustice: When Suitors of no Consideration will have Confidence enough to press upon their Superiors, those in Power are tender of speaking the Exceptions they have against them, and are mortgaged into Promises out of their Impatience of Importunity. In this latter Case, it would be a very useful Enquiry to know the History of Recommendations: There are, you must know, certain Abettors of this way of Torment, who make it a Profession to manage the Affairs of Candidates: These Gentlemen let out their Impudence to their Clients, and supply any Defective Recommendation, by informing how such and such a Man is to be attacked. They will tell you, get the least Scrap from Mr. Such-a-one, and leave the rest to them. When one of these Undertakers have your Business in hand, you may be sick, absent in Town or Country, and the Patron shall be worried, or you prevail. I remember to have been shewn a Gentleman some Years ago, who punish'd a whole People for their Facility in giving their Credentials. This Person had belonged to a Regiment which did Duty in the *West-Indies*, and by the Mortality of the Place happened to be commanding Officer in the Colony. He

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oppressed his Subjects with great frankness, till he became sensible that he was heartily hated by every Man under his Command. When he had carried his Point, to be thus detestable, in a pretended Fit of Dishumour, and feigned Uneasiness of living where he found he was so universally unacceptable, he communicated to the chief Inhabitants a Design he had to return for *England*, provided they would give him ample Testimonials of their Approbation. The Planters came into it to a Man; and in proportion to his deserving the quite contrary, the Words Justice, Generosity, and Courage, were inserted in his Commission, not omitting the general Good-liking of People of all Conditions in the Colony. The Gentleman returns for *England*, and within few Months after came back to them their Governour on the Strength of their own Testimonials.

Such a Rebuke as this cannot indeed happen to easy Recommenders, in the ordinary course of things from one hand to another; but how would a Man bear to have it said to him, the Person I took into Confidence on the Credit you gave him, has proved false, unjust, and has not answered any way the Character you gave me of him?

I cannot but conceive very good hopes of that Rake *Jack Toper* of the *Temple*, for an honest Scrupulousness in this Point. A Friend of his meeting with a Servant that had formerly lived with *Jack*, and having a mind to take him, sent to him to know what Faults the Fellow had, since he could not please such a

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careless Fellow as he was. His Answer was as follows :

“SIR,

Thomas that lived with me was turned away because he was too good for me. You know I live in Taverns; he is an orderly sober Rascal, and thinks much to sleep in an Entry till two in a Morning. He told me one day when he was dressing me, that he wondered I was not dead before now, since I went to Dinner in the Evening, and went to Supper at two in the Morning. We were coming down *Essex-street* one Night a little flustrated, and I was giving him the Word to alarm the Watch; he had the Impudence to tell me it was against the Law. You that are married, and live one Day after another the same Way, and so on the whole Week, I dare say will like him, and he will be glad to have his Meat in due Season. The Fellow is certainly very Honest. My Service to your Lady.

Yours, J. T.”

Now this was very fair Dealing. *Jack* knew very well, that though the Love of Order made a Man very awkward in his Equipage, it was a valuable Quality among the Queer People who live by Rule; and had too much good Sense and good Nature to let the Fellow starve, because he was not fit to attend his Vivacities.

I shall end this Discourse with a Letter of

RECOMMENDATION

Recommendation from *Horace* to *Claudius Nero*. You will see in that Letter a Slowness to ask a Favour, a strong Reason for being unable to deny his good Word any longer, and that it is a Service to the Person to whom he recommends, to comply with what is asked: All which are necessary Circumstances, both in Justice and Good-breeding, if a Man would ask so as to have reason to complain of a Denial; and indeed a Man should not in strictness ask otherwise. In hopes the Authority of *Horace*, who perfectly understood how to live with great Men, may have a good Effect towards amending this Facility in People of Condition, and the Confidence of those who apply to them without Merit, I have translated the Epistle.

To CLAUDIUS NERO

“SIR,

Septimius, who waits upon you with this, is very well acquainted with the place you are pleased to allow me in your Friendship. For when he beseeches me to recommend him to your Notice, in such a manner as to be received by you, who are delicate in the choice of your Friends and Domesticks, he knows our Intimacy, and understands my Ability to serve him better than I do myself. I have defended my self against his Ambition to be yours, as long as I possibly could; but fearing the Imputation of hiding my Power in you out of mean and selfish Considerations, I am at last prevailed upon to give you this Trouble. Thus,

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to avoid the Appearance of a greater Fault, I have put on this Confidence. If you can forgive this Transgression of Modesty in behalf of a Friend, receive this Gentleman into your Interests and Friendship, and take it from me that he is an honest and a brave Man."

T.

Thursday, September 25, 1712.

Impudence Rebuked— Punsters and “Biters”

Lepus tute es, et pulpamentum quæris.—Ter.

It is a great Convenience to those who want Wit to furnish out a Conversation, that there is something or other in all Companies where it is wanted substituted in its stead, which according to their Taste, does the Business as well. Of this nature is the agreeable Pastime in Country-Halls of Cross-purposes, Questions and Commands, and the like. A little superior to these are those who can play at Crambo, or cap Verses. Then above them are such as can make Verses, that is, Rhime; and among those who have the *Latin* Tongue, such as use to make what they call golden Verses. Commend me also to those who have not Brains enough for any of these Exercises, and yet do not give up their Pretensions to Mirth. These can slap you on the Back unawares, laugh loud, ask you how you do with a Twang on your Shoulders, say you are dull to-day, and laugh a Voluntary to put you in Humour; the laborious Way among the minor Poets, of making things come into such and such a Shape,

IMPUDENCE REBUKED

as that of an Egg, an Hand, an Ax, or any thing that no body had ever thought on before for that purpose, or which would have cost a great deal of Pains to accomplish it if they did. But all these Methods, tho' they are mechanical, and may be arrived at with the smallest Capacity, do not serve an honest Gentleman who wants Wit for his Ordinary Occasions; therefore it is absolutely necessary that the Poor in Imagination should have something which may be serviceable to them at all Hours upon all common Occurrences. That which we call Punning is therefore greatly affected by Men of small Intellects. These Men need not be concerned with you for the whole Sentence; but if they can say a quaint thing, or bring in a Word which sounds like any one Word you have spoken to them they can turn the Discourse, or distract you so that you cannot go on, and by consequence if they cannot be as witty as you are, they can hinder your being any wittier than they are. Thus if you talk of a Candle, he *can deal* with you; and if you ask him to help you to some Bread, a Punster should think himself very *ill-bred* if he did not; and if he is not as well-bred as your self, he hopes for *Grains* of Allowance. If you do not understand that last Fancy, you must recollect that Bread is made of Grain; and so they go on for ever, without Possibility of being exhausted.

There are another Kind of People of small Faculties, who supply want of Wit with want of Breeding; and because Women are both by

Nature and Education more offended at any thing which is immodest than we Men are, these are ever harping upon things they ought not to allude to, and deal mightily in double Meanings. Every one's own Observation will suggest Instances enough of this kind, without my mentioning any; for your double Meaners are dispersed up and down thro' all Parts of Town or City where there are any to offend, in order to set off themselves. These Men are mighty loud Laughers, and held very pretty Gentlemen with the sillier and unbred Part of Womankind. But above all already mentioned, or any who ever were, or ever can be in the World, the happiest and surest to be pleasant, are a Sort of People whom we have not indeed lately heard much of, and those are your *Biters*.

A *Biter* is one who tells you a thing you have no reason to disbelieve in it self; and perhaps has given you, before he bit you, no reason to disbelieve it for his saying it; and if you give him Credit, laughs in your Face, and triumphs that he has deceiv'd you. In a Word, a *Biter* is one who thinks you a Fool, because you do not think him a Knave. This Description of him one may insist upon to be a just one; for what else but a Degree of Knavery is it, to depend upon Deceit for what you gain of another, be it in point of Wit, or Interest, or any thing else?

This way of Wit is called *Biting*, by a Metaphor taken from Beasts of Prey, which devour harmless and unarmed Animals, and look upon them as their Food wherever they meet them.

IMPUDENCE REBUKED

The Sharpers about Town very ingeniously understood themselves to be to the undesigning Part of Mankind what Foxes are to Lambs, and therefore used the Word *Biting* to express any Exploit wherein they had over-reach'd any innocent and inadvertent Man of his Purse. These Rascals of late Years have been the Gallants of the Town, and carried it with a fashionable haughty Air, to the discouragement of Modesty and all honest Arts. Shallow Fops, who are govern'd by the Eye, and admire every thing that struts in vogue, took up from the Sharpers the Phrase of *Biting*, and used it upon all Occasions, either to disown any nonsensical Stuff they should talk themselves, or evade the Force of what was reasonably said by others. Thus, when one of these cunning Creatures was enter'd into a Debate with you, whether it was practicable in the present State of Affairs to accomplish such a Proposition, and you thought he had let fall what destroy'd his Side of the Question, as soon as you look'd with an Earnestness ready to lay hold of it, he immediately cry'd, *Bite*, and you were immediately to acknowledge all that Part was in Jest. They carry this to all the Extravagance imaginable, and if one of these Witlings knows any Particulars which may give Authority to what he says, he is still the more ingenious if he imposes upon your Credulity. I remember a remarkable Instance of this Kind. There came up a shrewd young Fellow to a plain young Man, his Countryman, and taking him aside with a grave con-

PUNSTERS AND "BITERS"

cern'd Countenance, goes on at this rate: I see you here, and have you heard nothing out of *Yorkshire*—You look so surpriz'd you could not have heard of it—and yet the Particulars are such, that it cannot be false: I am sorry I am got into it so far that I now must tell you; but I know not but it may be for your Service to know—on *Tuesday* last, just after Dinner—you know his Manner is to smoke, opening his Box, your Father fell down dead in an Apoplexy. The Youth shew'd the filial Sorrow which he ought—Upon which the witty Man cry'd, *Bite, there was nothing in all this . . .*

To put an end to this silly, pernicious, frivolous Way at once, I will give the Reader one late Instance of a *Bite*, which no *Biter* for the future will ever be able to equal, tho' I heartily wish him the same Occasion. It is a Superstition with some Surgeons who beg the Bodies of condemn'd Malefactors, to go to the Gaol, and bargain for the Carcase with the Criminal himself. A good honest Fellow did so last Sessions, and was admitted to the condemned Men on the Morning wherein they died. The Surgeon communicated his Business, and fell into discourse with a little Fellow, who refused Twelve Shillings, and insisted upon Fifteen for his Body. The Fellow, who kill'd the Officer of *Newgate*, very forwardly, and like a Man who was willing to deal, told him, Look you, Mr. Surgeon, that little dry Fellow, who has been half-starved all his Life, and is now half-dead with Fear, can-

PUNSTERS AND "BITERS"

not answer your Purpose. I have ever liv'd
high and freely, my Veins are full, I have not
pined in Imprisonment: you see my Crest
swells to your Knife, and after *Jack-Catch*
has done, upon my Honour you'll find me as
sound as e'er a Bullock in any of the Markets.
Come, for Twenty Shillings I am your Man
—Says the Surgeon, Done, there's a Guinea
—This witty Rogue took the Money, and as
soon as he had it in his Fist, cries, *Bite, I am*
to be hang'd in Chains. T.

Wednesday, October 8, 1712.

Impertinence Rebuked— The Tavern Tyrant

Omnes autem et habentur et dicuntur Tyranni, qui potestate sunt perpetua, in ea Civitate quæ libertatis usa est.—Corn. Nepos.

The following Letters complain of what I have frequently observed with very much Indignation; therefore I shall give them to the Publick in the Words with which my Correspondents, who suffer under the Hardships mention'd in them, describe them.

“*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

In former Ages all Pretensions to Dominion have been supported and submitted to, either upon Account of Inheritance, Conquest or Election; and all such Persons who have taken upon 'em any Sovereignty over their Fellow-Creatures upon any other Account, have been always called Tyrants, not so much because they were guilty of any particular Barbarities, as because every Attempt to such a Superiority was in its Nature tyrannical. But there is another sort of Potentates, who may with

greater Propriety be call'd Tyrants, than those last mention'd, both as they assume a despotick Dominion over those as free as themselves, and as they support it by Acts of notable Oppression and Injustice; and these are the Rulers in all Clubs and Meetings. In other Governments, the Punishments of some have been alleviated by the Reward of others; but what makes the Reign of these Potentates so particularly grievous, is, that they are exquisite in punishing their Subjects, at the same time they have it not in their power to reward 'em. That the Reader may the better comprehend the Nature of these Monarchs, as well as the miserable State of those that are their Vassals, I shall give an Account of the King of the Company I am fallen into, whom for his particular Tyranny I shall call *Dionysius*; as also of the Seeds that sprung up to this odd sort of Empire.

Upon all Meetings at Taverns, 'tis necessary some one of the Company should take it upon him to get all things in such order and readiness, as may contribute as much as possible to the Felicity of the Convention; such as hastening the Fire, getting a sufficient number of Candles, tasting the Wine with a judicious Smack, fixing the Supper, and being brisk for the Dispatch of it. Know then, that *Dionysius* went thro' these Offices with an Air that seem'd to express a Satisfaction rather in serving the Publick, than in gratifying any particular Inclination of his own. We thought him a Person of an exquisite Palate, and therefore

THE TAVERN TYRANT

by consent beseeched him to be always our Proveditor; which Post, after he had handsomely denied, he could do no otherwise than accept. At first he made no other use of his Power, than in recommending such and such things to the Company, ever allowing these Points to be disputable; insomuch that I have often carried the Debate for Partridge, when his Majesty has given Intimation of the high Relish of Duck, but at the same time has cheerfully submitted, and devour'd his Partridge with most gracious Resignation. This Submission on his side naturally produc'd the like on ours; of which he in a little time made such barbarous Advantage, as in all those Matters, which before seem'd indifferent to him, to issue out certain Edicts as uncontrollable and unalterable as the Laws of the *Medes and Persians*. He is by turns outrageous, peevish, froward and jovial. He thinks it our Duty for the little Offices, as Proveditor, that in Return all Conversation is to be interrupted or promoted by his Inclination for or against the present Humour of the Company. We feel, at present, in the utmost Extremity, the Insolence of Office; however, I being naturally warm, ventur'd to oppose him in a Dispute about a Haunch of Venison. I was altogether for roasting, but *Dionysius* declar'd himself for boiling with so much Prowess and Resolution, that the Cook thought it necessary to consult his own Safety rather than the Luxury of my Proposition. With the same Authority that he orders what we shall eat and drink, he also

commands us where to do it, and we change our Taverns according as he suspects any Treasonable Practices in the settling the Bill by the Master, or sees any bold Rebellion in point of Attendance by the Waiters. Another Reason for changing the Seat of Empire, I conceive to be the Pride he takes in the Promulgation of our Slavery, tho' we pay our Club for our Entertainments even in these Palaces of our grand Monarch. When he has a mind to take the Air, a Party of us are commanded out by way of Life-Guard, and we march under as great Restrictions as they do. If we meet a neighbouring King, we give or keep the Way according as we are outnumber'd or not; and if the Train of each is equal in number, rather than give Battle, the Superiority is soon adjusted by a Desertion from one of 'em.

Now, the Expulsion of these unjust Rulers out of all Societies, would gain a Man as everlasting a Reputation, as either of the *Brutus's* got from their Endeavours to extirpate Tyranny from among the *Romans*. I confess my self to be in a Conspiracy against the Usurper of our Club; and to shew my Reading, as well as my merciful Disposition, shall allow him till the Ides of *March* to dethrone himself. If he seems to affect Empire till that time, and does not gradually recede from the Incursions he has made upon our Liberties, he shall find a Dinner dress'd which he has no Hand in, and shall be treated with an Order, Magnificence and Luxury as shall break his proud heart; at the same time that he shall be convinc'd in his

THE TAVERN TYRANT

Stomach he was unfit for his Post, and a more mild and skilful Prince receive the Acclamations of the People, and be set up in his room: but, as *Milton* says,

—*These Thoughts*

*Full Counsel must mature. Peace is despair'd,
And who can think Submission? War, then War
Open, or understood, must be resolv'd.*

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant."

"*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I am a young Woman at a Gentleman's Seat in the Country, who is a particular Friend of my Father's, and came hither to pass away a Month or two with his Daughters. I have been entertained with the utmost Civility by the whole Family, and nothing has been omitted which can make my Stay easy and agreeable on the Part of the Family; but there is a Gentleman here, a Visitant as I am, whose Behaviour has given me great Uneasinesses. When I first arrived here, he used me with the utmost Complaisance; but, forsooth, that was not with regard to my Sex, and since he has no Designs upon me, he does not know why he should distinguish me from a Man in things indifferent. He is, you must know, one of those familiar Coxcombs, who have observed some well-bred Men with a good Grace converse with Women, and say no fine things,

IMPERTINENCE REBUKED

but yet treat them with that sort of Respect which flows from the Heart and the Understanding, but is exerted in no Professions or Compliments. This Puppy, to imitate this Excellence, or avoid the contrary Fault of being troublesome in Complaisance, takes upon him to try his Talent upon me, insomuch that he contradicts me upon all Occasions, and one day told me I lied. If I had stuck him with my Bodkin, and behaved my self like a Man, since he won't treat me as a Woman, I had, I think, served him right. I wish, Sir, you would please to give him some Maxims of Behaviour in these Points, and resolve me if all Maids are not in point of Conversation to be treated by all Batchelors as their Mistresses? if not so, are they not to be used as gently as their Sisters? Is it sufferable, that the Fop of whom I complain should say, as he would rather have such a-one without a Groat, than me with the *Indies*? What right has any Man to make Suppositions of things not in his Power, and then declare his Will to the dislike of one that has never offended him? I assure you these are things worthy your Consideration, and I hope we shall have your Thoughts upon them. I am, tho' a Woman justly offended, ready to forgive all this, because I have no Remedy but leaving very agreeable Company sooner than I desire. This also is an heinous Aggravation of his Offence, that he is inflicting Banishment upon me. Your printing this Letter may perhaps be an Admonition to reform him: As soon as it

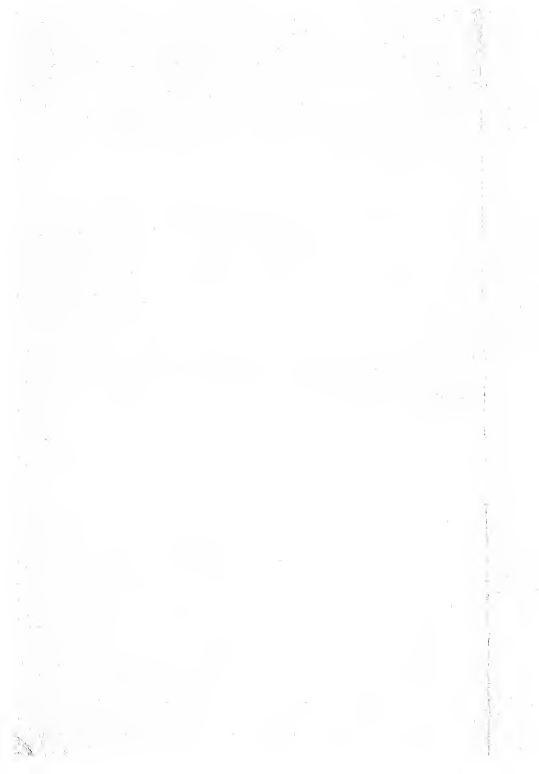
THE TAVERN TYRANT

appears I will write my Name at the End of
it, and lay it in his Way; the making which
just Reprimand, I hope you will put in the
Power of,

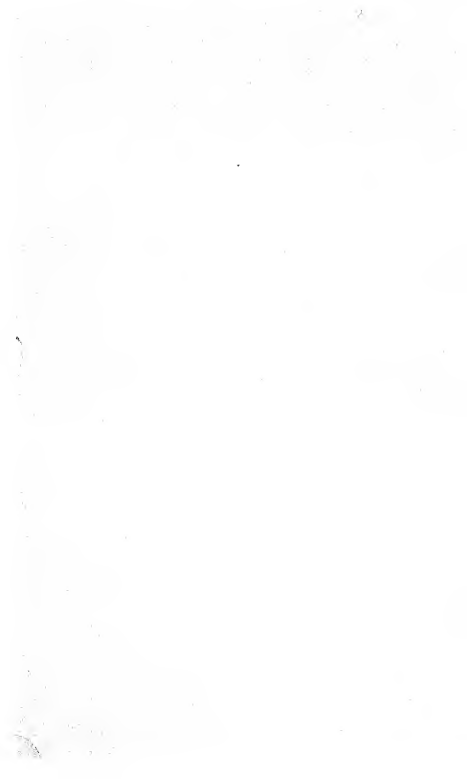
SIR,

T. *Your constant Reader,*
and humble Servant."

Monday, October 13, 1712.



ADDISON
ON
The Minor Morals



The Spectator's Audience

*Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lumbum
Remigiis subigit: si brachia forte remisit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.*—Virg.

It is with much Satisfaction that I hear this great City inquiring Day by Day after these my Papers, and receiving my Morning Lectures with a becoming Seriousness and Attention. My Publisher tells me, that there are already Three Thousand of them distributed every Day: So that if I allow Twenty Readers to every Paper, which I look upon as a modest Computation, I may reckon about Threescore thousand Disciples in *London* and *Westminster*, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless Herd of their ignorant and unattentive Brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an Audience, I shall spare no Pains to make their Instruction agreeable, and their Diversion useful. For which Reasons I shall endeavour to enliven Morality with Wit, and to temper Wit with Morality, that my Readers may, if possible, both Ways find their account in the Speculation of the Day. And to the End that their Virtue and Discretion may not be short

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transient intermitting Starts of Thought, I have resolved to refresh their Memories from Day to Day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate State of Vice and Folly, into which the Age is fallen. The Mind that lies fallow but a single Day, sprouts up in Follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous Culture. It was said of *Socrates*, that he brought Philosophy down from Heaven, to inhabit among Men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought Philosophy out of Closets and Libraries, Schools and Colleges, to dwell in Clubs and Assemblies, at Tea-tables, and in Coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular Manner recommend these my Speculations to all well-regulated Families, that set apart an Hour in every Morning for Tea and Bread and Butter; and would earnestly advise them for their Good to order this Paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a Part of the Tea Equipage.

Sir *Francis Bacon* observes, that a well-written Book, compared with its Rivals and Antagonists, is like *Moses's* Serpent, that immediately swallow'd up and devoured those of the *Egyptians*. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the SPECTATOR appears, the other publick Prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my Readers Consideration, whether, Is it not much better to be let into the Knowledge of ones-self, than to hear what passes in *Muscovy* or *Poland*; and to amuse our selves with such Writings as tend to the wearing out of

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Ignorance, Passion, and Prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame Hatreds, and make Enmities irreconcilable.

In the next Place, I would recommend this Paper to the daily Perusal of those Gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good Brothers and Allies, I mean the Fraternity of Spectators who live in the World without having any thing to do in it; and either by the Affluence of their Fortunes, or Laziness of their Dispositions, have no other Business with the rest of Mankind but to look upon them. Under this Class of Men are comprehended all contemplative Tradesmen, titular Physicians, Fellows of the Royal Society, Templers that are not given to be contentious, and Statesmen that are out of business. In short, every one that considers the World as a Theatre, and desires to form a right Judgment of those who are the Actors on it.

There is another Set of Men that I must likewise lay a Claim to, whom I have lately called the Blanks of Society, as being altogether unfurnish'd with Ideas, till the Business and Conversation of the Day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor Souls with an Eye of great Commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first Man they have met with, whether there was any News stirring? and by that Means gathering together Materials for thinking. These needy Persons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve a Clock in the Morning; for by that Time they are pretty good Judges of the Weather, know which Way

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the Wind sits, and whether the Dutch Mail be come in. As they lie at the Mercy of the first Man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the Day long, according to the Notions which they have imbibed in the Morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their Chambers till they have read this Paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome Sentiments, as shall have a good Effect on their Conversation for the ensuing twelve Hours.

But there are none to whom this Paper will be more useful than to the female World. I have often thought there has not been sufficient Pains taken in finding out proper Employments and Diversions for the Fair ones. Their Amusements seem contrived for them rather as they are Women, than as they are reasonable Creatures; and are more adapted to the Sex, than to the Species. The Toilet is their great Scene of Business, and the right adjusting of their Hair the principal Employment of their Lives. The sorting of a Suit of Ribbons is reckoned a very good Morning's Work; and if they make an Excursion to a Mercer's or a Toy-shop, so great a Fatigue makes them unfit for any thing else all the Day after. Their more serious Occupations are Sowing and Embroidery, and their greatest Drudgery the Preparation of Jellies and Sweetmeats. This, I say, is the State of ordinary Women; tho' I know there are Multitudes of those of a more elevated Life and Conversation, that move in

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an exalted Sphere of Knowledge and Virtue, that join all the Beauties of the Mind to the Ornaments of Dress, and inspire a kind of Awe and Respect, as well as Love, into their Male-Beholders. I hope to encrease the Number of these by publishing this daily Paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving Entertainment, and by that Means at least divert the Minds of my female Readers from greater Trifles. At the same Time, as I would fain give some finishing Touches to those which are already the most beautiful Pieces in humane Nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those Imperfections that are the Blemishes, as well as those Virtues which are the Embellishments, of the Sex. In the mean while I hope these my gentle Readers, who have so much Time on their Hands, will not grudge throwing away a Quarter of an Hour in a Day on this Paper, since they may do it without any Hindrance to Business.

I know several of my Friends and Well-wishers are in great Pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the Spirit of a Paper which I oblige myself to furnish every Day: But to make them easy in this Particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be Matter of great Raillery to the small Wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my Promise, desire me to keep my Word, assure me that it is high Time to give over, with many other little Pleasantries of the like Nature, which men of a little smart Genius

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cannot forbear throwing out against their best Friends, when they have such a Handle given them of being witty. But let them remember, that I do hereby enter my Caveat against this Piece of Raillery. C.

Monday, March 12, 1711.

The Female Passion for Dress and Show

Parva leves capiunt animos —.—Ovid.

When I was in *France*, I used to gaze with great Astonishment at the Splendid Equipages and Party-coloured Habits, of that Fantastick Nation. I was one Day in particular contemplating a Lady that sate in a Coach adorned with gilded *Cupids*, and finely painted with the Loves of *Venus* and *Adonis*. The Coach was drawn by six milk-white Horses, and loaden behind with the same Number of powder'd Foot-men. Just before the Lady were a Couple of beautiful Pages, that were stuck among the Harness, and by their gay Dresses, and smiling Features, looked like the elder Brothers of the little Boys that were carved and painted in every Corner of the Coach.

The Lady was the unfortunate *Cleante*, who afterwards gave an Occasion to a pretty melancholy Novel. She had, for several Years, received the Addresses of a Gentleman, whom, after a long and intimate Acquaintance, she forsook, upon the Account of this shining Equipage which had been offered to her by one of great Riches, but a Crazy Constitution. The Circum-

stances in which I saw her, were, it seems, the Disguises only of a broken Heart, and a kind of Pageantry to cover Distress; for in two Months after, she was carried to her Grave with the same Pomp and Magnificence: being sent thither partly by the Loss of one Lover, and partly by the Possession of another.

I have often reflected with my self on this unaccountable Humour in Woman-kind, of being smitten with every thing that is showy and superficial; and on the numberless Evils that befall the Sex, from this light, fantastical Disposition. I my self remember a young Lady that was very warmly solicited by a Couple of importunate Rivals, who, for several Months together, did all they could to recommend themselves, by Complacency of Behaviour, and Agreeableness of Conversation. At length, when the Competition was doubtful, and the Lady undetermined in her Choice, one of the young Lovers very luckily bethought himself of adding a supernumerary Lace to his Liveries, which had so good an Effect that he married her the very Week after.

The usual Conversation of Ordinary Women, very much cherishes this Natural Weakness of being taken with Outside and Appearance. Talk of a new-married Couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their Coach and six, or eat in Plate: Mention the Name of an absent Lady, and it is ten to one but you learn something of her Gown and Petticoat. A Ball is a great Help to Discourse, and a Birth-Day furnishes Conversation for a Twelve-month after.

FOR DRESS AND SHOW

A Furbelow of precious Stones, an Hat buttoned with a Diamond, a Brocade Waistcoat or Petticoat, are standing Topicks. In short, they consider only the Drapery of the Species, and never cast away a Thought on those Ornaments of the Mind, that make Persons Illustrious in themselves, and Useful to others. When Women are thus perpetually dazzling one anothers Imaginations, and filling their Heads with nothing but Colours, it is no Wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial Parts of Life, than the solid and substantial Blessings of it. A Girl, who has been trained up in this kind of Conversation, is in danger of every Embroidered Coat that comes in her Way. A Pair of fringed Gloves may be her Ruin. In a word, Lace and Ribbons, Silver and Gold Gallons, with the like glittering Gew-Gaws, are so many Lures to Women of weak Minds or low Educations, and, when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy Coquet from the wildest of her Flights and Rambles.

True Happiness is of a retired Nature, and an Enemy to Pomp and Noise; it arises, in the first place, from the Enjoyment of ones self; and, in the next, from the Friendship and Conversation of a few select Companions. It loves Shade and Solitude, and naturally haunts Groves and Fountains, Fields and Meadows: In short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no Addition from Multitudes of Witnesses and Spectators. On the contrary, false Happiness loves to be in a Crowd, and to draw the Eyes of the World upon her. She does

THE FEMALE PASSION

not receive any Satisfaction from the Applauses which she gives her self, but from the Admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in Courts and Palaces, Theatres and Assemblies, and has no Existence but when she is looked upon.

Aurelia, tho' a Woman of Great Quality, delights in the Privacy of a Country Life, and passes away a great part of her Time in her own Walks and Gardens. Her Husband, who is her Bosom Friend and Companion in her Solitudes, has been in Love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good Sense, consummate Virtue, and a mutual Esteem; and are a perpetual Entertainment to one another. Their Family is under so regular an Œconomy, in its Hours of Devotion and Repast, Employment and Diversion, that it looks like a little Commonwealth within it self. They often go into Company, that they may return with the greater Delight to one another; and sometimes live in Town not to enjoy it so properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the Relish of a Country Life. By this means they are Happy in each other, beloved by their Children, adored by their Servants, and are become the Envy, or rather the Delight, of all that know them.

How different to this is the Life of *Fulvia*! she considers her Husband as her Steward, and looks upon Discretion and good House-Wifery, as little domestick Virtues, unbecoming a Woman of Quality. She thinks Life lost in her own family, and fancies her self out of the World,

FOR DRESS AND SHOW

when she is not in the Ring, the Play-House, or the Drawing-Room: She lives in a perpetual Motion of Body and Restlessness of Thought, and is never easie in any one Place, when she thinks there is more Company in another. The missing of an Opera the first Night, would be more afflicting to her than the Death of a Child. She pities all the valuable Part of her own Sex, and calls every Woman of a prudent modest retired Life, a poor-spirited, unpolished Creature. What a Mortification would it be to *Fulvia*, if she knew that her setting her self to View, is but exposing her self, and that she grows Contemptible by being Conspicuous.

I cannot conclude my Paper, without observing that *Virgil* has very finely touched upon this Female Passion for Dress and Show, in the Character of *Camilla*; who, tho' she seems to have shaken off all the other Weaknesses of her Sex, is still described as a Woman in this Particular. The Poet tells us, that, after having made a great Slaughter of the Enemy, she unfortunately cast her Eye on a *Trojan* who wore an embroidered Tunick, a beautiful Coat of Mail, with a Mantle of the finest Purple. *A Golden Bow*, says he, *Hung upon his Shoulder; his Garment was buckled with a Golden Clasp, and his Head was covered with an Helmet of the same shining Mettle.* The *Amazon* immediately singled out this well-dressed Warrior, being seized with a Woman's Longing for the pretty Trappings that he was adorned with:

—*Tetumque incauta per agmen
Fœminæ præde et spoliorum ardebat amore.*

DRESS AND SHOW

This heedless Pursuit after these glittering Trifles, the Poet (by a nice concealed Moral) represents to have been the Destruction of his Female Hero. C.

Saturday, March 17, 1711.

Valetudinarians

—*Ægrescitque medendo.*—Vir.

The following Letter will explain it self, and needs no Apology.

“SIR,

I am one of that sickly Tribe who are commonly known by the Name of *Valetudinarians*, and do confess to you, that I first contracted this ill Habit of Body, or rather of Mind, by the Study of Physick. I no sooner began to peruse Books of this Nature, but I found my Pulse was irregular, and scarce ever read the Account of any Disease that I did not fancy my self afflicted with. Dr. *Sydenham's* learned Treatise of Fevers threw me into a lingering Hectick, which hung upon me all the while I was reading that excellent Piece. I then applied my self to the Study of several Authors, who have written upon Phthisical Distempers, and by that means fell into a Consumption, 'till at length, growing very fat, I was in a manner shamed out of that Imagination. Not long after this I found in my self all the Symptoms of the Gout, except Pain, but was cured of it

by a Treatise upon the Gravel, written by a very Ingenious Author, who (as it is usual for Physicians to convert one Distemper into another) eased me of the Gout by giving me the Stone. I at length studied my self into a Complication of Distempers; but accidentally taking into my Hand that Ingenious Discourse written by *Sanctorius*, I was resolved to direct my self by a Scheme of Rules, which I had collected from his Observations. The Learned World are very well acquainted with that Gentleman's Invention; who, for the better carrying on of his Experiments, contrived a certain Mathematical Chair, which was so Artificially hung upon Springs, that it would weigh any thing as well as a Pair of Scales. By this means he discovered how many Ounces of his Food passed by Perspiration, what quantity of it was turned into Nourishment, and how much went away by the other Channels and Distributions of Nature.

Having provided myself with this Chair, I used to Study, Eat, Drink, and Sleep in it; in-somuch that I may be said, for these three last Years, to have lived in a Pair of Scales. I compute my self, when I am in full Health, to be precisely Two Hundred Weight, falling short of it about a Pound after a Day's Fast, and exceeding it as much after a very full Meal; so that it is my continual Employment, to trim the Ballance between these two Volatile Pounds in my Constitution. In my ordinary Meals I fetch my self up to two Hundred Weight and a half pound; and if after having dined I find

my self fall short of it, I drink just so much Small Beer, or eat such a quantity of Bread, as is sufficient to make me weight. In my greatest Excesses I do not transgress more than the other half Pound; which, for my Healths sake, I do the first *Monday* in every Month. As soon as I find my self duly poised after Dinner, I walk till I have perspired five Ounces and four Scruples; and when I discover, by my Chair, that I am so far reduced, I fall to my Books, and Study away three Ounces more. As for the remaining Parts of the Pound, I keep no account of them. I do not dine and sup by the Clock, but by my Chair, for when that informs me my Pound of Food is exhausted, I conclude my self to be hungry, and lay in another with all Diligence. In my Days of Abstinence I lose a Pound and an half, and on solemn Fasts am two Pound lighter than on other Days in the Year.

I allow my self, one Night with another, a Quarter of a Pound of Sleep within a few Grains more or less; and if upon my rising I find that I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my Chair. Upon an exact Calculation of what I expended and received the last Year, which I always register in a Book, I find the medium to be two hundred weight, so that I cannot discover that I am impaired one Ounce in my Health during a whole Twelve-month. And yet, Sir, notwithstanding this my great care to ballast my self equally every Day, and to keep my Body in its proper Poise, so it is that I find my self in a sick and languish-

ing Condition. My Complexion is grown very
sallow, my Pulse low, and my Body Hydropical.
Let me therefore beg you, Sir, to consider me
as your Patient, and to give me more certain
Rules to walk by than those I have already
observed, and you will very much oblige

Your Humble Servant."

This Letter puts me in mind of an *Italian*
Epitaph written on the Monument of a Vale-
tudinarian: *Stavo ben, ma per star Meglio, sto qui:*
Which it is impossible to translate. The Fear
of Death often proves mortal, and sets People
on Methods to save their Lives, which infallibly
destroy them. This is a Reflection made by
some Historians, upon observing that there are
many more thousands killed in a Flight than in
a Battel, and may be applied to those Multi-
tudes of Imaginary Sick Persons that break their
Constitutions by Physick, and throw themselves
into the Arms of Death, by endeavouring to
escape it. This Method is not only dangerous,
but below the Practice of a Reasonable Crea-
ture. To consult the Preservation of Life, as
the only End of it, To make our Health our
Business, To engage in no Action that is not
part of a Regimen, or course of Physick, are
Purposes so abject, so mean, so unworthy
human Nature, that a generous Soul would
rather die than submit to them. Besides that
a continual Anxiety for Life vitiates all the Re-
lishes of it, and casts a Gloom over the whole
Face of Nature; as it is impossible we should

take Delight in any thing that we are every Moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I think any one to blame for taking due Care of their Health. On the contrary, as Cheerfulness of Mind, and Capacity for Business, are in a great measure the Effects of a well-tempered Constitution, a Man cannot be at too much Pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this Care, which we are prompted to, not only by common Sense, but by Duty and Instinct, should never engage us in groundless Fears, melancholly Apprehensions and imaginary Distempers, which are natural to every Man who is more anxious to live than how to live. In short, the Preservation of Life should be only a secondary Concern, and the Direction of it our Principal. If we have this Frame of Mind, we shall take the best Means to preserve Life, without being over-sollicitous about the Event; and shall arrive at that Point of Felicity which *Martial* has mentioned as the Perfection of Happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for Death.

In answer to the Gentleman, who tempers his Health by Ounces and by Scruples, and instead of complying with those natural Sollicitations of Hunger and Thirst, Drowsiness or Love of Exercise, governs himself by the Prescriptions of his Chair, I shall tell him a short Fable. *Jupiter*, says the Mythologist, to reward the Piety of a certain Country-man, promised to give him whatever he would ask. The Country-man desired that he might have

VALETUDINARIANS

the Management of the Weather in his own Estate: He obtained his Request, and immediately distributed Rain, Snow, and Sunshine, among his several Fields, as he thought the Nature of the Soil required. At the end of the Year, when he expected to see a more than ordinary Crop, his Harvest fell infinitely short of that of his Neighbours: Upon which (says the fable) he desired *Jupiter* to take the Weather again into his own Hands, or that otherwise he should utterly ruin himself. C.

Thursday, March 29, 1711.

Female Gaiety and Airiness of Temper

Natio Comæda est ———.—Juv.

There is nothing which I more desire than a safe and honourable Peace, tho' at the same time I am very apprehensive of many ill Consequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our Politicks, but to our Manners. What an Inundation of Ribbons and Brocades will break in upon us? What Peals of Laughter and Impertinence shall we be exposed to? For the Prevention of these great Evils, I could heartily wish that there was an Act of Parliament for Prohibiting the Importation of *French Fopperies*.

The Female Inhabitants of our Island have already received very strong Impressions from this ludicrous Nation, tho' by the Length of the War (as there is no Evil which has not some Good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when some of our well-bred Country-Women kept their *Valet de Chambre*, because, forsooth, a Man was much more handy about them than

FEMALE GAIETY AND

one of their own Sex. I myself have seen one of these Male *Abigails* tripping about the Room with a Looking-glass in his Hand, and combing his Lady's Hair a whole Morning together. Whether or no there was any Truth in the Story of a Lady's being got with Child by one of these her Handmaids I cannot tell, but I think at present the whole Race of them is extinct in our own Country.

About the Time that several of our Sex were taken into this kind of Service, the Ladies likewise brought up the Fashion of receiving Visits in their Beds. It was then look'd upon as a piece of Ill Breeding, for a Woman to refuse to see a Man, because she was not stirring; and a Porter would have been thought unfit for his Place, that could have made so awkward an Excuse. As I love to see every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB to carry me along with him to one of these Travelled Ladies, desiring him, at the same time, to present me as a Foreigner who could not speak *English*, that so I might not be obliged to bear a Part in the Discourse. The Lady, tho' willing to appear undrest, had put on her best Looks, and painted her self for our Reception. Her Hair appeared in a very nice Disorder, as the Night-Gown which was thrown upon her Shoulders was ruffled with great Care. For my part, I am so shocked with every thing which looks immodest in the Fair Sex, that I could not forbear taking off my Eye from her when she moved in her Bed, and was in the greatest Confusion imaginable every time she

stired a Leg or an Arm. As the Coquets, who introduced this Custom, grew old, they left it off by Degrees; well knowing that a Woman of Threescore may kick and tumble her Heart out, without making any Impressions.

Sempronia is at present the most profest Admirer of the *French* Nation, but is so modest as to admit her Visitants no further than her Toilet. It is a very odd Sight that beautiful Creature makes, when she is talking Politicks with her Tresses flowing about her Shoulders, and examining that Face in the Glass, which does such Execution upon all the Male Standers-by. How prettily does she divide her Discourse between her Woman and her Visitants? What sprightly Transitions does she make from an Opera or a Sermon, to an Ivory Comb or a Pincushion? How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an Account of her Travels, by a Message to her Footman; and holding her Tongue, in the midst of a Moral Reflexion, by applying the Tip of it to a Patch?

There is nothing which exposes a Woman to greater dangers, than that Gaiety and Airiness of Temper, which are natural to most of the Sex. It should be therefore the Concern of every wise and virtuous Woman, to keep this Sprightliness from degenerating into Levity. On the contrary, the whole Discourse and Behaviour of the *French* is to make the Sex more Fantastical, or (as they are pleased to term it,) *more awakened*, than is consistent either with Virtue or Discretion. To speak Loud in Publick Assemblies, to let every one

hear you talk of Things that should only be mentioned in Private or in Whisper, are looked upon as Parts of a refined Education. At the same time, a Blush is unfashionable, and Silence more ill-bred than any thing that can be spoken. In short, Discretion and Modesty, which in all other Ages and Countries have been regarded as the greatest Ornaments of the Fair Sex, are considered as the Ingredients of narrow Conversation, and Family Behaviour.

Some Years ago I was at the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, and unfortunately placed myself under a Woman of Quality that is since Dead; who, as I found by the Noise she made, was newly returned from *France*. A little before the rising of the Curtain, she broke out into a loud Soliloquy, *When will the dear Witches enter?* and immediately upon their first Appearance, asked a Lady that sat three Boxes from her, on her Right-hand, if those Witches were not charming Creatures. A little after, as *Betterton* was in one of the finest Speeches of the Play, she shook her Fan at another Lady, who sat as far on the Left hand, and told her with a Whisper, that might be heard all over the Pit, We must not expect to see *Balloon* to-night. Not long after, calling out to a young Baronet by his Name, who sat three Seats before me, she asked him whether *Macbeth's* Wife was still alive; and before he could give an Answer, fell a talking of the Ghost of *Banquo*. She had by this time formed a little Audience to herself, and fixed the Attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the Play, I got out of the Sphere

of her Impertinence, and planted myself in one of the remotest Corners of the Pit.

This pretty Childishness of Behaviour is one of the most refined Parts of Coquetry, and is not to be attained in Perfection, by Ladies that do not Travel for their Improvement. A natural and unconstrained Behaviour has something in it so agreeable, that it is no Wonder to see People endeavouring after it. But at the same time, it is so very hard to hit, when it is not Born with us, that People often make themselves Ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious *French* Author tells us, that the Ladies of the Court of *France*, in his Time, thought it Ill-breeding, and a kind of Female Pedantry, to pronounce an hard Word right; for which Reason they took frequent occasion to use hard Words, that they might shew a Politeness in murdering them. He further adds, that a Lady of some Quality at Court, having accidentally made use of an hard Word in a proper Place, and pronounced it right, the whole Assembly was out of Countenance for her.

I must however be so just to own, that there are many Ladies who have Travelled several Thousand of Miles without being the worse for it, and have brought Home with them all the Modesty, Discretion and good Sense that they went abroad with. As on the contrary, there are great Numbers of *Travelled* Ladies, who have lived all their Days within the Smoke of *London*. I have known a Woman that never was out of the Parish of *St. James's*, betray a

FEMALE GAITY

many Foreign Fopperies in her Carriage, as she
could have Gleaned up in half the Countries of
Europe. C.

Saturday, April 21, 1711.

Women as Political Partisans

*Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem,
Quæ fugit à Sexu ?——Juv.*

When the Wife of Hector, in *Homer's Iliads*, discourses with her Husband about the Battel in which he was going to engage, the Hero, desiring her to leave that Matter to his Care, bids her go to her Maids and mind her Spinning: by which the Poet intimates, that Men and Women ought to busy themselves in their proper Spheres, and on such Matters only as are suitable to their respective Sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young Gentleman, who has passed a great Part of his Life in the Nursery, and, upon Occasion, can make a Caudle or a Sack-Posset better than any Man in *England*. He is likewise a wonderful Critick in Cambrick and Muslins, and will talk an Hour together upon a Sweet-meat. He entertains his Mother every Night with Observations that he makes both in Town and Court: As what Lady shews the Nicest Fancy in her Dress; what Man of Quality wears the fairest Wig; who has the finest Linnen, who the prettiest Snuff-box, with many other the like

curious Remarks that may be made in good Company.

On the other hand I have very frequently the Opportunity of seeing a Rural *Andromache*, who came up to Town last Winter, and is one of the greatest Fox-hunters in the Country. She talks of Hounds and Horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a Six-bar Gate. If a Man tells her a waggish Story, she gives him a Push with her Hand in jest, and calls him an impudent Dog; and if her Servant neglects his Business, threatens to kick him out of the House. I have heard her, in her Wrath, call a Substantial Trades-man a Lousy Cur; and remember one Day, when she could not think of the Name of a Person, she described him in a large Company of Men and Ladies, by the Fellow with the Broad Shoulders.

If those Speeches and Actions, which in their own Nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong Sex, the Faults and Imperfections of one Sex transplanted into another, appear black and monstrous. As for the Men, I shall not in this Paper any further concern myself about them: but as I would fain contribute to make Woman-kind, which is the most beautiful Part of the Creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little Spots and Blemishes that are apt to rise among the Charms which Nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this Paper to their Service. The Spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that Party-Rage which of late Years is very much crept into

their Conversation. This is, in its Nature, a Male Vice, and made up of many angry and cruel Passions that are altogether repugnant to the Softness, the Modesty, and those other endearing Qualities which are natural to the Fair Sex. Women were formed to temper Mankind, and sooth them into Tenderness and Compassion, not to set an Edge upon their Minds, and blow up in them those Passions which are too apt to rise of their own Accord. When I have seen a pretty Mouth uttering Calumnies and Invectives, what would not I have given to have stopt it? How have I been troubled to see some of the finest Features in the World grow pale, and tremble with Party-Rage? *Camilla* is one of the greatest Beauties in the *British* Nation, and yet values her self more upon being the *Virago* of one Party, than upon being the Toast of both. The Dear Creature, about a Week ago, encountred the fierce and beautiful *Penthesilea* across a Tea-Table; but in the Height of her Anger, as her Hand chanced to shake with the Earnestness of the Dispute, she scalded her Fingers, and spilt a Dish of Tea upon her Petticoat. Had not this Accident broke off the Debate, no Body knows where it would have ended.

There is one Consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my Female Readers, and which, I hope, will have some weight with them. In short, it is this, that there is nothing so bad for the Face as Party-Zeal. It gives an ill-natured Cast to the Eye, and a disagreeable Sourness to the Look; besides, that it makes

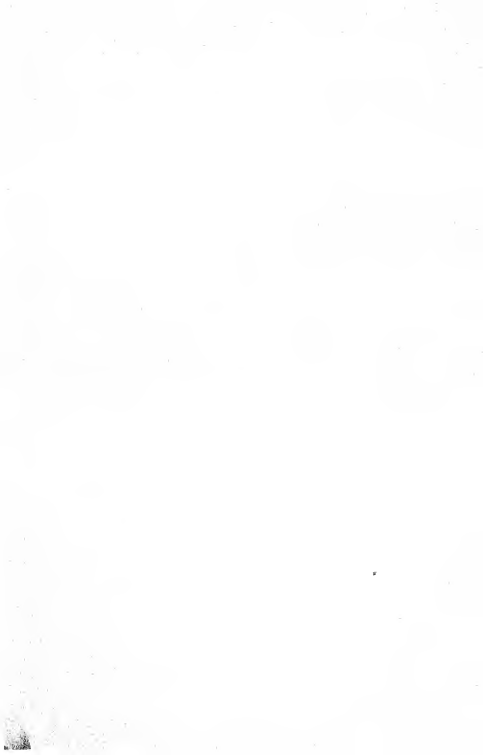
the Lines too strong, and flushes them worse than Brandy. I have seen a Woman's Face break out in Heats, as she has been talking against a great Lord, whom she had never seen in her Life; and indeed never knew a Party-Woman that kept her Beauty for a Twelve-month. I would therefore advise all my Female Readers, as they value their Complexions, to let alone all Disputes of this Nature; though, at the same time, I would give free Liberty to all superannuated motherly Partizans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no Danger either of their spoiling their Faces, or of their gaining Converts.

For my own part, I think a Man makes an odious and despicable Figure, that is violent in a Party: but a Woman is too sincere to mitigate the Fury of her Principles with Temper and Discretion, and to act with that Caution and Reservedness which are requisite in our Sex. When this unnatural Zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand Heats and Extravagancies; their generous Souls set no Bounds to their Love or to their Hatred; and whether a Whig or Tory, a Lap-Dog or a Gallant, an Opera or a Puppet-Show, be the Object of it, the Passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole Woman.

I remember when Dr. *Titus Oates* was in all his Glory, I accompanied my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMBE in a Visit to a Lady of his Acquaintance: We were no sooner sat down, but upon casting my Eyes about the Room, I found in almost every Corner of it a Print that repre-

sented the Doctor in all Magnitudes and Dimensions. A little after, as the Lady was discoursing my Friend, and held her Snuff-box in her Hand, who should I see in the Lid of it but the Doctor. It was not long after this, when she had Occasion for her Handkerchief, which upon the first opening discovered among the Plaits of it the Figure of the Doctor. Upon this my Friend WILL., who loves Raillery, told her, That if he was in Mr. *Truelove's* Place (for that was the Name for her Husband) he should be made as uneasie by a Handkerchief as ever *Othello* was. *I am afraid*, said she, *Mr. HONEYCOMB, you are a Tory; tell me truly, are you a Friend to the Doctor or not?* WILL., instead of making her a Reply, smiled in her Face (for indeed she was very pretty) and told her that one of her Patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, *Well*, says she, *I'll be hang'd if you and your silent Friend there are not against the Doctor in your Hearts, I suspected as much by his saying nothing.* Upon this she took her Fan into her Hand, and upon the opening of it again displayed to us the Figure of the Doctor, who was placed with great Gravity among the Sticks of it. In a word, I found that the Doctor had taken Possession of her Thoughts, her Discourse, and most of her Furniture; but finding my self pressed too close by her Question, I winked upon my Friend to take his Leave, which he did accordingly. C.

Saturday, May 5, 1711.



The Catalogue of a Lady's Library

—*Convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato;
Quid dem? Quid non dem?—Hor.*

Looking over the late Packets of Letters which have been sent to me, I found the following one.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

Your Paper is a Part of my Tea-Equipage; and my Servant knows my Humour so well, that calling for my Breakfast this Morning (it being past my usual Hour) she answer'd, the SPECTATOR was not yet come in; but that the Tea-Kettle boiled, and she expected it every Moment. Having thus in part signified to you the Esteem and Veneration which I have for you, I must put you in mind of the Catalogue of Books which you have promised to recommend to our Sex; for I have deferred furnishing my Closet with Authors, 'till I receive your Advice in this Particular, being your daily Disciple and humble Servant,

LEONORA.”

THE CATALOGUE

In Answer to my fair Disciple, whom I am very proud of, I must acquaint her and the rest of my Readers, that since I have called out for Help in my Catalogue of a Lady's Library, I have received many Letters upon that Head, some of which I shall give an Account of.

In the first Class I shall take notice of those which come to me from eminent Booksellers, who every one of them mention with Respect the Authors they have printed, and consequently have an Eye to their own Advantage more than to that of the Ladies. One tells me, that he thinks it absolutely necessary for Women to have true Notions of Right and Equity, and that therefore they cannot peruse a better Book than *Dalton's Country Justice*: Another thinks they cannot be without *The Compleat Jockey*. A third observing the Curiosity and Desire of prying into Secrets, which he tells me is natural to the Fair Sex, is of Opinion this female Inclination, if well directed, might turn very much to their Advantage, and therefore recommends to me, *Mr. Mede upon the Revelations*. A fourth lays it down as an unquestioned Truth, that a Lady cannot be thoroughly accomplished who has not read *The Secret Treaties and Negotiations of Marshal D'Estrades*. Mr. *Jacob Tonson Jun.* is of Opinion, that *Bayle's Dictionary* might be of very great use to the Ladies, in order to make them general Scholars. Another whose Name I have forgotten, thinks it highly proper that every Woman with Child should read *Mr.*

Wall's *History of Infant Baptism*: As another is very importunate with me to recommend to all my female Readers *The finishing Stroke: Being a Vindication of the Patriarchal Scheme, &c.*

In the second Class I shall mention Books which are recommended by Husbands, if I may believe the Writers of them. Whether or no they are real Husbands or personated ones I cannot tell, but the Books they recommend are as follow. *A Paraphrase on the History of Susanna. Rules to keep Lent. The Christian's Overthrow prevented. A Dissuasive from the Play-house. The Virgins of Camphire, with Directions to make Camphire Tea. The Pleasures of a Country Life. The Government of the Tongue.* A Letter dated from *Cheapside* desires me that I would advise all young Wives to make themselves Mistresses of *Wingate's Arithmetick*, and concludes with a Postscript, that he hopes I will not forget *The Countess of Kent's Receipts*.

I may reckon the Ladies themselves as a third Class among these my Correspondents and Privy-Counsellors. In a Letter from one of them, I am advised to place *Pharamond* at the Head of my Catalogue, and, if I think proper, to give the second place to *Cassandra. Coquetilla* begs me not to think of nailing Women upon their Knees with Manuals of Devotion, nor of scorching their Faces with Books of Housewifry. *Florella* desires to know if there are any Books written against Prudes, and intreats me, if there are, to give them a Place in my Library. Plays of all Sorts have their several Advocates: *All for Love* is

THE CATALOGUE

mentioned in above fifteen Letters; *Sophonisba*, or *Hannibal's Overthrow*, in a Dozen; *The Innocent Adultery* is likewise highly approved of; *Mithridates King of Pontus* has many Friends; *Alexander the Great* and *Aurengzebe* have the same Number of Voices; but *Theodosius*, or *The Force of Love*, carries it from all the rest.

I should, in the last Place, mention such Books as have been proposed by Men of Learning, and those who appear competent Judges of this Matter; and must here take Occasion to thank *A. B.* whoever it is that conceals himself under those two Letters, for his Advice upon this Subject: But as I find the Work I have undertaken to be very difficult, I shall defer the executing of it till I am further acquainted with the Thoughts of my judicious Contemporaries, and have time to examine the several Books they offer to me; being resolved, in an Affair of this Moment, to proceed with the greatest Caution.

In the mean while, as I have taken the Ladies under my particular Care, I shall make it my Business to find out in the best Authors ancient and modern such Passages as may be for their use, and endeavour to accommodate them as well as I can to their Taste; not questioning but the valuable Part of the Sex will easily pardon me, if from Time to Time I laugh at those little Vanities and Follies which appear in the Behaviour of some of them, and which are more proper for Ridicule than a serious Censure. Most Books being calculated for Male Readers, and generally

written with an Eye to Men of Learning, makes a Work of this Nature the more necessary; besides, I am the more encouraged, because I flatter myself that I see the Sex daily improving by these my Speculations. My fair Readers are already deeper Scholars than the Beaus. I could name some of them who could talk much better than several Gentlemen that make a Figure at *Will's*; and as I frequently receive Letters from the *fine Ladies and pretty Fellows*, I cannot but observe that the former are superior to the others not only in the Sense but in the Spelling. This cannot but have a good Effect upon the Female World, and keep them from being charmed by those empty Coxcombs that have hitherto been admired among the Women, tho' laugh'd at among the Men.

I am credibly informed that *Tom Tattle* passes for an impertinent Fellow, that *Will Trippet* begins to be smoaked, and that *Frank Smoothly* himself is within a Month of a Coxcomb, in case I think fit to continue this Paper. For my part, as it is my Business in some measure to detect such as would lead astray weak Minds by their false Pretences to Wit and Judgment, Humour and Gallantry, I shall not fail to lend the best Lights I am able to the fair Sex for the Continuation of these their Discoveries.

L.

Friday, June 15, 1711.



Various Kinds of Pedants

—*Id arbitror*

Adprime in vita esse utile, ne quid nimis.

—Ter. And.

My Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB values himself very much upon what he calls the Knowledge of Mankind, which has cost him many Disasters in his Youth; for WILL. reckons every Misfortune that he has met with among the Women, and every Rencounter among the Men, as Parts of his Education, and fancies he should never have been the Man he is, had not he broke Windows, knocked down Constables, disturbed honest People with his Midnight Serenades, and beat up a lewd Woman's Quarters, when he was a young Fellow. The engaging in Adventures of this Nature WILL. calls the studying of Mankind; and terms this Knowledge of the Town, the Knowledge of the World. WILL. ingenuously confesses, that for half his Life his Head ached every Morning with reading of Men over-night; and at present comforts himself under certain Pains which he endures from time to time, that without them he could not have been acquainted with the Gallantries of the Age. This WILL. looks upon as the Learning of a

Gentleman, and regards all other kinds of Science as the Accomplishments of one whom he calls a Scholar, a Bookish Man, or a Philosopher.

For these Reasons WILL. shines in mixt Company, where he has the Discretion not to go out of his Depth, and has often a certain way of making his real Ignorance appear a seeming one. Our Club however has frequently caught him tripping, at which times they never spare him. For as WILL. often insults us with the Knowledge of the Town, we sometimes take our Revenge upon him by our Knowledge of Books.

He was last Week producing two or three Letters which he writ in his Youth to a Coquet Lady. The Raillery of them was natural, and well enough for a mere Man of the Town; but, very unluckily, several of the Words were wrong spelt. WILL. laught this off at first as well as he could; but finding himself pushed on all sides, and especially by the *Templar*, he told us, with a little Passion, that he never liked Pedantry in Spelling, and that he spelt like a Gentleman, and not like a Scholar: Upon this WILL. had recourse to his old Topick of shewing the narrow-Spiritedness, the Pride, and Ignorance of Pedants; which he carried so far, that upon my retiring to my Lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together such Reflections as occurred to me upon that Subject.

A Man who has been brought up among Books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a

VARIOUS KINDS OF PEDANTS

very indifferent Companion, and what we call a Pedant. But, methinks, we should enlarge the Title, and give it every one that does not know how to think out of his Profession and particular way of Life.

What is a greater Pedant than a meer Man of the Town? Bar him the Play-houses, a Catalogue of the reigning Beauties, and an Account of a few fashionable Distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty Gentleman's Knowledge lies all within the Verge of the Court? He will tell you the Names of the principal Favourites, repeat the shrewd Sayings of a Man of Quality, whisper an Intreague that is not yet blown upon by common Fame; or, if the Sphere of his Observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the Incidents, Turns, and Revolutions in a Game of Ombre. When he has gone thus far he has shown you the whole Circle of his Accomplishments, his Parts are drained, and he is disabled from any further Conversation. What are these but rank Pedants? and yet these are the Men who value themselves most on their Exemption from the Pedantry of Colleges.

I might here mention the Military Pedant who always talks in a Camp, and is storming Towns, making Lodgments and fighting Battles from one end of the Year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of Gunpowder; if you take away his Artillery from him, he has not a Word to say for himself. I might likewise mention the Law-Pedant, that is perpetually

putting Cases, repeating the Transactions of *Westminster-Hall*, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent Circumstances of Life, and not to be convinced of the Distance of a Place, or of the most trivial Point in Conversation, but by dint of Argument. The State-Pedant is wrapt up in News, and lost in Politicks. If you mention either of the Kings of *Spain* or *Poland*, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the *Gazette*, you drop him. In short, a meer Courtier, a meer Soldier, a meer Scholar, a meer any thing, is an insipid Pedantick Character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the Species of Pedants, which I have mentioned, the Book-Pedant is much the most supportable; he has at least an exercised Understanding, and a Head which is full though confused, so that a Man who converses with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may possibly turn to his own Advantage, tho' they are of little Use to the Owner. The worst kind of Pedants among Learned Men, are such as are naturally endued with a very small Share of common Sense, and have read a great number of Books without Taste or Distinction.

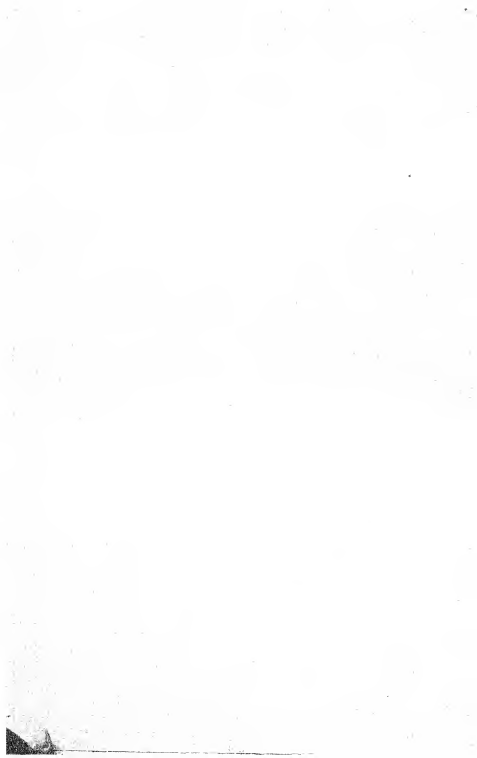
The Truth of it is, Learning, like Travelling, and all other Methods of Improvement, as it finishes good Sense, so it makes a silly Man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of Matter to his Impertinence, and giving him an Opportunity of abounding in Absurdities.

VARIOUS KINDS OF PEDANTS

Shallow Pedants cry up one another much more than Men of solid and useful Learning. To read the Titles they give an Editor, or Collator of a Manuscript, you would take him for the Glory of the Commonwealth of Letters, and the Wonder of his Age, when perhaps upon Examination you find that he has only Rectify'd a *Greek* Particle, or laid out a whole Sentence in proper Commas.

They are obliged indeed to be thus lavish of their Praises, that they may keep one another in Countenance; and it is no wonder if a great deal of Knowledge, which is not capable of making a Man wise, has a natural Tendency to make him Vain and Arrogant. L.

Saturday, June 30, 1711.



Good Breeding in the Country

*Urbem quam dicunt Romanæ, Melibææ, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem*——.—Virg.

The first and most obvious Reflections which arise in a Man who changes the City for the Country, are upon the different Manners of the People whom he meets with in those two different Scenes of Life. By Manners I do not mean Morals, but Behaviour and Good Breeding, as they shew themselves in the Town and in the Country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great Revolution that has happen'd in this Article of Good Breeding. Several obliging Deferences, Condescensions and Submissions, with many outward Forms and Ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer Part of Mankind, who lived in Courts and Cities, and distinguished themselves from the Rustick part of the Species (who on all Occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual Complaisance and Intercourse of Civilities. These Forms of Conversation by degrees multiplied

GOOD BREEDING

and grew troublesome; the Modish World found too great a Constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the *Romish* Religion, was so encumbered with Show and Ceremony, that it stood in need of a Reformation to retrench its Superfluities, and restore it to its natural good Sense and Beauty. At present therefore an unconstrained Carriage, and a certain Openness of Behaviour, are the Height of Good Breeding. The Fashionable World is grown free and easie; our Manners sit more loose upon us: Nothing is so modish as an agreeable Negligence. In a word, Good Breeding shews itself most, where to an ordinary Eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the People of Mode in the Country, we find in them the Manners of the last Age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the Fashion of the polite World, but the 'Town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first State of Nature than to those Refinements which formerly reign'd in the Court, and still prevail in the Country. One may now know a Man that never conversed in the World, by his Excess of Good Breeding. A polite Country 'Squire shall make you as many Bows in Half an Hour, as would serve a Courtier for a Week. There is infinitely more to do about Place and Precedency in a Meeting of Justices Wives, than in an Assembly of Dutchesses.

This Rural Politeness is very troublesome to a Man of my Temper, who generally take

the Chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the Front or in the Rear, as Chance directs. I have known my Friend Sir ROGER's Dinner almost cold before the Company could adjust the Ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old Friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his Guests, as they sat at the several Parts of his Table, that he might drink their Healths according to their respective Ranks and Qualities. Honest *Will. Wimple*, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with Ceremony, gives me abundance of Trouble in this Particular. Though he has been fishing all the Morning, he will not help himself at Dinner 'till I am served. When we are going out of the Hall, he runs behind me; and last Night, as we were walking in the Fields, stopped short at a Stile till I came up to it, and upon my making Signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious Smile, that sure I believed they had no Manners in the Country.

There has happened another Revolution in the Point of Good Breeding, which relates to the Conversation among Men of Mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first Distinctions of a well-bred Man, to express every thing that had the most remote Appearance of being obscene, in modest Terms and distant Phrases; whilst the Clown, who had no such Delicacy of Conception and Expression, clothed his *Ideas* in those plain homely

GOOD BREEDING

and grew troublesome; the Modish World found too great a Constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the *Romish* Religion, was so encumbered with Show and Ceremony, that it stood in need of a Reformation to retrench its Superfluities, and restore it to its natural good Sense and Beauty. At present therefore an unconstrained Carriage, and a certain Openness of Behaviour, are the Height of Good Breeding. The Fashionable World is grown free and easie; our Manners sit more loose upon us: Nothing is so modish as an agreeable Negligence. In a word, Good Breeding shews itself most, where to an ordinary Eye it appears the least.

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GOOD BREEDING

Terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of Good Manners was perhaps carried to an Excess, so as to make Conversation too stiff, formal and precise: for which Reason (as Hypocrisy in one Age is generally succeeded by Atheism in another) Conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first Extream; so that at present several of our Men of the Town, and particularly those who have been polished in *France*, make use of the most coarse uncivilized Words in our Language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a Clown would blush to hear.

This infamous Piece of Good Breeding, which reigns among the Coxcombs of the Town, has not yet made its way into the Country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of Conversation to last long among a People that make any Profession of Religion, or Show of Modesty, if the Country Gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the Lurch. Their Good-breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a Parcel of lewd Clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like Men of Wit and Pleasure.

As the two Points of Good Breeding, which I have hitherto insisted upon, regard Behaviour and Conversation, there is a third which turns upon Dress. In this too the Country are very much behind-hand. The Rural Beaus are not yet got out of the Fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the Country in red Coats and laced Hats, while

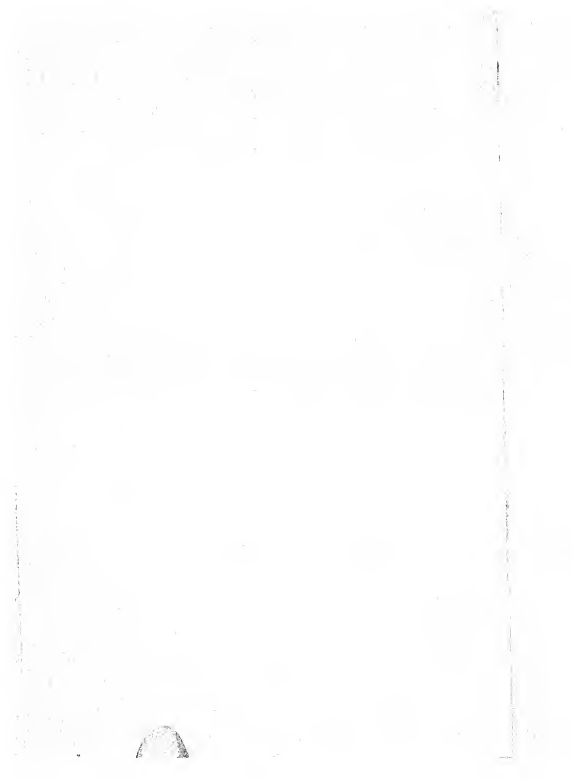
IN THE COUNTRY

the Women in many Parts are still trying to outvie one another in the Height of their Head-dresses.

But a Friend of mine, who is now upon the Western Circuit, having promised to give me an Account of the several Modes and Fashions that prevail in the different Parts of the Nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last Topick till I have received a Letter from him, which I expect every Post.

L.

Thursday, July 17, 1711.



Female Levity and Love of Gallantry

—*Concordia discors.*—Lucan.

Women in their Nature are much more gay and joyous than Men; whether it be that their Blood is more refined, their Fibres more delicate, and their animal Spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of Sex in the very Soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As Vivacity is the Gift of Women, Gravity is that of Men. They should each of them therefore keep a Watch upon the particular Biass which Nature has fixed in their Mind, that it may not *draw* too much, and lead them out of the Paths of Reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every Word and Action affects the Character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage Philosophy, Women by a thoughtless Gallantry. Where these Precautions are not observed, the Man often degenerates into a Cynick, the Woman into a Coquet; the Man grows sullen and morose, the Woman impertinent and fantastical.

FEMALE LEVITY AND

By what I have said, we may conclude, Men and Women were made as Counterparts to one another, that the Pains and Anxieties of the Husband might be relieved by the Sprightliness and good Humour of the Wife. When these are rightly tempered, Care and Chearfulness go Hand in Hand; and the Family, like a Ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither Sail nor Ballast.

Natural Historians observe, (for whilst I am in the Country I must fetch my Allusions from thence) That only the Male Birds have Voices; That their Songs begin a little before Breeding-time, and end a little after; That whilst the Hen is covering her Eggs, the Male generally takes his Stand upon a Neighbouring Bough within her Hearing; and by that means amuses and diverts her with his Songs during the whole Time of her Sitting.

This Contract among Birds lasts no longer than till a Brood of young ones arises from it; so that in the feather'd Kind, the Cares and Fatigues of the married State, if I may so call it, lie principally upon the Female. On the contrary, as in our Species the Man and the Woman are joined together for Life, and the main Burden rests upon the former, Nature has given all the little Arts of Soothing and Blandishment to the Female, that she may chear and animate her Companion in a constant and assiduous Application to the making a Provision for his Family, and the educating of their common Children. This however is not to be taken so strictly, as if the same

Duties were not often reciprocal, and incumbent on both Parties; but only to set forth what seems to have been the general Intention of Nature, in the different Inclinations and Endowments which are bestowed on the different Sexes.

But whatever was the Reason that Man and Woman were made with this Variety of Temper, if we observe the Conduct of the Fair Sex, we find that they choose rather to associate themselves with a Person who resembles them in that light and volatile Humour which is natural to them, than to such as are qualified to moderate and counter-balance it. It has been an old Complaint, That the Coxcomb carries it with them before the Man of Sense. When we see a Fellow loud and talkative, full of insipid Life and Laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female Favourite: Noise and Flutter are such Accomplishments as they cannot withstand. To be short, the Passion of an ordinary Woman for a Man is nothing else but Self-love diverted upon another Object: She would have the Lover a Woman in every thing but the Sex. I do not know a finer Piece of Satyr on this Part of Womankind, than those Lines of Mr. Dryden,

*Our thoughtless Sex is caught by outward Form,
And empty Noise, and loves it self in Man.*

This is a Source of infinite Calamities to the Sex, as it frequently joins them to Men,

FEMALE LEVITY AND

who in their own Thoughts are as fine Creatures as Themselves; or if they chance to be good-humoured, serve only to dissipate their Fortunes, inflame their Follies, and aggravate their Indiscretions.

The same female Levity is no less fatal to them after Marriage than before: It represents to their Imaginations the faithful prudent Husband as an honest, tractable, and domestick Animal; and turns their Thoughts upon the fine gay Gentleman that laughs, sings, and dresses so much more agreeably.

As this irregular Vivacity of Temper leads astray the Hearts of ordinary Women in the Choice of their Lovers and the Treatment of their Husbands, it operates with the same pernicious Influence towards their Children, who are taught to accomplish themselves in all those sublime Perfections that appear captivating in the Eye of their Mother. She admires in her Son what she loved in her Gallant; and by that means contributes all she can to perpetuate herself in a worthless Progeny.

The younger *Faustina* was a lively Instance of this sort of Women. Notwithstanding she was married to *Marcus Aurelius*, one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the *Roman* Emperors, she thought a common Gladiator much the prettier Gentleman; and had taken such Care to accomplish her Son *Commodus* according to her own Notions of a fine Man, that when he ascended the Throne of his Father, he became the most foolish and abandoned Tyrant that was ever placed at the Head of the *Roman*

LOVE OF GALLANTRY

Empire, signalizing himself in nothing but the fighting of Prizes, and knocking out Men's Brains. As he had no Taste of true Glory, we see him in several Medals and Statues which are still extant of him, equipped like an *Hercules* with a Club and a Lion's Skin.

I have been led into this Speculation by the Characters I have heard of a Country-Gentleman and his Lady, who do not live many Miles from Sir ROGER. The Wife is an old Coquet, that is always hankering after the Diversions of the Town; the Husband a morose Rustick, that frowns and frets at the Name of it. The Wife is over-run with Affectation, the Husband sunk into Brutality: The Lady cannot bear the Noise of the Larks and Nightingales, hates your tedious Summer Days, and is sick at the Sight of shady Woods and purling Streams; the Husband wonders how any one can be pleased with the Fooleries of Plays and Operas, and rails from Morning to Night at essenced Fops and tawdry Courtiers. The Children are educated in these different Notions of their Parents. The Sons follow the Father about his Grounds, while the Daughters read Volumes of Love-Letters and Romances to their Mother. By this means it comes to pass, that the Girls look upon their Father as a Clown, and the Boys think their Mother no better than she should be.

How different are the Lives of *Aristus* and *Aspasia*! the innocent Vivacity of the one is tempered and composed by the chearful Gravity of the other. The Wife grows wise by the

FEMALE LEVITY

Discourses of the Husband, and the Husband good-humour'd by the Conversations of the Wife. *Aristus* would not be so amiable were it not for his *Aspasia*, nor *Aspasia* so much esteemed were it not for her *Aristus*. Their Virtues are blended in their Children, and diffuse through the whole Family a perpetual Spirit of Benevolence, Complacency, and Satisfaction. C.

Friday, July 27, 1711.

Good-Nature

*Sic vita erat: facile omnes perferre ac pati:
Cum quibus erat cunque una, his sese dederat,
Eorum obsequi studiis: aduorsus nemini;
Numquam præponens se aliis: Ita facillime
Sine invidia invenias laudem.*—— Ter. And.

Man is subject to innumerable Pains and Sorrows by the very Condition of Humanity, and yet, as if Nature had not sown Evils enough in Life, we are continually adding Grief to Grief, and aggravating the common Calamity by our cruel Treatment of one another. Every Man's natural Weight of Afflictions is still made more heavy by the Envy, Malice, Treachery, or Injustice of his Neighbour. At the same time that the Storm beats upon the whole Species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the Misery of Human Life might be extinguished, would Men alleviate the general Curse they lie under, by mutual Offices of Compassion, Benevolence, and Humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in our selves and others, than that Disposition of Mind which in our Language goes under the Title of Good-nature, and which I shall chuse for the Subject of this Day's Speculation.

GOOD-NATURE

Good-nature is more agreeable in Conversation than Wit, and gives a certain Air to the Countenance which is more amiable than Beauty. It shows Virtue in the fairest Light, takes off in some measure from the Deformity of Vice, and makes even Folly and Impertinence supportable.

There is no Society or Conversation to be kept up in the World without Good-nature, or something which must bear its Appearance, and supply its Place. For this Reason Mankind have been forced to invent a kind of Artificial Humanity, which is what we express by the Word *Good-Breeding*. For if we examine thoroughly the Idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an Imitation and Mimickry of Good-nature, or in other Terms, Affability, Complaisance and Easiness of Temper reduced into an Art.

These exterior Shows and Appearances of Humanity render a Man wonderfully popular and beloved when they are founded upon a real Good-nature; but without it are like Hypocrisy in Religion, or a bare Form of Holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a Man more detestable than professed Impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us: Health, Prosperity and kind Treatment from the World are great Cherishers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of it self. It is one of the Blessings of a happy Constitution, which Education may improve but not produce.

Xenophon in the Life of his Imaginary

GOOD-NATURE

Prince, whom he describes as a Pattern for Real ones, is always celebrating the *Philanthropy* or Good-nature of his Hero, which he tells us he brought into the World with him, and gives many remarkable Instances of it in his Childhood, as well as in all the several Parts of his Life. Nay, on his Death-bed, he describes him as being pleased, that while his Soul returned to him who made it, his Body should incorporate with the great Mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to Mankind. For which Reason, he gives his Sons a positive Order not to enshrine it in Gold or Silver, but to lay it in the Earth as soon as the Life was gone out of it.

An Instance of such an Overflowing of Humanity, such an exuberant Love to Mankind, could not have entered into the Imagination of a Writer, who had not a Soul filled with great Ideas, and a general Benevolence to Mankind.

In that celebrated Passage of *Sallust*, where *Cæsar* and *Cato* are placed in such beautiful, but opposite Lights; *Cæsar's* Character is chiefly made up of Good-nature, as it shewed it self in all its Forms towards his Friends or his Enemies, his Servants or Dependants, the Guilty or the Distressed. As for *Cato's* Character, it is rather awful than amiable. Justice seems most agreeable to the Nature of God, and Mercy to that of Man. A Being who has nothing to Pardon in himself, may reward every Man according to his Works; but he whose very best Actions must be seen with Grains of Allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and

GOOD-NATURE

forgiving. For this reason, among all the monstrous Characters in Human Nature, there is none so odious, nor indeed so exquisitely Ridiculous, as that of a rigid severe Temper in a Worthless Man.

This Part of Good-nature, however, which consists in the pardoning and overlooking of Faults, is to be exercised only in doing ourselves Justice, and that too in the ordinary Commerce and Occurrences of Life; for in the publick Administrations of Justice, Mercy to one may be Cruelty to others.

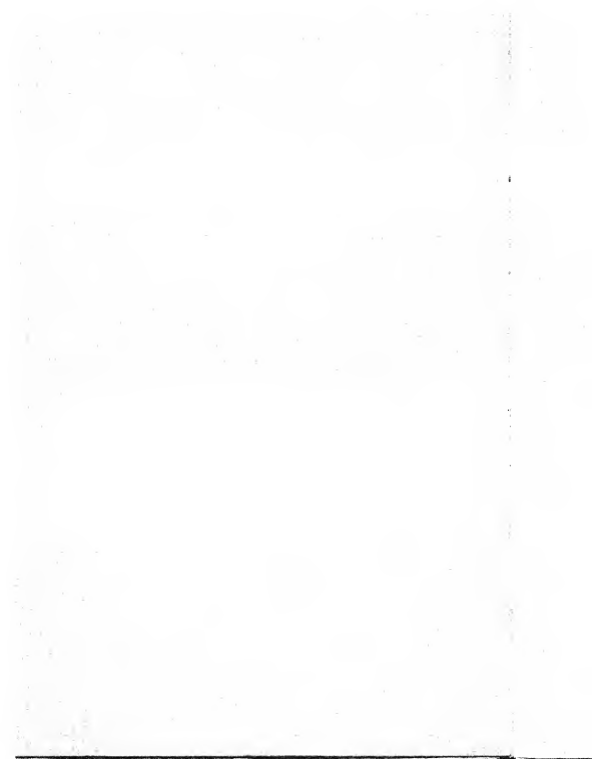
It is grown almost into a Maxim, that Good-natured Men are not always Men of the most Wit. This Observation, in my Opinion, has no Foundation in Nature. The greatest Wits I have conversed with are Men eminent for their Humanity. I take therefore this Remark to have been occasioned by two Reasons. First, Because Ill-nature among ordinary Observers passes for Wit. A spiteful Saying gratifies so many little Passions in those who hear it, that it generally meets with a good Reception. The Laugh rises upon it, and the Man who utters it is looked upon as a shrewd Satyrast. This may be one Reason, why a great many pleasant Companions appear so surprisingly dull, when they have endeavoured to be Merry in Print; the Publick being more just than Private Clubs or Assemblies, in distinguishing between what is Wit and what is Ill-nature.

Another Reason why the Good-natured Man may sometimes bring his Wit in Question, is,

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perhaps, because he is apt to be moved with Compassion for those Misfortunes or Infirmities, which another would turn into Ridicule, and by that means gain the Reputation of a Wit. The Ill-natured Man, though but of equal Parts, gives himself a larger field to expatiate in; he exposes those Failings in Human Nature which the other would cast a Veil over, laughs at Vices which the other either excuses or conceals, gives utterance to Reflections which the other stifles, falls indifferently upon Friends or Enemies, exposes the Person who has obliged him, and, in short, sticks at nothing that may establish his Character of a Wit. It is no Wonder therefore he succeeds in it better than the Man of Humanity, as a Person who makes use of indirect Methods, is more likely to grow Rich than the Fair Trader. L.

Thursday, Sept. 13, 1711.



How to Cure a Jealous Husband

Credula res amor est—— Ovid. Met.

Having in my Yesterday's Paper discovered the Nature of Jealousie, and pointed out the Persons who are most subject to it, I must here apply my self to my fair Correspondents, who desire to live well with a Jealous Husband, and to ease his Mind of its unjust Suspensions.

The first Rule I shall propose to be observed is, that you never seem to dislike in another what the Jealous Man is himself guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himself does not excel. A Jealous Man is very quick in his Applications, he knows how to find a double Edge in an Invective, and to draw a Satyr on himself out of a Panegyrick on another. He does not trouble himself to consider the Person, but to direct the Character; and is secretly pleased or confounded as he finds more or less of himself in it. The Commendation of any thing in another, stirs up his Jealousy, as it shews you have a Value for others, besides himself; but the Commendation of that which he himself wants, inflames him

HOW TO CURE

more, as it shews that in some Respects you prefer others before him. Jealousie is admirably described in this View by *Horace* in his Ode to *Lydia*:

*Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, vae meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certa sede manet; humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.*

*When Telephus his youthful Charms,
His rosie Neck and winding Arms,
With endless Rapture you recite,
And in the pleasing Name delight;
My Heart, inflam'd by jealous Heats,
With numberless Resentments beats;
From my pale Cheek the Colour flies,
And all the Man within me dies:
By Turns my hidden grief appears
In rising Sighs and falling Tears,
That shew too well the warm Desires,
The silent, slow, consuming Fires,
Which on my inmost Vitals prey,
And melt my very Soul away.*

The Jealous Man is not indeed angry if you dislike another: but if you find those Faults which are to be found in his own Character, you discover not only your Dislike of another, but of himself. In short, he is so desirous of ingrossing all your Love, that he is grieved at the want of any Charm, which he believes has Power to raise it; and if he finds by your

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Censures on others, that he is not so agreeable in your Opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other Qualifications, and that by Consequence your Affection does not rise so high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his Temper be grave or sullen, you must not be too much pleased with a Jest, or transported with any thing that is gay and diverting. If his Beauty be none of the best, you must be a professed Admirer of Prudence, or any other Quality he is Master of, or at least vain enough to think he is.

In the next place, you must be sure to be free and open in your Conversation with him, and to let in Light upon your Actions, to unravel all your Designs, and discover every Secret however trifling or indifferent. A jealous Husband has a particular Aversion to Winks and Whispers, and if he does not see to the Bottom of every thing, will be sure to go beyond it in his Fears and Suspicions. He will always expect to be your chief Confident, and where he finds himself kept out of a Secret, will believe there is more in it than there should be. And here it is of great concern, that you preserve the Character of your Sincerity uniform and of a piece: for if he once finds a false Gloss put upon any single Action, he quickly suspects all the rest; his working Imagination immediately takes a false Hint, and runs off with it into several remote Consequences, till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own Misery.

If both these Methods fail, the best way will

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be to let him see you are much cast down and afflicted for the ill Opinion he entertains of you, and the Disquietudes he himself suffers for your Sake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous Pleasure in the Jealousy of those who love them, that insult over an aking Heart, and triumph in their Charms which are able to excite so much uneasiness.

Ardeat ipsa licet tormentis gaudet amantis.

Juv.

But these often carry the Humour so far, till their affected Coldness and Indifference quite kills all the Fondness of a Lover, and are then sure to meet in their Turn with all the Contempt and Scorn that is due to so insolent a Behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable a melancholy, dejected Carriage, the usual effects of injured Innocence, may soften the jealous Husband into Pity, make him sensible of the Wrong he does you, and work out of his Mind all those Fears and Suspensions that make you both unhappy. At least it will have this good Effect, that he will keep his Jealousy to himself, and repine in private, either because he is sensible it is a Weakness, and will therefore hide it from your Knowledge, or because he will be apt to fear some ill Effect it may produce, in cooling your Love towards him, or diverting it to another.

There is still another Secret that can never fail, if you can once get it believ'd, and which is often practis'd by Women of greater Cunning than Virtue: This is to change Sides for a while

with the jealous Man, and to turn his own Passion upon himself; to take some Occasion of growing Jealous of him, and to follow the Example he himself hath set you. This Counterfeited Jealousy will bring him a great deal of Pleasure, if he thinks it real; for he knows experimentally how much Love goes along with this Passion, and will besides feel something like the Satisfaction of a Revenge, in seeing you undergo all his own Tortures. But this, indeed, is an Artifice so difficult, and at the same time so dis-ingenuous, that it ought never to be put in Practice, but by such as have Skill enough to cover the Deceit, and Innocence to render it excusable.

I shall conclude this Essay with the Story of *Herod* and *Marianne*, as I have collected it out of *Josephus*; which may serve almost as an Example to whatever can be said on this Subject.

Marianne had all the Charms that Beauty, Birth, Wit and Youth could give a Woman, and *Herod* all the love that such Charms are able to raise in a warm and amorous Disposition. In the midst of this his Fondness for *Marianne*, he put her Brother to Death, as he did her Father not many Years after. The Barbarity of the Action was represented to *Mark Antony*, who immediately summoned *Herod* into *Egypt*, to answer for the Crime that was there laid to his Charge. *Herod* attributed the Summons to *Antony's* Desire of *Marianne*, whom therefore, before his Departure, he gave into the Custody of his Uncle *Joseph*, with private Orders to put her to Death, if any such

Violence was offered to himself. This *Joseph* was much delighted with *Mariamne's* Conversation, and endeavoured, with all his Art and Rhetorick, to set out the Excess of *Herod's* Passion for her; but when he still found her Cold and Incredulous, he inconsiderately told her, as a certain Instance of her Lord's Affection, the private Orders he had left behind him, which plainly shewed, according to *Joseph's* Interpretation, that he could neither Live nor Die without her. This Barbarous Instance of a wild unreasonable Passion quite put out, for a time, those little Remains of Affection she still had for her Lord: Her Thoughts were so wholly taken up with the Cruelty of his Orders, that she could not consider the Kindness that produced them, and therefore represented him in her Imagination, rather under the frightful Idea of a Murderer than a Lover. *Herod* was at length acquitted and dismissed by *Mark Antony*, when his Soul was all in Flames for his *Mariamne*; but before their Meeting, he was not a little alarm'd at the Report he had heard of his Uncle's Conversation and Familiarity with her in his Absence. This therefore was the first Discourse he entertained her with, in which she found it no easy matter to quiet his Suspicions. But at last he appeared so well satisfied of her Innocence, that from Reproaches and Wranglings he fell to Tears and Embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their Reconciliation, and *Herod* poured out his whole Soul to her in the warmest Protestations of Love and Constancy: when amidst all his Sighs

and Languishings she asked him, whether the private Orders he left with his Uncle *Joseph* were an Instance of such an inflamed Affection. The Jealous King was immediately roused at so unexpected a Question, and concluded his Uncle must have been too Familiar with her, before he would have discovered such a Secret. In short, he put his Uncle to Death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himself to spare *Marianne*.

After this he was forced on a second Journey into *Egypt*, when he committed his Lady to the Care of *Sohemus*, with the same private Orders he had before given his Uncle, if any Mischief befel himself. In the mean while *Marianne* so won upon *Sohemus* by her Presents and obliging Conversation, that she drew all the Secret from him, with which *Herod* had intrusted him; so that after his Return, when he flew to her with all the Transports of Joy and Love, she received him coldly with Sighs and Tears, and all the Marks of Indifference and Aversion. This Reception so stirred up his Indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own Hands, had not he feared he himself should have become the greater Sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent Return of Love upon him; *Marianne* was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal Caresses and Endearments; but she declined his Embraces, and answered all his Fondness with bitter Invectives for the Death of her Father and her Brother. This Behaviour so incensed

Herod, that he very hardly refrained from striking her; when in the Heat of their Quarrel there came in a Witness, suborn'd by some of *Mariamne's* Enemies, who accused her to the King of a Design to poison him. *Herod* was now prepared to hear any thing in her Prejudice, and immediately ordered her Servant to be stretch'd upon the Rack; who in the Extremity of his Tortures confest, that his Mistress's Aversion to the King arose from something *Sohemus* had told her; but as for any Design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least Knowledge of it. This Confession quickly proved fatal to *Sohemus*, who now lay under the same Suspicions and Sentence that *Joseph* had before him on the like Occasion. Nor would *Herod* rest here; but accused her with great Vehemence of a Design upon his Life, and by his Authority with the Judges had her publicly Condemned and Executed. *Herod* soon after her Death grew melancholy and dejected; retiring from the Publick Administration of Affairs into a solitary Forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black Considerations, which naturally arise from a Passion made up of Love, Remorse, Pity and Despair, he used to rave for his *Mariamne*, and to call upon her in his distracted Fits; and in all probability would soon have followed her, had not his Thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an Object by Public Storms, which at that Time very nearly threatened him.

L.

Saturday, Sept. 15, 1711.

Various Kinds of Female Orators

—————Τὸν δ' ἀκάματος ῥέει ἀνδρῶν
Ἐκ στομάτων ἡδεῖα————— Hes.

We are told by some antient Authors, that *Socrates* was instructed in Eloquence by a Woman, whose Name, if I am not mistaken, was *Aspasia*. I have indeed very often looked upon that Art as the most proper for the Female Sex, and I think the Universities would do well to consider whether they should not fill the Rhetorick Chairs with She Professors.

It has been said in the Praise of some Men, that they could Talk whole Hours together upon any Thing; but it must be owned to the Honour of the other Sex, that there are many among them who can Talk whole Hours together upon Nothing. I have known a Woman branch out into a long Extempore Dissertation upon the Edging of a Petticoat, and chide her Servant for breaking a China Cup, in all the Figures of Rhetorick.

Were Women admitted to plead in Courts of Judicature, I am perswaded they would carry the Eloquence of the Bar to greater Heights

than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubts this, let him but be present at those Debates which frequently arise among the Ladies of the *British Fishery*.

The first Kind therefore of Female Orators which I shall take notice of, are those who are employed in stirring up the Passions, a part of Rhetorick in which *Socrates* his Wife had perhaps made a greater Proficiency than his above-mentioned Teacher.

The second Kind of Female Orators are those who deal in Invectives, and who are commonly known by the Name of the Censorious. The Imagination and Elocution of this Set of Rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a Fluency of Invention, and Copiousness of Expression, will they enlarge upon every little Slip in the Behaviour of another? With how many different Circumstances, and with what Variety of Phrases, will they tell over the same Story? I have known an old Lady make an Unhappy Marriage the Subject of a Month's Conversation. She blamed the Bride in one Place; pitied her in another; laughed at her in a third; wondered at her in a fourth; was angry with her in a fifth; and in short, wore out a Pair of Coach Horses in expressing her Concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the Subject on this Side, she made a Visit to the new-married Pair, praised the Wife for the prudent Choice she had made, told her the unreasonable Reflections which some malicious People had cast upon her, and desired that they might be better acquainted. The

Censure and Approbation of this Kind of Women are therefore only to be considered as Helps to Discourse.

A third Kind of Female Orators may be comprehended under the word *Gossips*. Mrs. *Fiddle Faddle* is perfectly accomplished in this Sort of Eloquence; she launches out into Descriptions of Christenings, runs Divisions upon an Head-dress, knows every Dish of Meat that is served up in her Neighbourhood, and entertains her Company a whole Afternoon together with the Wit of her little Boy, before he is able to speak.

The Coquet may be looked upon as a fourth Kind of Female Orator. To give her self the larger Field for Discourse, she hates and loves in the same Breath, talks to her Lap-dog or Parrot, is uneasy in all kinds of Weather, and in every Part of the Room: She has false Quarrels and feigned Obligations to all the Men of her Acquaintance; sighs when she is not sad, and Laughs when she is not Merry. The Coquet is in particular a great Mistress of that Part of Oratory which is called Action, and indeed seems to speak for no other Purpose, but as it gives her an Opportunity of stirring a Limb, or varying a Feature, of glancing her Eyes, or playing with her Fan.

As for News-mongers, Politicians, Mimicks, Story-Tellers, with other Characters of that nature, which give Birth to Loquacity, they are as commonly found among the Men as the Women; for which Reason I shall pass them over in Silence.

I have often been puzzled to assign a Cause why Women should have this Talent of a ready Utterance in so much greater Perfection than Men. I have sometimes fancied that they have not a retentive Power, or the Faculty of suppressing their Thoughts, as Men have, but that they are necessitated to speak every Thing they think; and if so, it would perhaps furnish a very strong Argument to the *Cartesians*, for the supporting of their Doctrine, that the Soul always thinks. But as several are of Opinion that the Fair Sex are not altogether Strangers to the Art of Dissembling and concealing their Thoughts, I have been forced to relinquish that Opinion, and have therefore endeavoured to seek after some better Reason. In order to it, a Friend of mine, who is an excellent Anatomist, has promised me by the first Opportunity to dissect a Woman's Tongue, and to examine whether there may not be in it certain Juices which render it so wonderfully voluble or flippant; or whether the Fibres of it may not be made up of a finer or more pliant Thread; or whether there are not in it some particular Muscles which dart it up and down by such sudden Glances and Vibrations; or whether in the last Place, there may not be certain undiscovered Channels running from the Head and the Heart, to this little Instrument of Loquacity, and conveying into it a perpetual Affluence of animal Spirits. Nor must I omit the Reason which *Hudibras* has given, why those who can talk on Trifles speak with the greatest Fluency; namely, that the

Tongue is like a Race-Horse, which runs the faster the lesser Weight it carries.

Which of these Reasons soever may be looked upon as the most probable, I think the *Irishman's* Thought was very natural, who after some Hours Conversation with a Female Orator, told her, that he believed her Tongue was very glad when she was asleep, for that it had not a Moment's Rest all the while she was awake.

That excellent old Ballad of *The Wanton Wife of Bath* has the following remarkable Lines.

*I think, quoth Thomas, Womens Tongues
Of Aspen Leaves are made.*

And Ovid, though in the Description of a very barbarous Circumstance, tells us, That when the Tongue of a beautiful Female was cut out, and thrown upon the Ground, it could not forbear muttering even in that Posture.

———*Comprehensam forcipe linguam
Abstulit ense sero. Radix micat ultima linguæ.
Ipsa jacet, terræque tremens immurmurat atræ;
Uique salire solet mutilatæ cauda colubræ
Palpitat:——*

If a tongue would be talking without a Mouth, what could it have done when it had all its Organs of Speech, and Accomplices of Sound about it? I might here mention the story of the Pippin-Woman, had not I some Reason to look upon it as fabulous.

I must confess I am so wonderfully charmed with the Musick of this little Instrument, that

I would by no Means discourage it. All that I aim at by this Dissertation is, to cure it of several disagreeable Notes, and in particular of those little Jarrings and Dissonances which arise from Anger, Censoriousness, Gossiping and Coquetry. In short, I would always have it tuned by Good-Nature, Truth, Discretion and Sincerity. C.

Thursday, December 13, 1711.

The Cries of London

———*Linguae centum sunt, oraque centum,*
Ferrea Vox.——— Virg.

There is nothing which more astonishes a Foreigner, and frights a Country Squire, than the *Cries of London*. My good Friend Sir ROGER often declares, that he cannot get them out of his Head or go to Sleep for them, the first Week that he is in Town. On the Contrary, WILL. HONEYCOMB calls them the *Ramaze de la Ville*, and prefers them to the Sounds of Larks and Nightingales, with all the Musick of the Fields and Woods. I have lately received a Letter from some very odd Fellow upon this Subject, which I shall leave with my Reader, without saying any thing further of it.

“SIR,

I am a Man of all Business, and would willingly turn my Head to any thing for an honest Livelihood. I have invented several Projects for raising many Millions of Money without burthening the Subject, but I cannot get the Parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a Crack, and a Projector; so that

despairing to enrich either my self or my Country by this Publick-spiritedness, I would make some Proposals to you relating to a Design which I have very much at Heart, and which may procure me a handsome Subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

The Post I would aim at, is to be Comptroller-General of the *London* Cries, which are at present under no manner of Rules or Discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this Place, as being a Man of very strong Lungs, of great Insight into all the Branches of our *British* Trades and Manufactures, and of a competent Skill in Musick.

The Cries of *London* may be divided into Vocal and Instrumental. As for the latter they are at present under a very great Disorder. A Freeman of *London* has the Privilege of disturbing a whole Street for an Hour together, with the Twanking of a Brass-Kettle or a Frying-Pan. The Watchman's Thump at Midnight startles us in our Beds, as much as the Breaking in of a Thief. The Sowgelder's Horn has indeed something musical in it, but this is seldom heard within the Liberties. I would therefore propose, that no Instrument of this Nature should be made use of, which I have not tuned and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the Ears of her Majesty's liege Subjects.

Vocal Cries are of a much larger Extent, and indeed so full of Incongruities and Barbarisms, that we appear a distracted City to Foreigners,

who do not comprehend the Meaning of such enormous Outcries. Milk is generally sold in a note above E-la, and in sounds so exceeding shrill, that it often sets our Teeth on Edge. The Chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain Pitch; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest Base, and sometimes in the sharpest Treble; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest Note of the Gamut. The same observation might be made on the Retailers of Small-coal, not to mention broken Glasses or Brick-dust. In these therefore, and the like Cases, it should be my Care to sweeten and mellow the voices of these itinerant Tradesmen, before they make their Appearance in our Streets; as also to accommodate their Cries to their respective Wares; and to take care in particular, that those may not make the most Noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the Venders of Card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply that old Proverb of *Much Cry but Little Wool*.

Some of these last mentioned Musicians are so very loud in the Sale of these trilling Manufactures, that an honest Splenetick Gentleman of my Acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the Street where he lived: But what was the Effect of this Contract? Why, the whole Tribe of Card-match-makers which frequent that Quarter, passed by his Door the very next Day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

It is another great Imperfection in our *London* Cries, that there is no just Time nor Measure

observed in them. Our News should indeed be published in a very quick Time, because it is a Commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same Precipitation as *Fire*: Yet this is generally the Case. A Bloody Battle alarms the Town from one end to another in an Instant. Every Motion of the *French* is Published in so great a Hurry, that one would think the Enemy were at our Gates. This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should be some Distinction made between the spreading of a Victory, a March, or an Incampment, a *Dutch*, a *Portugal* or a *Spanish* Mail. Nor must I omit under this Head, those excessive Alarms with which several boisterous Rusticks infest our Streets in Turnip Season; and which are more inexcusable, because these are Wares which are in no Danger of Cooling upon their Hands.

There are others who affect a very slow Time, and are, in my Opinion, much more tuneable than the former; the Cooper in particular swells his last Note in an hollow Voice, that is not without its Harmony; nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable Melancholy, when I hear that sad and solemn Air with which the Public are very often asked, if they have any Chairs to mend? Your own Memory may suggest to you many other lamentable Ditties of the same Nature, in which the Musick is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

I am always pleased with that particular Time of the Year which is proper for the pickling of Dill and Cucumbers; but alas, this

Cry, like the Song of the Nightingale, is not heard above two Months. It would therefore be worth while to consider, whether the same Air might not in some cases be adapted to other Words.

It might likewise deserve our most serious Consideration, how far, in a well-regulated City, those Humourists are to be tolerated, who, not contented with the traditional Cries of their Forefathers, have invented particular Songs and Tunes of their own: Such as was, not many Years' since, the Pastry-man, commonly known by the Name of the Colly-Molly-Puff; and such as is at this Day the Vender of Powder and Wash-balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the Name of *Powder-Watt*.

I must not here omit one particular Absurdity which runs through this whole vociferous Generation, and which renders their Cries very often not only incommodious, but altogether useless to the Publick; I mean, that idle Accomplishment which they all of them aim at, of Crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our affected Singers, I will not take upon me to say; but most certain it is, that People know the Wares they deal in rather by their Tunes than by their Words; insomuch that I have sometimes seen a Country Boy run out to buy Apples of a Bellows-mender, and Gingerbread from a Grinder of Knives and Scissars. Nay so strangely infatuated are some very eminent Artists of this particular Grace in a Cry, that none but their

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Acquaintance are able to guess at their Profession; for who else can know, that *Work if I had it*, should be the Signification of a Corn-Cutter?

Forasmuch therefore as Persons of this Rank are seldom Men of Genius or Capacity, I think it would be very proper, that some Man of good Sense and sound Judgment should preside over these Publick Cries, who should permit none to lift up their Voices in our Streets, that have not tuneable Throats, and are not only able to overcome the Noise of the Croud, and the Rattling of Coaches, but also to vend their respective Merchandizes in apt Phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable Sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend my self as a Person rightly qualified for this Post; and if I meet with fitting Encouragement, shall communicate some other Projects which I have by me, that may no less conduce to the Emolument of the Public.

I am,

SIR, &c.,

Ralph Crotchets."

Tuesday, December 18, 1711.

The Dissection of a Beau's Head

———*tribus Anticyris caput insanabile*——— Juv.

I was Yesterday engaged in an Assembly of Virtuosos, where one of them produced many curious Observations which he had lately made in the Anatomy of an Human Body. Another of the Company communicated to us several wonderful Discoveries, which he had also made on the same Subject, by the Help of very fine Glasses. This gave Birth to a great Variety of uncommon Remarks, and furnished Discourse for the remaining Part of the Day.

The different Opinions which were started on this Occasion, presented to my Imagination so many new Ideas, that by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my Fancy all the last Night, and composed a very wild Extravagant Dream.

I was invited, methoughts, to the Dissection of a *Beau's Head* and of a *Coquet's Heart*, which were both of them laid on a Table before us. An imaginary Operator opened the first with a great deal of Nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial View, appeared like the Head

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of another Man; but upon applying our Glasses to it, we made a very odd Discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as Brains, were not such in reality, but an Heap of strange Materials wound up in that Shape and Texture, and packed together with wonderful Art in the several Cavities of the Skull. For, as *Homer* tells us, that the Blood of the Gods is not real Blood, but only something like it; so we found that the Brain of a Beau is not real Brain, but only something like it.

The *Pineal Gland*, which many of our Modern Philosophers suppose to be the Seat of the Soul, smelt very strong of Essence and Orange-flower Water, and was encompassed with a kind of Horny Substance, cut into a thousand little Faces or Mirrours, which were imperceptible to the naked Eye, insomuch that the Soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own Beauties.

We observed a long *Antrum* or Cavity in the *Sinciput*, that was filled with Ribbons, Lace and Embroidery, wrought together in a most curious Piece of Network, the Parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked Eye. Another of these *Antrums* or Cavities was stuffed with invisible Billet-doux, Love-Letters, pricked Dances, and other Trumpery of the same Nature. In another we found a kind of Powder, which set the whole Company a Sneezing, and by the Scent discovered itself to be right *Spanish*. The several other Cells were stored with Commodities of the same kind, of which it would

be tedious to give the Reader an exact Inventory.

There was a large Cavity on each side of the Head, which I must not omit. That on the right Side was filled with Fictions, Flatteries, and Falshoods, Vows, Promises, and Protestations; that on the left with Oaths and Imprecations. There issued out a *Duct* from each of these Cells, which ran into the Root of the Tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common *Duct* to the Tip of it. We discovered several little Roads or Canals running from the Ear into the Brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several Passages. One of them extended itself to a Bundle of Sonnets and little musical Instruments. Others ended in several Bladders which were filled either with Wind or Froth. But the latter Canal entered into a great Cavity of the Skull, from whence there went another Canal into the Tongue. This great Cavity was filled with a kind of Spongy Substance, which the *French* Anatomists call *Galimatias*, and the *English*, Nonsense.

The Skins of the Forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprized us, had not in them any Single Blood-Vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our Glasses; from whence we concluded, that the Party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the Faculty of Blushing.

The *Os Cribriforme* was exceedingly stuffed, and in some Places damaged with Snuff. We

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could not but take notice in particular of that small Muscle which is not often discovered in Dissections, and draws the Nose upwards, when it expresses the Contempt which the Owner of it has, upon seeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not understand. I need not tell my learned Reader, this is that Muscle which performs the Motion so often mentioned by the *Latin* Poets, when they talk of a Man's cocking his Nose, or playing the Rhinoceros.

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the Eye, saving only, that the *Musculi Amatorii*, or, as we may translate it into *English*, the *Ogling Muscles*, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas on the contrary, the *Elevator*, or the Muscle which turns the Eye towards Heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

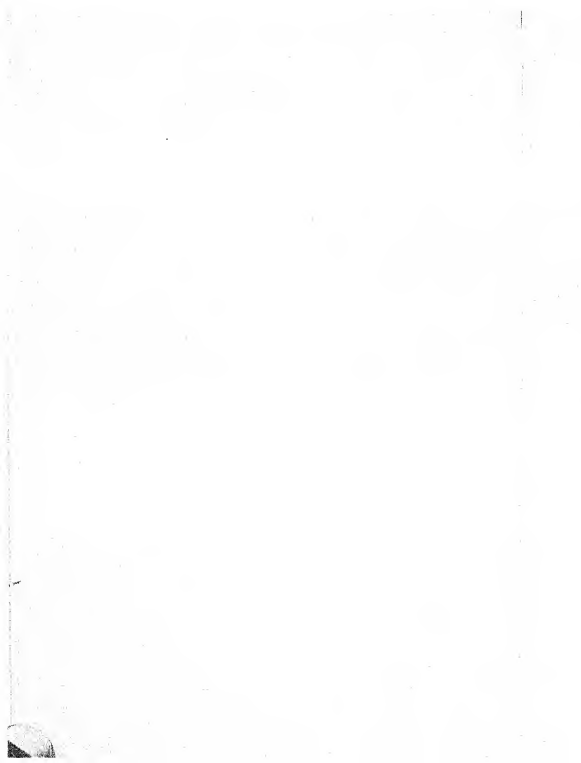
I have only mentioned in this Dissection such new Discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those Parts which are to be met with in common Heads. As for the Skull, the Face, and indeed the whole outward Shape and Figure of the Head, we could not discover any Difference from what we observe in the Heads of other Men. We were informed, that the Person to whom this Head belonged, had passed for a *Man* above five and thirty Years; during which time he Eat and Drank like other People, dressed well, talked loud, laught frequently, and on particular Occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a Ball or an Assembly;

to which one of the Company added, that a certain Knot of Ladies took him for a Wit. He was cut off in the Flower of his Age by the Blow of a Paring-Shovel, having been surprized by an eminent Citizen, as he was tendering some Civilities to his Wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this Head with all its Apartments, and its several kinds of Furniture, we put up the Brain, such as it was, into its proper Place, and laid it aside under a broad Piece of Scarlet Cloth, in order to be *prepared*, and kept in a great Repository of Dissections; our Operator telling us that the Preparation would not be so difficult as that of another Brain, for that he had observed several of the little Pipes and Tubes which ran through the Brain were already filled with a kind of Mercurial Substance, which he looked upon to be true Quick-Silver.

He applied himself in the next Place to the *Coquet's Heart*, which he likewise laid open with great Dexterity. There occurred to us many Particularities in this Dissection; but being unwilling to burden my Reader's Memory too much, I shall reserve this Subject for the Speculation of another Day. L.

Tuesday, January 15, 1712.



The Dissection of a Coquette's Heart

Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta. Virg.

Having already given an Account of the Dissection of a *Beau's Head*, with the several Discoveries made on that Occasion; I shall here, according to my Promise, enter upon the Dissection of a *Coquet's Heart*, and communicate to the Public such Particularities as we observed in that curious Piece of Anatomy.

I should perhaps have waved this Undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my Promise by several of my unknown Correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an Example of the Coquet, as I have already done of the Beau. It is therefore in Compliance with the Request of Friends, that I have looked over the Minutes of my former Dream, in order to give the Publick an exact Relation to it, which I shall enter upon without further Preface.

Our Operator, before he engaged in this Visionary Dissection, told us, that there was nothing in his Art more difficult than to lay open the Heart of a Coquet, by reason of the

many Labyrinths and Recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the Heart of any other Animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the *Pericardium*, or outward Case of the Heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our Glasses discern'd in it Millions of little Scars, which seem'd to have been occasioned by the Points of innumerable Darts and Arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward Coat; though we could not discover the smallest Orifice, by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward Substance.

Every Smatterer in Anatomy knows that this *Pericardium*, or Case of the Heart, contains in it a thin reddish Liquor, supposed to be bred from the Vapours which exhale out of the Heart, and, being stopt here, are condensed into this watery Substance. Upon examining this Liquor, we found that it had in it all the Qualities of that Spirit which is made use of in the Thermometer, to shew the Change of Weather.

Nor must I here omit an Experiment one of the Company assured us he himself had made with this Liquor, which he found in great Quantity about the Heart of a Coquet whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually inclosed it in a small Tube made after the manner of a Weather Glass; but that instead of acquainting him with the Variations of the Atmosphere, it shewed him the Qualities of those Persons who entered the Room where it stood. He

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affirmed also, that it rose at the Approach of a Plume of Feathers, an embroidered Coat, or a Pair of fringed Gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped Perriwig, a clumsy Pair of Shoes, or an unfashionable Coat came into his House: Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his Laughing aloud when he stood by it, the Liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us, that he knew very well by this Invention whenever he had a Man of Sense or a Coxcomb in his Room.

Having cleared away the *Pericardium*, or the Case and Liquor above-mentioned, we came to the Heart itself. The outward Surface of it was extremely slippery, and the *Mucro*, or Point, so very cold withal, that, upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the Fingers like a Smooth Piece of Ice.

The Fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other Hearts; insomuch that the whole Heart was wound up together in a Gordian Knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal Motions, whilst it was employed in its Vital Function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that, upon examining all the Vessels which came into it or issued out of it, we could not discover any Communication that it had with the Tongue.

We could not but take Notice likewise, that several of those little Nerves in the Heart which are affected by the Sentiments of Love,

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Hatred, and other Passions, did not descend to this before us from the Brain, but from the Muscles which lie about the Eye.

Upon weighing the Heart in my Hand, I found it to be extreemly light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when upon looking into the Inside of it, I saw Multitudes of Cells and Cavities running one within another, as our Historians describe the Apartments of *Rosamond's* Bower. Several of these little Hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of Trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular Account of, and shall therefore only take Notice of what lay first and uppermost, which, upon our unfolding it and applying our Microscopes to it, appeared to be a Flame-coloured Hood.

We were informed that the Lady of this Heart, when living, received the Addresses of several who made Love to her, and did not only give each of them Encouragement, but made every one she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an Eye of Kindness; for which Reason we expected to have seen the Impression of Multitudes of Faces among the several Plaits and Foldings of the Heart; but to our great Surprize not a single Print of this nature discovered it self till we came into the very Core and Center of it. We there observed a little Figure, which, upon applying our Glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastick manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the Face before, but could not possibly recollect

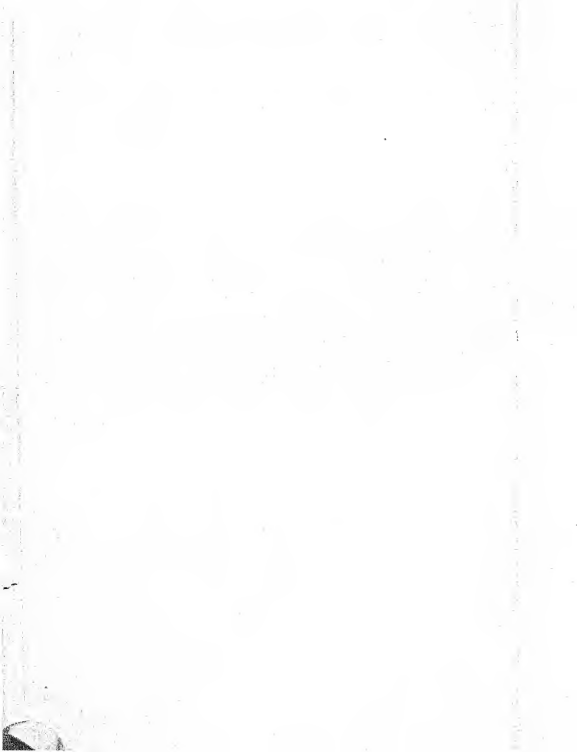
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either the Place or Time; when, at length, one of the Company, who had examined this Figure more nicely than the rest, shew'd us plainly by the Make of its Face, and the several Turns of its Features, that the little Idol which was thus lodged in the very Middle of the Heart was the deceased Beau, whose Head I gave some Account of in my last *Tuesday's* Paper.

As soon as we had finished our Dissection, we resolv'd to make an Experiment of the Heart, not being able to determine among our selves the Nature of its Substance, which differ'd in so many Particulars from that of the Heart in other Females. Accordingly we laid it into a Pan of burning Coals, when we observed in it a certain Salamandrine Quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of Fire and Flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange *Phænomenon*, and standing round the Heart in a Circle, it gave a most prodigious Sigh or rather Crack, and dispersed all at once in Smoke and Vapour. This imaginary Noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a Cannon, produced such a violent Shake in my Brain, that it dissipated the Fumes of Sleep, and left me in an Instant broad awake. L.

Tuesday, January 22, 1712.



The Doctrine of Pin- Money

*Prodiga non sentit pereuntem fœmina census:
At velut exhausta rediivus pullulet arca
Nummus, et e pleno semper tollatur acervo,
Non unquam reputat quanti sibi gaudia consent.*—Juv.

“Mr. SPECTATOR,

I am turned of my great Climacteric, and am naturally a Man of a meek Temper. About a dozen Years ago I was married, for my Sins, to a young Woman of a good Family, and of an high Spirit; but could not bring her to close with me, before I had entered into a Treaty with her longer than that of the Grand Alliance. Among other Articles, it was therein stipulated, that she should have 400*l.* a Year for *Pin-money*, which I obliged my self to pay Quarterly into the hands of one who had acted as her Plenipotentiary in that Affair. I have ever since religiously observed my part in this solemn Agreement. Now, Sir, so it is, that the Lady has had several Children since I married her; to which, if I should credit our malicious Neighbours, her *Pin-money* has not a little contributed. The Education of these my Children, who, contrary to my Expectation, are born to me every Year, streightens me so

much, that I have begged their Mother to free me from the Obligation of the above-mentioned *Pin-money*, that it may go towards making a Provision for her Family. This Proposal makes her noble Blood swell in her Veins, insomuch that finding me a little tardy in her last Quarter's Payment, she threatens me every Day to arrest me; and proceeds so far as to tell me, that if I do not do her Justice, I shall die in a Jayl. To this she adds, when her Passion will let her argue calmly, that she has several Play-Debts on her Hand, which must be discharged very suddenly, and that she cannot lose her Money as becomes a Woman of her Fashion, if she makes me any Abatements in this Article. I hope, Sir, you will take an Occasion from hence to give your Opinion upon a Subject which you have not yet touched, and inform us if there are any Precedents for this Usage among our Ancestors; or whether you find any mention of *Pin-money* in *Grotius*, *Puffendorf*, or any other of the Civilians.

I am ever

the humblest of your Admirers,

Josiah Fribble, *Esq.*"

As there is no Man living who is a more professed Advocate for the Fair Sex than my self, so there is none that would be more unwilling to invade any of their ancient Rights and Privileges; but as the Doctrine of *Pin-money* is of a very late Date, unknown to our Great Grandmothers, and not yet received by

many of our Modern Ladies, I think it is for the Interest of both Sexes to keep it from spreading.

Mr. *Fribble* may not, perhaps, be much mistaken where he intimates, that the supplying a Man's Wife with *Pin-money*, is furnishing her with Arms against himself, and in a manner becoming accessary to his own Dishonour. We may indeed, generally observe, that in proportion as a Woman is more or less Beautiful, and her Husband advanced in Years, she stands in need of a greater or less number of *Pins*, and upon a Treaty of Marriage, rises or falls in her Demands accordingly. It must likewise be owned, that high Quality in a Mistress does very much inflame this Article in the Marriage Reckoning.

But where the Age and Circumstances of both Parties are pretty much upon a level, I cannot but think the insisting upon *Pin-money* is very extraordinary; and yet we find several Matches broken off upon this very Head. What would a Foreigner, or one who is a Stranger to this Practice, think of a Lover that forsakes his Mistress, because he is not willing to keep her in *Pins*; but what would he think of the Mistress, should he be informed that she asks five or six hundred Pounds a Year for this use? Should a Man unacquainted with our Customs be told the Sums which are allowed in *Great Britain*, under the Title of *Pin-money*, what a prodigious Consumption of *Pins* would he think there was in this Island? *A Pin a Day*, says our frugal Proverb, *is a Great*

a Year, so that according to this Calculation, my Friend *Fribble's* Wife must every Year make use of Eight Millions six hundred and forty thousand *new Pins*.

I am not ignorant that our *British* Ladies allege they comprehend under this general Term several other Conveniences of Life; I could therefore wish, for the Honour of my Countrywomen, that they had rather called it *Needle-Money*, which might have implied something of Good-housewifry, and not have given the malicious World occasion to think, that Dress and Trifles have always the uppermost Place in a Woman's Thoughts.

I know several of my fair Reasoners urge, in defence of this Practice, that it is but a necessary Provision they make for themselves, in case their Husband proves a Churl or a Miser; so that they consider this Allowance as a kind of Alimony, which they may lay their Claim to, without actually separating from their Husbands. But with Submission, I think a Woman who will give up her self to a Man in Marriage, where there is the least Room for such an Apprehension, and trust her Person to one whom she will not rely on for the common Necessaries of Life, may very properly be accused (in the Phrase of an homely Proverb) of being *Penny wise and Pound foolish*.

It is observed of over-cautious Generals, that they never engage in a Battel without securing a Retreat, in case the Event should not answer their Expectations; on the other hand, the greatest Conquerors have burnt their Ships, or

broke down the Bridges behind them, as being determined either to succeed or die in the Engagement. In the same manner I should very much suspect a Woman who takes such Precautions for her Retreat, and contrives Methods how she may live happily, without the Affection of one to whom she joins herself for Life. Separate Pursues between Man and Wife are, in my Opinion, as unnatural as separate Beds. A Marriage cannot be happy, where the Pleasures, Inclinations, and Interests of both Parties are not the same. There is no greater Incitement to Love in the Mind of Man, than the Sense of a Person's depending upon him for her Ease and Happiness; as a Woman uses all her Endeavours to please the Person whom she looks upon as her Honour, her Comfort, and her Support.

For this Reason I am not very much surprized at the Behaviour of a rough Country Squire, who, being not a little shocked at the Proceeding of a young Widow that would not recede from her Demands of *Pin-money*, was so enraged at her mercenary Temper, that he told her in great Wrath, "As much as she thought him her Slave, he would shew all the World he did not care a Pin for her". Upon which he flew out of the Room, and never saw her more.

Socrates, in *Plato's Alcibiades*, says, he was informed by one, who had travelled through *Persia*, that as he passed over a great Tract of Lands, and enquired what the Name of the Place was, they told him it was the *Queen's Girdle*; to which he adds, that another wide

Field which lay by it, was called the *Queen's Veil*; and that in the same Manner there was a large Portion of Ground set aside for every part of Her Majesty's Dress. These Lands might not be improperly called the *Queen of Persia's Pin-money*.

I remember my Friend Sir ROGER, who I dare say never read this Passage in *Plato*, told me some time since, that upon his courting the Perverse Widow (of whom I have given an Account in former Papers) he had disposed of an hundred Acres in a Diamond-Ring, which he would have presented her with, had she thought fit to accept it; and that upon her Wedding-Day she should have carried on her Head fifty of the tallest Oaks upon his Estate. He further informed me that he would have given her a Cole-pit to keep her in clean Linnen, that he would have allowed her the Profits of a Windmill for her Fans, and have presented her once in three Years with the Sheering of his Sheep for her Under-Petticoats. To which the Knight always adds, that though he did not care for fine Cloaths himself, there should not have been a Woman in the Ccountry better dressed than my Lady *Coverley*. Sir ROGER perhaps, may in this, as well as in many other of his Devices, appear something odd and singular, but if the Humour of *Pin-money* prevails, I think it would be very proper for every Gentleman of an Estate to mark out so many Acres of it under the Title of *The Pins*. L.

Thursday, February 7, 1712.

The Case of John Enville, Knt.

*Malo Venusinam, quam te, Cornelia, Mater
Græcorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande supercilium, et numeras in dote triumphos.
Tolle tuum precor Annibalem victumque Syphacem
In castris, et cum tota Carthagine migra.—Juv.*

It is observed, that a Man improves more by reading the Story of a Person eminent for Prudence and Virtue, than by the finest Rules and Precepts of Morality. In the same manner a Representation of those Calamities and Misfortunes which a weak Man suffers from wrong Measures, and ill-concerted Schemes of Life, is apt to make a deeper Impression upon our Minds, than the wisest Maxims and Instructions that can be given us, for avoiding the like Follies and Indiscretions on our own private Conduct. It is for this Reason that I lay before my Reader the following Letter, and leave it with him to make his own use of it, without adding any Reflections of my own upon the Subject Matter.

“*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

Having carefully perused a Letter sent you by *Josiah Fribble, Esq.*, with your subsequent

THE CASE OF

Discourse upon *Pin-money*, I do presume to trouble you with an Account of my own Case, which I look upon to be no less deplorable than that of Squire *Fribble*. I am a Person of no Extraction, having begun the World with a small parcel of Rusty Iron, and was for some Years commonly known by the Name of *Jack Anvil*. I have naturally a very happy Genius for getting Money, insomuch that by the Age of Five and twenty I had scraped together Four thousand two hundred Pounds Five Shillings, and a few odd Pence. I then launched out into considerable Business, and became a bold Trader both by Sea and Land, which in a few Years raised me a very great Fortune. For these my Good Services I was Knighted in the thirty fifth Year of my Age, and lived with great Dignity among my City-Neighbours by the Name of Sir *John Anvil*. Being in my Temper very Ambitious, I was now bent upon making a Family, and accordingly resolved that my Descendants should have a Dash of Good Blood in their Veins. In order to this, I made Love to the Lady *Mary Oddly*, an Indigent young Woman of Quality. To cut short the Marriage Treaty, I threw her a *Charte Blanche*, as our News Papers call it, desiring her to write upon it her own Terms. She was very concise in her Demands, insisting only that the Disposal of my Fortune, and the Regulation of my Family, should be entirely in her Hands. Her Father and Brothers appeared exceedingly averse to this Match, and would not see me for some time; but at present are so well reconciled,

that they Dine with me almost every Day, and have borrowed considerable Sums of me; which my Lady *Mary* very often twits me with, when she would shew me how kind her Relations are to me. She had no Portion, as I told you before, but what she wanted in Fortune, she makes up in Spirit. She at first changed my name to Sir *John Envil*, and at present writes her self *Mary Envil*. I have had some Children by her, whom she has Christened with the Surnames of her Family, in order, as she tells me, to wear out the Homeliness of their Parentage by the Father's Side. Our eldest Son is the Honourable *Oddly Envil*, Esq., and our eldest Daughter *Harriot Envil*. Upon her first coming into my Family, she turned off a parcel of very careful Servants, who had been long with me, and introduced in their stead a couple of Black-a-moors, and three or four very genteel Fellows in Laced Liveries, besides her *French* woman, who is perpetually making a Noise in the House in a Language which no body understands, except my Lady *Mary*. She next set her self to reform every Room of my House, having glazed all my Chimney-pieces with Looking-glass, and planted every Corner with such heaps of *China*, that I am obliged to move about my own House with the greatest Caution and Circumspection, for fear of hurting some of our Brittle Furniture. She makes an Illumination once a Week with Wax-Candles in one of the largest Rooms, in order, as she phrases it, to see Company. At which time she always desires me to be Abroad, or to

confine myself to the Cock-loft, that I may not disgrace her among her Visitants of Quality. Her Footmen, as I told you before, are such Beaus that I do not much care for asking them Questions; when I do, they answer me with a sawcy Frown, and say that every thing, which I find Fault with, was done by my Lady *Mary's* Order. She tells me that she intends they shall wear Swords with their next Liveries, having lately observed the Footmen of two or three Persons of Quality hanging behind the Coach with Swords by their Sides. As soon as the first Honey-Moon was over, I represented to her the Unreasonableness of those daily Innovations which she made in my Family, but she told me I was no longer to consider my self as Sir *John Anvil*, but as her Husband; and added, with a Frown, that I did not seem to know who she was. I was surprized to be treated thus, after such Familiarities as had passed between us. But she has since given me to know, that whatever Freedoms she may sometimes indulge me in, she expects in general to be treated with the Respect that is due to her Birth and Quality. Our Children have been trained up from their Infancy with so many Accounts of their Mother's Family, that they know the Stories of all the great Men and Women it has produced. Their Mother tells them, that such an one commanded in such a Sea Engagement, that their Great Grandfather had a Horse shot under him at *Edge-hill*, that their Uncle was at the Siege of *Buda*, and that her Mother danced in a Ball at Court with the Duke of *Monmouth*;

with abundance of Fiddle-faddle of the same Nature. I was, the other Day, a little out of Countenance at a Question of my little Daughter *Harriot*, who asked me, with a great deal of Innocence, why I never told them of the Generals and Admirals that had been in *my* Family. As for my Eldest Son *Oddly*, he has been so spirited up by his Mother, that if he does not mend his Manners I shall go near to disinherit him. He drew his Sword upon me before he was nine years old, and told me, that he expected to be used like a Gentleman; upon my offering to correct him for his Insolence, my Lady *Mary* stept in between us, and told me, that I ought to consider there was some Difference between his Mother and mine. She is perpetually finding out the Features of her own Relations in every one of my Children, tho', by the way, I have a little Chub-faced boy as like me as he can stare, if I durst say so; but what most angers me, when she sees me playing with any of them upon my Knee, she has begged me more than once to converse with the Children as little as possible, that they may not learn any of my awkward Tricks.

You must farther know, since I am opening my Heart to you, that she thinks her self my Superior in Sense, as much as she is in Quality, and therefore treats me like a plain well-meaning Man, who does not know the World. She dictates to me in my own Business, sets me right in Point of Trade, and if I disagree with her about any of my Ships at Sea, wonders that I will dispute with her, when I know

very well that her Great Grandfather was a Flag Officer.

To compleat my Sufferings, she has teased me for this Quarter of a Year last past, to remove into one of the Squares at the other End of the Town, promising for my Encouragement, that I shall have as good a Cock-loft as any Gentleman in the Square; to which the Honourable *Oddly Enville*, Esq., always adds, like a Jack-a-napes as he is, that he hopes 'twill be as near the Court as possible.

In short, *Mr. SPECTATOR*, I am so much out of my natural Element, that to recover my old Way of Life I would be content to begin the World again, and be plain *Jack Anvil*; but alas! I am in for Life, and am bound to subscribe my self, with great Sorrow of Heart,

Your humble Servant,

L.

John Enville, *Knt.*"

Tuesday, February 12, 1712.

Leaves from a Citizen's Journal

— *fruges consumere nati.*—Hor.

Augustus, a few Moments before his Death, asked his Friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his Part well; and upon receiving such an Answer as was due to his extraordinary Merit, *Let me then, says he, go off the Stage with your Applause*; using the Expression with which the Roman Actors made their *Exit* at the Conclusion of a Dramatick Piece. I could wish that Men, while they are in Health, would consider well the Nature of the Part they are engaged in, and what Figure it will make in the Minds of those they leave behind them: Whether it was worth coming into the World for; whether it be suitable to a reasonable Being; in short, whether it appears Graceful in this Life, or will turn to an Advantage in the next. Let the Sycophant, or Buffoon, the Satyrist, or the Good Companion, consider with himself, when his Body shall be laid in the Grave, and his Soul pass into another State of Existence, how much it will redound to his Praise to have it said of

him, that no Man in *England* eat better, that he had an admirable Talent at turning his Friends into Ridicule, that no Body out-did him at an Ill-natured Jest, or that he never went to Bed before he had dispatched his third Bottle. These are, however, very common Funeral Orations, and Elogiums on deceased Persons who have acted among Mankind with some Figure and Reputation.

But if we look into the Bulk of our Species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a Moment after their Disappearance. They leave behind them no Traces of their Existence, but are forgotten as tho' they had never been. They are neither wanted by the Poor, regretted by the Rich, nor celebrated by the Learned. They are neither missed in the Commonwealth, nor lamented by private Persons. Their Actions are of no Significancy to Mankind, and might have been performed by Creatures of much less Dignity, than those who are distinguished by the Faculty of Reason. An eminent *French* Author speaks somewhere to the following Purpose: I have often seen from my Chamber-window two noble Creatures, both of them of an erect Countenance and endowed with Reason. These two intellectual Beings are employed from Morning to Night, in rubbing two smooth Stones one upon another; that is, as the Vulgar phrase it, in polishing Marble.

My Friend, Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, as we were sitting in the Club last Night, gave us an Account of a sober Citizen, who died a few

Days since. This honest Man being of greater Consequence in his own Thoughts, than in the Eye of the World, had for some Years past kept a Journal of his Life. Sir ANDREW shewed us one Week of it. Since the Occurrences set down in it mark out such a Road of Action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my Reader with a faithful Copy of it; after having first inform'd him, that the Deceased Person had in his Youth been bred to Trade, but finding himself not so well turned for Business, he had for several Years last past lived altogether upon a moderate Annuity.

MONDAY, *Eight a-Clock.* I put on my Cloaths and walked into the Parlour.

Nine a-Clock ditto. Tied my Knee-strings, and washed my Hands.

Hours Ten, Eleven and Twelve. Smoked three Pipes of *Virginia*. Read the *Supplement* and *Dail' Courant*. Things go ill in the North. Mr. Nisby's Opinion thereupon.

One a-Clock in the Afternoon. Chid Ralph for mislaying my Tobacco-Box.

Two a-Clock. Sate down to Dinner. *Mem.* Too many Plumbs, and no Sewet.

From Three to Four. Took my Afternoon's Nap.

From Four to Six. Walked into the Fields. Wind S.S.E.

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. Nisby's Opinion about the Peace.

Ten a-Clock. Went to Bed, slept sound.

A CITIZEN'S JOURNAL

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY. *Eight a-Clock.*
Rose as usual.

Nine a-Clock. Washed Hands and Face,
shaved, put on my double-soled Shoes.

Ten, Eleven, Twelve. Took a walk to *Islington*.

One. Took a Pot of Mother *Cob's* Mild.

Between Two and Three. Return'd, dined on
a Knuckle of Veal and Bacon. *Mem.* Sprouts
wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From Four to Six. Coffee-house. Read the
News. A Dish of Twist. Grand Vizier
strangled.

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. *Nisby's*
Account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken
Sleep.

WEDNESDAY, *Eight a-Clock.* Tongue of my
Shooe-Buckle broke. Hands but not Face.

Nine. Paid off the Butcher's Bill. *Mem.*
To be allowed for the last Leg of Mutton.

Ten, Eleven. At the Coffee-house. More
Work in the North. Stranger in a black Wigg
asked me how Stocks went.

From Twelve to One. Walked in the fields.
Wind to the South.

From One to Two. Smoaked a Pipe and an
half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a Pewter
Dish. *Mem.* Cook-maid in Love, and grown
careless.

From Four to Six. At the Coffee-house. Ad-

vice from *Smyrna*, that the Grand Vizier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six a-Clock in the Evening. Was half an Hour in the Club before any Body else came. Mr. *Nisby* of Opinion that the Grand Vizier was not strangled the Sixth Instant.

Ten at Night. Went to Bed. Slept without waking till Nine next Morning.

THURSDAY, *Nine a-Clock.* Staid within till Two a-Clock for Sir *Timothy*; who did not bring me my Annuity according to his Promise.

Two in the Afternoon. Sate down to Dinner. Loss of Appetite. Small Beer sour. Beef over-corned.

Three. Could not take my Nap.

Four and Five. Gave *Ralph* a box on the Ear. Turned off my Cook-maid. Sent a Message to Sir *Timothy*. *Mem.* I did not go to the Club to-night. Went to Bed at Nine a-Clock.

FRIDAY, Passed the Morning in Meditation upon Sir *Timothy*, who was with me a Quarter before Twelve.

Twelve a-Clock. Bought a new Head to my Cane, and a Tongue to my Buckle. Drank a Glass of Purl to recover Appetite.

Two and Three. Dined, and Slept well.

From Four to Six. Went to the Coffee-house. Met Mr. *Nisby* there. Smoked several Pipes. Mr. *Nisby* of opinion that laced Coffee is bad for the Head.

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Six a-Clock. At the Club as Steward. Sate late.

Twelve a-Clock. Went to Bed, dreamt that I drank Small Beer with the Grand Vizier.

SATURDAY. Waked at Eleven, walked in the Fields. Wind N.E.

Twelve. Caught in a Shower.

One in the Afternoon. Returned home, and dried my self.

Two. Mr. *Nisby* dined with me. First Course Marrow-bones, Second Ox-Cheek, with a Bottle of *Brooks* and *Hellier*.

Three a-Clock. Overslept my self.

Six. Went to the Club. Like to have faln into a Gutter. Grand Vizier certainly Dead.

Etc.

I question not but the Reader will be surprized to find the above-mentioned Journalist taking so much care of a Life that was filled with such inconsiderable Actions, and received so very small Improvements; and yet, if we look into the Behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their Hours are taken up in those three Important Articles of Eating, Drinking and Sleeping. I do not suppose that a Man loses his Time, who is not engaged in publick Affairs, or in an Illustrious Course of Action. On the Contrary, I believe our Hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such Transactions as make no Figure in the World, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the

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Attention of Mankind. One may become wiser and better by several Methods of Employing one's Self in Secrecy and Silence, and do what is laudable without Noise, or Ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my Readers, the keeping a Journal of their Lives for one Week, and setting down punctually their whole Series of Employments during that Space of Time. This Kind of Self-Examination would give them a true State of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One Day would rectify the Omissions of another, and make a Man weigh all those indifferent Actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for. L.

Tuesday, March 4, 1712.



Leaves from the Journal of a Lady of Fashion

—*Modo Vir, modo Fœmina.*— Virg.

The Journal with which I presented my Reader on *Tuesday* last, has brought me in several Letters, with Accounts of many private Lives cast into that Form. I have the *Rake's Journal*, the *Sot's Journal*, the *Whoremaster's Journal*, and among several others a very curious Piece, entituled, *The Journal of a Mohock*. By these Instances I find that the Intention of my last *Tuesday's* Paper has been mistaken by many of my Readers. I did not design so much to expose Vice as Idleness, and aimed at those Persons who pass away their Time rather in Trifle and Impertinence, than in Crimes and Immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my Journal only holds up Folly to the Light, and shews the Disagreeableness of such Actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from Creatures endow'd with Reason.

My following Correspondent, who calls her

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self *Clarinda*, is such a Journalist as I require: She seems by her Letter to be placed in a modish State of Indifference between Vice and Virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper Pains taken with her. Had her Journal been filled with Gallantries, or such Occurrences as had shewn her wholly divested of her natural Innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the Generality of Readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the Picture of a Life filled with a fashionable kind of Gaiety and Laziness, I shall set down five Days of it, as I have received it from the Hand of my fair Correspondent.

“*Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,*

You having set your Readers an Exercise in one of your last Week's Papers, I have perform'd mine according to your Orders, and herewith send it you enclosed. You must know, *Mr. SPECTATOR*, that I am a Maiden Lady of a good Fortune, who have had several Matches offered me for these ten Years last past, and have at present warm Applications made to me by a very pretty Fellow. As I am at my own Disposal, I come up to Town every Winter, and pass my Time in it after the manner you will find in the following Journal, which I begun to write upon the very Day after your *Spectator* upon that Subject.

TUESDAY Night. Could not go to sleep till one in the Morning for thinking of my Journal.

A LADY OF FASHION

WEDNESDAY. *From Eight 'till Ten*, Drank two Dishes of Chocolate in Bed, and fell asleep after 'em.

From Ten to Eleven. Eat a Slice of Bread and Butter, drank a Dish of Bohea, read the *Spectator*.

From Eleven to One. At my Toilet, try'd a new Head. Gave Orders for *Veny* to be combed and washed. *Mem*. I look best in Blue.

From One till Half an Hour after Two. Drove to the Change. Cheapnd a Couple of Fans.

Till Four. At Dinner. *Mem*. Mr. Froth passed by in his new Liveries.

From Four to Six. Dressed, paid a Visit to old Lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of Town that Day.

From Six to Eleven. At Basset. *Mem*. Never set again upon the Ace of Diamonds.

THURSDAY. *From Eleven at Night to Eight in the Morning*. Dream'd that I punted to Mr. Froth.

From Eight to Ten. Chocolate. Read two Acts in *Aurenzebe* abed.

From Ten to Eleven. Tea-Table. Sent to borrow Lady Faddle's Cupid for *Veny*. Read the Play-Bills. Received a Letter from Mr. Froth. *Mem*. locked it up in my strong Box.

Rest of the Morning. Fontange, the Tire-woman, her Account of my Lady Blithe's Wash. Broke a Tooth in my little Tortoise-shell Comb. Sent Frank to know how my Lady Hecrick rested after her Monky's leaping out at Window. Looked pale. Fontange tells me my Glass is not true. Dressed by Three.

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From Three to Four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From Four to Eleven. Saw Company. Mr. *Froth's* Opinion of *Milton*. His Account of the *Mohocks*. His Fancy for a Pin-cushion. Picture in the Lid of his Snuff-box. Old Lady *Faddie* promises me her Woman to cut my Hair. Lost five Guineas at Crimp.

Twelve a-Clock at Night. Went to Bed.

FRIDAY. *Eight in the Morning.* A bed. Read over all Mr. *Froth's* Letters. *Cupid* and *Venus*.

Ten a-Clock. Stay'd within all day, not at home.

From Ten to Twelve. In Conference with my Mantua-Maker. Sorted a Suit of Ribbands. Broke my Blue China Cup.

From Twelve to One. Shut my self up in my Chamber, practised Lady *Betty Modely's* Skuttle.

One in the Afternoon. Called for my flowered Handkerchief. Worked half a Violet-Leaf in it. Eyes ached and Head out of Order. Threw by my Work, and read over the remaining Part of *Aurenzebe*.

From Three to Four. Dined.

From Four to Twelve. Changed my Mind, dressed, went abroad, and play'd at Crimp till Midnight. Found Mrs. *Spitchy* at home. Conversation: Mrs. *Brilliant's* Necklace false Stones. Old Lady *Loveday* going to be married to a young Fellow that is not worth a Groat. Miss *Prue* gone into the Country. *Tom Townley* has red Hair. *Mem.* Mrs. *Spitchy* whispered in my Ear that she had something

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to tell me about Mr. *Froth*, I am sure it is not true.

Between Twelve and One. Dreamed that Mr. *Froth* lay at my Feet, and called me *Indamora*.

SATURDAY. Rose at Eight a-Clock in the Morning. Sate down to my Toilet.

From Eight to Nine. Shifted a Patch for Half an Hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left Eye-brow.

From Nine to Twelve. Drank my Tea, and dressed.

From Twelve to Two. At Chappel. A great deal of good Company. *Mem.* The third Air in the new Opera. Lady *Blithe* dressed frightfully.

From Three to Four. Dined. Miss *Kitty* called upon me to go to the Opera before I was risen from Table.

From Dinner to Six. Drank Tea. Turned off a Footman for being rude to *Veny*.

Six a-Clock. Went to the Opera. I did not see Mr. *Froth* till the beginning of the second Act. Mr. *Froth* talked to a Gentleman in a black Wig. Bowed to a Lady in the front Box. Mr. *Froth* and his Friend clapp'd *Nicolini* in the third Act. Mr. *Froth* cried out *Ancora*. Mr. *Froth* led me to my Chair. I think he squeezed my Hand.

Eleven at Night. Went to Bed. Melancholy Dreams. Methought *Nicolini* said he was Mr. *Froth*.

SUNDAY. Indisposed.

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MONDAY. *Eight a-Clock.* Waked by Miss Kitty. *Aurenzebe* lay upon the Chair by me. Kitty repeated without Book the Eight best Lines in the Play. Went in our Mobbs to the dumb Man, according to Appointment. Told me that my Lover's Name began with a G. *Mem.* The Conjuror was within a Letter of Mr. *Froth's* Name, &c.

Upon looking back into this my Journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my Time well or ill; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it before I perused your Speculation upon that Subject. I scarce find a single Action in these five Days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the Violet-Leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first Day I am at leisure. As for Mr. *Froth* and *Veny*, I did not think they took up so much of my Time and Thoughts, as I find they do upon my Journal. The latter of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it; and if Mr. *Froth* does not bring Matters to a Conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my Life run away in a Dream.

Your humble Servant,

Clarinda."

To resume one of the Morals of my first Paper, and to confirm *Clarinda* in her good Inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty Figure she would make among Posterity, were the History of her whole Life

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published like these five Days of it. I shall conclude my Paper with an Epitaph written by an uncertain Author on Sir *Philip Sidney's* Sister, a Lady who seems to have been of a Temper very much different from that of *Clarinda*. The last Thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my Reader will pardon me the Quotation.

On the Countess Dowager of *Pembroke*.

*Underneath this Marble Hearse
Lies the Subject of all Verse,
Sidney's Sister, Pembroke's Mother:
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a Dart at thee.* L.

Tuesday, March 11, 1712.

The Extravagantly Accomplished Wife

Nullum in a labore reclinat otium.—Hor.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

As I believe this is the first Complaint that ever was made to you of this nature, so you are the first Person I ever could prevail upon my self to lay it before. When I tell you I have a healthy vigorous Constitution, a plentiful Estate, no inordinate Desires, and am married to a virtuous lovely Woman, who neither wants Wit nor Good-Nature, and by whom I have a numerous Offspring to perpetuate my Family, you will naturally conclude me a happy Man. But, notwithstanding these promising Appearances, I am so far from it, that the prospect of being ruin'd and undone, by a sort of Extravagance which of late Years is in a less degree crept into every fashionable Family, deprives me of all the Comforts of my Life, and renders me the most anxious miserable Man on Earth. My Wife, who was the only Child and darling Care of an indulgent Mother, employ'd her early Years in learning

THE EXTRAVAGANT WIFE

all those Accomplishments we generally understand by good Breeding and polite Education. She sings, dances, plays on the Lute and Harpsichord, paints prettily, is a perfect Mistress of the *French* Tongue, and has made a considerable Progress in *Italian*. She is besides excellently skill'd in all domestick Sciences, as Preserving, Pickling, Pastry, making Wines of Fruits of our own Growth, Embroydering, and Needleworks of every Kind. Hitherto you will be apt to think there is very little Cause of Complaint; but suspend your Opinion till I have further explain'd my self, and then I make no question you will come over to mine. You are not to imagine I find fault that she either possesses or takes delight in the Exercise of those Qualifications I just now mention'd; 'tis the immoderate Fondness she has to them that I lament, and that what is only design'd for the innocent Amusement and Recreation of Life, is become the whole Business and Study of her's. The six Months we are in Town (for the Year is equally divided between that and the Country) from almost Break of Day till Noon, the whole Morning is laid out in practising with her several Masters; and to make up the Losses occasion'd by her Absence in Summer, every Day in the Week their Attendance is requir'd; and as they all are People eminent in their Professions, their Skill and Time must be recompensed accordingly: So how far these Articles extend, I leave you to judge. Limning, one would think, is no expensive Diversion, but as she manages the

THE EXTRAVAGANT WIFE

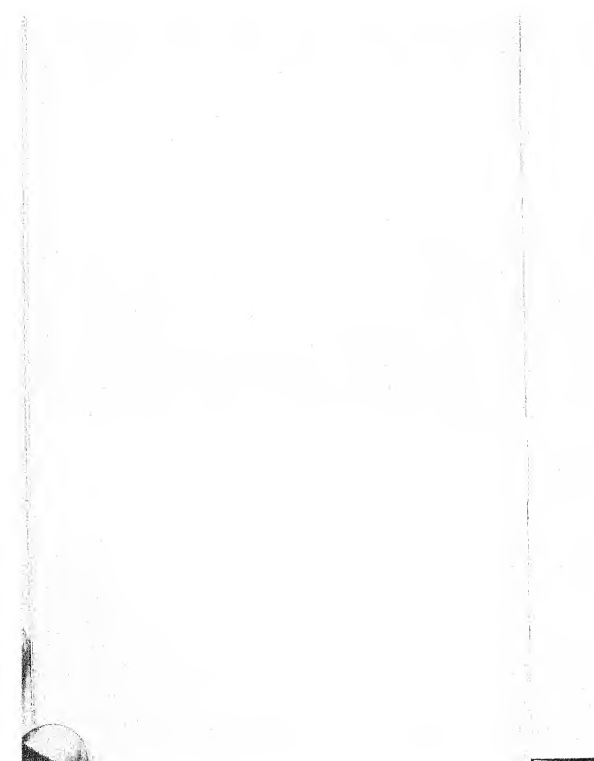
Matter, 'tis a very considerable Addition to her Disbursements; Which you will easily believe, when you know she paints Fans for all her Female Acquaintance, and draws all her Relations Pictures in Miniature; the first must be mounted by no body but *Colmar*, and the other set by no body but *Charles Mather*. What follows, is still much worse than the former; for, as I told you, she is a great Artist at her Needle, 'tis incredible what Sums she expends on Embroidery; For besides what is appropriated to her personal Use, as Mantuas, Petticoats, Stomachers, Handkerchiefs, Purses, Pin-cushions, and Working Aprons, she keeps four *French* Protestants continually employ'd in making divers Pieces of superfluous Furniture, as Quilts, Toilets, Hangings for Closets, Beds, Window-Curtains, easy Chairs, and Tabourets: Nor have I any hopes of ever reclaiming her from this Extravagance, while she obstinately persists in thinking it a notable piece of good Housewifry, because they are made at home, and she has had some share in the Performance. There would be no end of relating to you the Particulars of the annual Charge, in furnishing her Store-Room with a Profusion of Pickles and Preserves; for she is not contented with having every thing, unless it be done every way, in which she consults an Hereditary Book of Receipts; for her female Ancestors have been always fam'd for good Housewifry, one of whom is made immortal, by giving her Name to an Eye-Water and two sorts of Puddings. I cannot undertake to

THE EXTRAVAGANT WIFE

recite all her medicinal Preparations, as Salves, Cerecloths, Powders, Confects, Cordials, Ratafia, Persico, Orange-flower, and Cherry-Brandy, together with innumerable sorts of Simple Waters. But there is nothing I lay so much to Heart as that detestable Catalogue of counterfeit Wines, which derive their Names from the Fruits, Herbs, or Trees of whose Juices they are chiefly compounded: They are loathsome to the Taste, and pernicious to the Health; and as they seldom survive the Year, and then are thrown away, under a False Pretence of Frugality I may affirm they stand me in more than if I entertain'd all our Visitors with the best Burgundy and Champaign. Coffee, Chocolate, Green, Imperial, Peco, and Bohea-Tea seem to be Trifles; but when the proper Appurtenances of the Tea-Table are added, they swell the Account higher than one would imagine. I cannot conclude without doing her Justice in one Article; where her Frugality is so remarkable, I must not deny her the Merit of it, and that is in relation to her Children, who are all confin'd, both Boys and Girls, to one large Room in the remotest Part of the House, with Bolts on the Doors and Bars to the Windows, under the Care and Tuition of an old Woman, who had been dry Nurse to her Grandmother. This is their Residence all the Year round; and as they are never allow'd to appear, she prudently thinks it needless to be at any Expence in Apparel or Learning. Her eldest Daughter to this day would have neither read nor writ, if it had not

been for the Butler, who being the Son of a Country Attorney, has taught her such a Hand as is generally used for engrossing Bills in *Chancery*. By this time I have sufficiently tired your Patience with my domestick Grievances; which I hope you will agree could not well be contain'd in a narrower Compass, when you consider what a Paradox I undertook to maintain in the Beginning of my Epistle, and which manifestly appears to be but too melancholy a Truth. And now I heartily wish the Relation I have given of my Misfortunes may be of Use and Benefit to the Publick. By the Example I have set before them, the truly virtuous Wives may learn to avoid those Errors which have so unhappily mis-led mine, and which are visibly these three. First, in mistaking the proper Objects of her Esteem, and fixing her Affections upon such things as are only the Trappings and Decorations of her Sex. Secondly, In not distinguishing what becomes the different Stages of Life. And, Lastly, 'The Abuse and Corruption of some excellent Qualities, which, if circumscrib'd within just Bounds, would have been the Blessing and Prosperity of her Family, but by a vicious Extreme are like to be the Bane and Destruction of it."

Monday, March 17, 1712.



How to meet Death

———*Quos ille timorum
Maximus haud urget lethi metus: inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis*——— Lucan.

I am very much pleased with a Consolatory Letter of *Phalaris*, to one who had lost a Son that was a young Man of great Merit. The Thought with which he comforts the afflicted Father, is, to the best of my Memory, as follows: That he should consider Death had set a kind of Seal upon his Son's Character, and placed him out of the Reach of Vice and Infamy: That while he liv'd he was still within the Possibility of falling away from Virtue, and losing the Fame of which he was possessed. Death only closes a Man's Reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other Motives, may be one Reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a Man's Praise till his Head is laid in the Dust. Whilst he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our Opinions. He may forfeit the Esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different Light from what

HOW TO MEET DEATH

he does at present. In short, as the Life of any Man cannot be call'd happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the Conclusion of it.

It was upon this Consideration that *Epaminondas*, being asked whether *Chabrias*, *Iphicrates*, or he himself, deserved most to be esteemed? You must first see us die, said he, before that Question can be answered.

As there is not a more melancholy Consideration to a good Man than his being obnoxious to such a Change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an Uniformity in his Actions, and preserve the Beauty of his Character to the last.

The End of a Man's Life is often compared to the winding up of a well-written Play, where the principal Persons still act in Character, whatever the Fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great Person in the *Grecian* or *Roman* History, whose Death has not been remarked upon by some Writer or other, and censured or applauded according to the Genius or Principles of the Person who has descanted on it. *Monsieur de St. Eremont* is very particular in setting forth the Constancy and Courage of *Petronius Arbitr* during his last Moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater Firmness of Mind and Resolution than in the Death of *Seneca*, *Cato*, or *Socrates*. There is no question but this polite Author's Affectation of appearing singular in his Remarks, and making Discoveries which had escaped the Observation of others, threw him into this course

HOW TO MEET DEATH

of Reflection. It was *Petronius's* Merit that he died in the same Gaiety of Temper in which he lived; but, as his Life was altogether loose and dissolute, the Indifference which he showed at the Close of it is to be looked upon as a piece of natural Carelessness and Levity, rather than Fortitude. The Resolution of *Socrates* proceeded from very different Motives, the Consciousness of a well-spent Life, and the prospect of a happy Eternity. If the ingenious Author above mentioned was so pleased with Gaiety of Humour in a dying Man, he might have found a much nobler Instance of it in our Countryman Sir *Thomas More*.

This great and learned Man was famous for enlivening his ordinary Discourses with Wit and Pleasantry; and, as *Erasmus* tells him in an Epistle Dedicatory, acted in all parts of Life like a second *Democritus*.

He died upon a Point of Religion, and is respected as a Martyr by that Side for which he suffer'd. That innocent Mirth which had been so conspicuous in his Life, did not forsake him to the last: He maintain'd the same Cheerfulness of Heart upon the Scaffold, which he used to shew at his Table; and upon laying his Head on the Block, gave Instances of that Good-Humour with which he had always entertained his Friends in the most ordinary Occurrences. His Death was of a piece with his Life. There was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He did not look upon the severing of his Head from his Body as a Circumstance that ought to produce any Change in the Dis-

HOW TO MEET DEATH

position of his Mind; and as he died under a fixed and settled Hope of Immortality, he thought any unusual degree of Sorrow and Concern improper on such an Occasion, as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of Imitation from this Example. Mens natural Fears will be a sufficient Guard against it. I shall only observe, that what was Philosophy in this Extraordinary Man, would be Frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the Chearfulness of his Temper, as in the Sanctity of his Life and Manners.

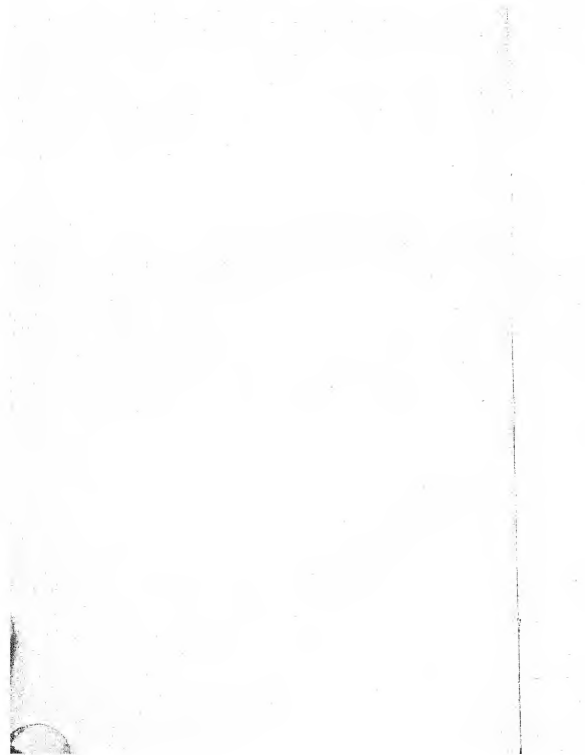
I shall conclude this Paper with the Instance of a Person who seems to me to have shewn more Intrepidity and Greatness of Soul in his dying Moments, than what we meet with among any of the most celebrated *Greeks* and *Romans*. I met with this Instance in the History of the Revolutions in *Portugal*, written by the Abbot *de Vertot*.

When Don *Sebastian*, King of *Portugal*, had invaded the Territories of *Muly Moluc*, Emperor of *Morocco*, in order to dethrone him, and set his Crown upon the Head of his Nephew, *Moluc* was wearing away with a Distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the Reception of so formidable an Enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his Sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole Day, when the last decisive Battel was given; but knowing the fatal Consequences that would happen to his Chil-

HOW TO MEET DEATH

dren and People, in case he should die before he put an end to that War, he commanded his principal Officers that if he died during the Engagement, they should conceal his Death from the Army, and that they should ride up to the Litter in which his Corpse was carried, under Pretence of receiving Orders from him as usual. Before the Battel begun, he was carried through all the Ranks of his Army in an open Litter, as they stood drawn up in Array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their Religion and Country. Finding afterwards the Battel to go against him, tho' he was very near his last Agonies, he threw himself out of his Litter, rallied his Army, and led them on to the Charge; which afterwards ended in a compleat Victory on the side of the *Moors*. He had no sooner brought his Men to the Engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his Litter, where laying his Finger on his Mouth, to enjoin Secrecy to his Officers, who stood about him, he died a few Moments after in that Posture. L.

Thursday, April 10, 1712.



A Dissertation upon Cat-Calls

*Tartarum intendit vocem, qua protinus omnis
Contremuit domus———* Virg.

I have lately received the following Letter
from a Country Gentleman.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

The Night before I left *London* I went to see
a Play, called *The Humorous Lieutenant*. Upon
the Rising of the Curtain I was very much
surprized with the great Consort of Cat-calls
which was exhibited that Evening, and began
to think with myself that I had made a Mis-
take, and gone to a Musick-Meeting, instead
of the Play-house. It appeared indeed a little
odd to me to see so many Persons of Quality
of both Sexes assembled together at a kind of
Catter-wawling; for I cannot look upon that
Performance to have been any thing better,
whatever the Musicians themselves might think
of it. As I had no Acquaintance in the House
to ask Questions of, and was forced to go out
of Town early the next Morning, I could not

A DISSERTATION

learn the Secret of this Matter. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to give some account of this strange Instrument, which I found the Company called a Cat-call; and particularly to let me know whether it be a piece of Musick lately come from *Italy*. For my own part, to be free with you, I would rather hear an *English* Fiddle; though I durst not shew my Dislike whilst I was in the Play-house, it being my Chance to sit the very next Man to one of the Performers.

I am, SIR,

*Your most affectionate Friend
and Servant,*

John Shallow, *Esq.*"

In compliance with 'Squire *Shallow's* Request, I design this Paper as a Dissertation upon the Cat-call. In order to make myself a Master of the Subject, I purchased one the Beginning of last Week, though not without great difficulty, being inform'd at two or three Toyshops that the Players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned Antiquaries in relation to its Original, and find them very much divided among themselves upon that Particular. A Fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good Friend, and a great Proficient in the Mathematical Part of Musick, concludes from the Simplicity of its Make, and the Uniformity of its Sound, that the Cat-call is older than any of the Inventions of *Jubal*. He observes very

UPON CAT-CALLS

well, that Musical Instruments took their first Rise from the Notes of Birds, and other melodious Animals; and what, says he, was more natural than for the first Ages of Mankind to imitate the Voice of a Cat that lived under the same Roof with them? He added, that the Cat had contributed more to Harmony than any other Animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this Wind-Instrument, but for our String Musick in general.

Another Virtuoso of my Acquaintance will not allow the Cat-call to be older than *Thespis*, and is apt to think it appeared in the World soon after the antient Comedy; for which reason it has still a place in our Dramatick Entertainments: Nor must I here omit what a very curious Gentleman, who is lately return'd from his Travels, has more than once assured me, namely that there was lately dug up at *Rome* the Statue of a *Momus*, who holds an Instrument in his Right-Hand very much resembling our Modern Cat-call.

There are others who ascribe this Invention to *Orpheus*, and look upon the Cat-call to be one of those Instruments which that famous Musician made use of to draw the Beasts about him. It is certain, that the Roasting of a Cat does not call together a greater Audience of that Species than this Instrument, if dexterously play'd upon in proper Time and Place.

But notwithstanding these various and learned Conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking that the Cat-call is originally a Piece of *English* Musick. Its Resemblance to the Voice of some of our

British Songsters, as well as the Use of it, which is peculiar to our Nation, confirms me in this Opinion. It has at least received great Improvements among us, whether we consider the Instrument it self, or those several Quavers and Graces which are thrown into the playing of it. Every one might be sensible of this, who heard that remarkable overgrown Cat-call which was placed in the Center of the Pit, and presided over all the rest at the celebrated Performance lately exhibited in *Drury-Lane*.

Having said thus much concerning the Original of the Cat-call, we are in the next place to consider the Use of it. The Cat-call exerts it self to most advantage in the *British* Theatre: It very much Improves the Sound of Nonsense, and often goes along with the Voice of the Actor who pronounces it, as the Violin or Harpsichord accompanies the *Italian* Recitativo.

It has often supplied the Place of the antient *Chorus*, in the works of Mr. * * * In short, a bad Poet has as great an Antipathy to a Cat-call, as many People have to a real Cat.

Mr. *Collier*, in his ingenious Essay upon Musick, has the following Passage:

I believe 'tis possible to invent an Instrument that shall have a quite contrary Effect to those Martial ones now in use: An Instrument that shall sink the Spirits, and shake the Nerves, and curdle the Blood, and inspire Despair, and Cowardice and Consternation, at a surprizing rate. 'Tis probable the Roaring of Lions, the Warbling of Cats and Scritch-Owls, together with a Mixture of the Howl-

ing of Dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this Invention. Whether such Anti-Musick as this might not be of Service in a Camp, I shall leave to the Military Men to consider.

What this learned Gentleman supposes in Speculation, I have known actually verified in Practice. The Cat-call has struck a Damp into Generals, and frightened Heroes off the Stage. At the first sound of it I have seen a Crowned Head tremble, and a Princess fall into Fits. The *Humorous Lieutenant* himself could not stand it; nay, I am told that even *Almanzor* looked like a Mouse, and trembled at the Voice of this terrifying Instrument.

As it is of a Dramatick Nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the Stage, I can by no means approve the Thought of that angry Lover, who, after an unsuccessful Pursuit of some Years, took leave of his Mistress in a Serenade of Cat-calls.

I must conclude this Paper with the Account I have lately received of an ingenious Artist, who has long studied this Instrument, and is very well versed in all the Rules of the Drama. He teaches to play on it by Book, and to express by it the whole Art of Criticism. He has his Base and his Treble Cat-call; the former for Tragedy, the latter for Comedy; only in Tragy-Comedies they may both play together in Consort. He has a particular Squeak to denote the Violation of each of the Unities, and has different Sounds to shew whether he aims at the Poet or the Player. In

CAT-CALLS

short he teaches the Smut-note, the Fustian-note, the Stupid-note, and has composed a kind of Air that may serve as an Act-tune to an incorrigible Play, and which takes in the whole Compass of the Cat-call. L.

Thursday, April 24, 1712.

A Collection of Freaks and of Bores

*Janne igitur laudas quod de sapientibus unus
Ridebat?— Juv.*

I shall communicate to my Reader the following Letter for the Entertainment of this Day.

“SIR,

You know very well that our Nation is more famous for that sort of Men who are called *Whims* and *Humourists*, than any other Country in the World; for which reason it is observed that our *English* Comedy excells that of all other Nations in the Novelty and Variety of its Characters.

Among those innumerable Setts of *Whims* which our Country produces, there are none whom I have regarded with more Curiosity than those who have invented any particular kind of Diversion for the Entertainment of themselves or their Friends. My Letter shall single out those who take delight in sorting a Company that has something of Burlesque and Ridicule in its Appearance. I shall make my self understood by the following Example.

FREAKS AND BORES

One of the Wits of the last Age, who was a Man of a good Estate, thought he never laid out his Money better than in a Jest. As he was one Year at the *Bath*, observing that in the great Confluence of fine People, there were several among them with long Chins, a part of the Visage by which he himself was very much distinguished, he invited to dinner half a Score of these remarkable Persons who had their Mouths in the Middle of their Faces. They had no sooner placed themselves about the Table, but they began to stare upon one another, not being able to imagine what had brought them together. Our *English* Proverb says,

*'Tis merry in the Hall,
When Beards wag all.*

It proved so in the Assembly I am now speaking of, who seeing so many Peaks of Faces agitated with Eating, Drinking, and Discourse, and observing all the Chins that were present meeting together very often over the Center of the Table, every one grew sensible of the Jest, and came into it with so much Good-Humour, that they lived in strict Friendship and Alliance from that Day forward.

The same Gentleman some time after packed together a Set of Oglers, as he called them, consisting of such as had an unlucky Cast in their Eyes. His Diversion on this Occasion was to see the cross Bows, mistaken Signs, and wrong Connivances that passed amidst so many broken and refracted Rays of Sight.

FREAKS AND BORES

The third Feast which this merry Gentleman exhibited was to the Stammerers, whom he got together in a sufficient Body to fill his Table. He had ordered one of his Servants, who was placed behind a Skreen, to write down their Table-Talk, which was very easie to be done without the help of Short-hand. It appears by the Notes which were taken, that tho' their Conversation never fell, there were not above twenty Words spoken during the first Course; that upon serving up the second, one of the Company was a quarter of an Hour in telling them, that the Ducklins and Asparagus were very good; and that another took up the same time in declaring himself of the same Opinion. This Jest did not, however, go off so well as the former; for one of the Guests being a brave Man, and fuller of Resentment than he knew how to express, went out of the Room, and sent the facetious Inviter a Challenge in Writing, which though it was afterwards dropp'd by the Interposition of Friends, put a Stop to these ludicrous Entertainments.

Now, Sir, I dare say you will agree with me, that as there is no Moral in these Jest, they ought to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as pieces of Unluckiness than Wit. However, as it is natural for one man to refine upon the Thought of another, and impossible for any single Person, how great soever his Parts may be, to invent an Art, and bring it to its utmost Perfection; I shall here give you an account of an honest Gentleman of my Acquaintance who upon hearing the Character of the Wit above

mentioned, has himself assumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to the Benefit of Mankind. He invited half a dozen of his Friends one day to Dinner, who were each of them famous for inserting several redundant Phrases in their Discourse, *d'y' hear me, d'y'e see, that is, and so Sir.* Each of the Guests making frequent use of his particular Elegance, appeared so ridiculous to his Neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing equally ridiculous to the rest of the Company: By this means, before they had sat long together, every one talking with the greatest Circumspection, and carefully avoiding his favourite Expletive, the Conversation was cleared of its Redundancies, and had a greater Quantity of Sense, tho' less of Sound in it.

The same well-meaning Gentleman took occasion, at another time, to bring together such of his Friends as were addicted to a foolish habitual Custom of Swearing. In order to shew the Absurdity of the Practice, he had recourse to the Invention above mentioned, having placed an *Amanuensis* in a private part of the Room. After the second Bottle, when Men open their Minds without Reserve, my honest Friend began to take notice of the many sonorous but unnecessary Words that had passed in his House since their sitting down at Table, and how much good Conversation they had lost by giving way to such superfluous Phrases. What a Tax, says he, would they have raised for the Poor, had we put the Laws in Execution upon one another? Every one

of them took this gentle Reproof in good part: Upon which he told them, that knowing their Conversation would have no Secrets in it, he had ordered it to be taken down in Writing, and for the humour sake would read it to them, if they pleased. There were ten Sheets of it, which might have been reduced to two, had there not been those abominable Interpolations I have before mentioned. Upon the reading of it in cold Blood, it looked rather like a Conference of Fiends than of Men. In short, every one trembled at himself upon hearing calmly what he had pronounced amidst the Heat and Inadvertency of Discourse.

I shall only mention another Occasion wherein he made use of the same Invention to cure a different kind of Men, who are the Pests of all polite Conversation, and murder Time as much as either of the two former, though they do it more innocently; I mean that dull Generation of Story-tellers. My Friend got together about half a dozen of his Acquaintance, who were infected with this strange Malady. The first Day one of them sitting down, entered upon the Siege of *Namur*, which lasted till four a-clock, their time of parting. The second Day a *North-Britain* took possession of the Discourse, which it was impossible to get out of his Hands so long as the Company staid together. The third Day was engrossed after the same manner by a Story of the same length. They at last began to reflect upon this barbarous way of treating one another, and by this means awakened out of that

Lethargy with which each of them had been seized for several Years.

As you have somewhere declared, that extraordinary and uncommon Characters of Mankind are the Game which you delight in, and as I look upon you to be the greatest Sportsman, or, if you please, the *Nimrod* among this Species of Writers, I thought this Discovery would not be unacceptable to you.

I am,

I.

SIR, &c."

Tuesday, May 6, 1712.

Cheerfulness—as a Moral Habit

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis,
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitia, moriture Delli.—Hor.*

I have always preferred Cheerfulness to Mirth. The latter, I consider as an Act, the former as an Habit of the Mind. Mirth is short and transient, Cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest Transports of Mirth, who are subject to the greatest Depressions of Melancholy: On the contrary, Cheerfulness, tho' it does not give the Mind such an exquisite Gladness, prevents us from falling into any Depths of Sorrow. Mirth is like a Flash of Lightning, that breaks thro' a Gloom of Clouds, and glitters for a Moment; Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of Day-light in the Mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual Serenity.

Men of austere Principles look upon Mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a State of Probation, and as filled with a certain Triumph and Insolence of Heart, that is inconsistent with a Life which is every moment obnoxious

to the greatest Dangers. Writers of this Complexion have observed, that the sacred Person who was the great Pattern of Perfection was never seen to Laugh.

Chearfulness of Mind is not liable to any of these Exceptions; it is of a serious and composed Nature, it does not throw the Mind into a Condition improper for the present State of Humanity, and is very conspicuous in the Characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest Philosophers among the Heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as Saints and Holy Men among Christians.

If we consider Chearfulness in three Lights, with regard to our selves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our Being, it will not a little recommend it self on each of these Accounts. The Man who is possessed of this excellent Frame of Mind, is not only easy in his Thoughts, but a perfect Master of all the Powers and Faculties of his Soul: His Imagination is always clear, and his Judgment undisturbed: His Temper is even and unruffled, whether in Action or in Solitude. He comes with a Relish to all those Goods which Nature has provided for him, tastes all the Pleasures of the Creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full Weight of those accidental Evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the Persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces Love and Good-will towards him. A chearful Mind is not only disposed to be affable and

obliging, but raises the same good Humour in those who come within its Influence. A Man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the Cheerfulness of his Companion: It is like a sudden Sun-shine that awakens a secret Delight in the Mind, without her attending to it. The Heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturall flows out into Friendship and Benevolence towards the Person who has so kindly an Effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful State of Mind in its third Relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual Gratitude to the great Author of Nature. An inward Cheerfulness is an implicit Praise and Thanksgiving to Providence under all its Dispensations. It is a kind of Acquiescence in the State wherein we are placed, and a secret Approbation of the Divine Will in his Conduct towards Man.

There are but two things which, in my Opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this Cheerfulness of Heart. The first of these is the Sense of Guilt. A Man who lives in a State of Vice and Impenitence, can have no Title to that Evenness and Tranquillity of Mind which is the Health of the Soul, and the natural Effect of Virtue and Innocence. Cheerfulness in an ill Man deserves a harder Name than Language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call Folly or Madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a Disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future State, under whatsoever Titles it shelters it

CHEERFULNESS

self, may likewise very reasonably deprive a Man of this Chearfulness of Temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human Nature in the Prospect of No^r Existence, that I cannot but wonder, with ^{any} of excellent Writers, how it is possible for ^a com- to out-live the Expectation of it. For ^{ind} into Part, I think the Being of a God is so ^{State} of be doubted, that it is almost the only ^T in the are sure of, and such a Truth as we ^{upon} as in every Object, in every Occurrence, ^{athens}, every Thought. If we look into the ^{Ch}en de- of this Tribe of Infidels, we generally ^{fi} Men are made up of Pride, Spleen, and Cavi^{lights}, indeed no wonder, that Men, who are ^{easy} to themselves, should be so to the rest of the World; and how is it possible for a Man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every Moment of losing his entire Existence, and dropping into Nothing?

The vicious Man and Atheist have therefore no Pretence to Chearfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in Good-Humour, and enjoy his present Existence, who is apprehensive either of Torment or of Annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mention'd these two great Principles, which are destructive of Chearfulness in their own Nature, as well as in right Reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy Temper from a Virtuous Mind. Pain and Sickness, Shame and Reproach,

Poverty and old Age, nay Death it self, considering the Shortness of their Duration, and the Advantage we may reap from them, do not wileserve the Name of Evils. A good Mind like ~~an~~ bear up under them with Fortitude, with Delightance and with Chearfulness of Heart. it. The passing of a Tempest does not discompose naturally, which he is sure will bring him to a violence Harbour.

an Effect Man, who uses his best endeavours to Whetording to the Dictates of Virtue and in its Reason, has two perpetual Sources of it as a fulness; in the Consideration of his own Authorice, and of that Being on whom he has an impendance. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that Existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after Millions of Ages, will be still new, and still in its Beginning. How many Self-Congratulations naturally arise in the Mind, when it reflects on this its Entrance into Eternity, when it takes a View of those improveable Faculties, which in a few Years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a Progress, and which will be still receiving an Increase of Perfection, and consequently an Increase of Happiness? The Consciousness of such a Being spreads a perpetual Diffusion of Joy through the Soul of a virtuous Man, and makes him look upon himself every Moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second Source of Chearfulness to a good Mind, is its Consideration of that Being on whom we have our Dependance, and in whom,

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though we behold him as yet but in the first faint Discoveries of his Perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find our selves every where upheld by his Goodness, and surrounded with an Immensity of Love and Mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose Indulgence qualifies him to make us happy by an infinite State of Means, whose Goodness and Truth enable him to make those happy who desire it upon as and whose Unchangeableness will secure this Happiness to all Eternity.

Such Considerations, which every one of Men perpetually cherish in his Thoughts, will lift us from us all that secret Heaviness of Heart which unthinking Men are subject to when they lie under no real Affliction, all that Anguish which we may feel from any Evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little Cracklings of Mirth and Folly that are apter to betray Virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful Temper, as makes us pleasing to our selves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we were made to please.

Saturday, May 17, 1712.

Cheerfulness—in its Natural State

Quid pure tranquillit— Hor.

In my last *Saturday's* Paper I spoke of Cheerfulness as it is a *Moral* Habit of the Mind, and accordingly mentioned such moral Motives as are apt to cherish and keep alive this happy Temper in the Soul of Man: I shall now consider Cheerfulness in its *natural* State, and reflect on those Motives to it, which are indifferent either as to Virtue or Vice.

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best Promoter of Health. Repinings and secret Murmurs of Heart, give imperceptible Strokes to those delicate Fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the Machine insensibly; not to mention those violent Ferments which they stir up in the Blood, and those irregular disturbed Motions, which they raise in the animal Spirits. I scarce remember, in my own Observation, to have met with many old Men, or with such, who (to use our *English* Phrase) *wear well*, that had not at least a certain Indolence in their Humour, if not a more than ordinary Gaiety and Cheerfulness of Heart. The truth of it is, Health and Cheerfulness

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mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of Health which is not attended with a certain Cheerfulness, but very often see Cheerfulness, where there is no great degree of Health.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly Power to the Mind as to the Body: It banishes anxious Care and Discontent, soothes and engages the Passions, and keeps the Soul in Perpetual Calm. But having already told him, on this last Consideration, I shall here put in notice, that the World, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable Objects, which are proper to raise and keep alive this cheerful Temper of Mind.

If we consider the World in its Subserviency to Man, one would think it was made for our Use; but if we consider it in its natural Beauty and Harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our Pleasure. The Sun, which is as the great Soul of the Universe, and produces all the Necessaries of Life, has a particular influence in chearing the Mind of Man, and making the Heart glad.

Those several living Creatures which are made for our Service or Sustenance, at the same time either fill the Woods with their Musick, furnish us with Game, or raise pleasing Ideas in us by the delightfulness of their Appearance. Fountains, Lakes, and Rivers, are as refreshing to the Imagination, as to the Soil through which they pass.

There are Writers of great Distinction, who have made it an Argument for Providence, that

the whole Earth is covered with Green, rather than with any other Colour, as being such a right Mixture of Light and Shade, that it comforts and strengthens the Eye instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason several Painters have a green Cloth hanging near them, to ease the Eye upon, after too great an Application to their Colouring. A famous modern Philosopher accounts for it in the following manner: All Colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal Spirits which are employ'd in Sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal Spirits a sufficient Exercise; whereas ^{they} ~~the~~ ^{say} ~~that~~ produce in us the Idea of Green, ^{prop} ~~the~~ ^{port} ~~ion~~ ^{me} on the Eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal Spirits their proper Play, and by keeping up the struggle in a just Ballance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable Sensation. Let the Cause be what it will, the Effect is certain, for which reason the Poets ascribe to this particular Colour the Epithet of *Cheerful*.

To consider further this double End in the Works of Nature, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important Parts in the vegetable World are those which are the most beautiful. These are the Seeds by which the several Races of Plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in Flowers or Blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal Design, and to be industrious in making the Earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great

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Work, and intent upon her own Preservation. The Husbandman after the same manner is employed in laying out the whole Country into a kind of Garden or Landskip, and making every thing smile about him, whilst in regard he thinks of nothing but of the Harvest. regard
Encrease which is to arise from it. Polishes all

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this Cheerfulness in a Mind of Man, by having formed it after a particular manner, as to make it capable of conceiving and taking light from several Objects which seem to be of very little use in them; as from the Winding of Rocks and Desarts, and the like grotrious Parts of Nature. Those who are versed in Philosophy may still carry this Consideration higher, by observing that if Matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real Qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable Figure; and why has Providence given it a Power of producing in us such Imaginary Qualities, as Tastes and Colours, Sounds and Smells, Heat and Cold, but that Man, while he is conversant in the lower Stations of Nature, might have his Mind cheered and delighted with agreeable Sensations? In short, the whole Universe is a kind of Theatre filled with Objects that either raise in us Pleasure, Amusement, or Admiration.

The Reader's own Thoughts will suggest to him the Vicissitude of Day and Night, the Change of Seasons, with all that Variety of Scenes which diversify the Face of Nature,

and fill the Mind with a perpetual Succession of beautiful and pleasing Images.

I shall not here mention the several Entertainments of Art, with the Pleasures of Friendship, Books, Conversation, and other accidental Diversions of Life, because I would only take notice of such Incitements to a Cheerful Temper, as offer themselves to Persons of all Ranks and Conditions, and which may sufficiently shew us that Providence did not design this World should be filled with Murmurs and Repinings, or that the Heart of Man should be involved in Gloom and Melancholy.

I the more inculcate this Cheerfulness of Temper, as it is a Virtue in which our Countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other Nation. Melancholy is a kind of Demon that haunts our Island, and often conveys her self to us in an Easterly Wind. A celebrated *French* Novelist, in opposition to those who begin their Romances with the flow'ry Season of the Year, enters on his Story thus: *In the gloomy Month of November, when the People of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate Lover walked out into the Fields, &c.*

Every one ought to fence against the Temper of his Climate or Constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those Considerations which may give him a Serenity of Mind, and enable him to bear up cheerfully against those little Evils and Misfortunes which are common to humane Nature, and which by a right Improvement of them will produce a Satiety of Joy, and an uninterrupted Happiness.

NATURAL CHEERFULNESS

At the same time that I would engage my Reader to consider the World in its most agreeable Lights, I must own there are many Evils which naturally spring up amidst the Entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly consider'd, should be far from over-casting the Mind with Sorrow, or destroying that Cheerfulness of Temper which I have been recommending. This Interspersion of Evil with Good, and Pain with Pleasure, in the Works of Nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. Locke, in his Essay on Human Understanding, to a moral Reason, in the following Words:

Beyond all this, we may find another Reason why God hath scattered up and down several Degrees of Pleasure and Pain, in all the Things that environ and affect us, and blended them together, in almost all that our Thoughts and Senses have to do with; that we finding Imperfection, Dissatisfaction, and Want of compleat Happiness in all the Enjoyments which the Creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the Enjoyment of him, with whom there is Fulness of Joy, and at whose Right Hand are Pleasures for evermore. L.

Saturday, May 24, 1712.

The Lack of Gesture and of Action in English Oratory

———*abest facundis Gratia dictis.*—Ovid.

Most Foreign Writers who have given any Character of the *English* Nation, whatever Vices they ascribe to it, allow in general, that the People are naturally Modest. It proceeds perhaps from this our National Virtue, that our Orators are observed to make use of less Gesture or Action than those of other Countries. Our Preachers stand stock-still in the Pulpit, and will not so much as move a Finger to set off the best Sermons in the World. We meet with the same speaking Statues at our Bars, and in all Publick Places of Debate. Our Words flow from us in a smooth, continued Stream, without those Strainings of the Voice, Motions of the Body, and Majesty of the Hand, which are so much celebrated in the Orators of *Greece* and *Rome*. We can talk of Life and Death in cold Blood, and keep our Temper in a Discourse which turns upon every thing that is dear to us. Though our Zeal breaks out in

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the finest Tropes and Figures, it is not able to stir a Limb about us. I have heard it observed more than once by those who have seen *Italy*, that an untravell'd *Englishman* cannot relish all the beauties of *Italian* Pictures, because the Postures which are expressed in them are often such as are peculiar to that Country. One who has not seen an *Italian* in the Pulpit, will not know what to make of that noble Gesture in *Raphael's* Picture of *St. Paul* preaching at *Athen*, where the Apostle is represented as lifting up both his Arms, and pouring out the Thunder of his Rhetorick amidst an Audience of Pagan Philosophers.

It is certain that proper Gestures and vehement Exertions of the Voice cannot be too much studied by a publick Orator. They are a kind of Comment to what he utters, and enforce every thing he says, with weak Hearers, better than the strongest Argument he can make use of. They keep the Audience awake, and fix their Attention to what is delivered to them, at the same time that they show the Speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others. Violent Gesture and Vociferation naturally shake the Hearts of the Ignorant, and fill them with a kind of Religious Horror. Nothing is more frequent than to see Women weep and tremble at the Sight of a moving Preacher, though he is placed quite out of their Hearing; as in *England* we very frequently see People lulled asleep with solid and elaborate Discourses of Piety, who would be warmed and

transported out of themselves by the Bellowings and Distortions of Enthusiasm.

If Nonsense, when accompanied with such an Emotion of Voice and Body, has such an Influence on Men's Minds, what might we not expect from many of those Admirable Discourses which are printed in our Tongue, were they delivered with a becoming Fervour, and with the most agreeable Graces of Voice and Gesture?

We are told that the great *Latin* Orator very much impaired his Health by this *laternum contentio*, this Vehemence of Action, with which he used to deliver himself. The *Greek* Orator was likewise so very Famous for this Particular in Rhetorick, that one of his Antagonists, whom he had banished from *Athens*, reading over the Oration which had procured his Banishment, and seeing his Friends admire it, could not forbear asking them, if they were so much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more they would have been alarmed, had they heard him actually throwing out such a Storm of Eloquence?

How cold and dead a Figure in Comparison of these two great Men, does an Orator often make at the *British* Bar, holding up his Head with the most insipid Serenity, and stroaking the sides of a long Wigg that reaches down to his Middle? The truth of it is, there is often nothing more ridiculous than the Gestures of an *English* Speaker; you see some of them running their Hands into their Pockets as far as ever they can thrust them, and others looking

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with great Attention on a piece of Paper that has nothing written in it; you may see many a smart Rhetorician turning his Hat in his Hands, moulding it into several different Cocks, examining sometimes the Lining of it, and sometimes the Button, during the whole course of his Harangue. A deaf man would tell you of one who was Cheapning a Beaver, when perhaps he will not talking of the Fate of the *British Nation* in remember, when I was a young Man, at *Athens*, to frequent *Westminster-Hall*, there was a Pithunder seller who never pleaded without a Pithunder Pack-thread in his Hand, which he used to twist about a Thumb, or a Finger, all the time he was speaking: The Waggs of those days used to call it the Thread of his Discourse, for he was not able to utter a Word without it. One of his Clients, who was more merry than wise, stole it from him one Day in the midst of his Pleading; but he had better have let it alone, for he lost his Cause by his Jest.

I have all along acknowledged my self to be a Dumb Man, and therefore may be thought a very improper Person to give Rules for Oratory; but I believe every one will agree with me in this, that we ought either to lay aside all kinds of Gesture, (which seems to be very suitable to the Genius of our Nation) or at least to make use of such only as are graceful and expressive.

O.

Tuesday, June 17, 1712.

The Infirmary for Ill-humoured Persons

Vivere si recte nescis, discede peritis.—HOR.

I have already given my Reader an Account of a Sett of merry Fellows, who are passing their Summer together in the Country, being provided of a great House, where there is not only a convenient Apartment for every particular Person, but a large Infirmary for the Reception of such of them as are any way indisposed, or out of Humour. Having lately received a Letter from the Secretary of this Society, by Order of the whole Fraternity, which acquaints me with their Behaviour during the last Week, I shall here make a Present of it to the Publick.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

We are glad to find that you approve the Establishment which we have here made for the retrieving of good Manners and agreeable Conversation, and shall use our best Endeavours so to improve our selves in this our Summer Retirement, that we may next Winter serve as Patterns to the Town. But to the end that this our Institution may be no less

Advantageous to the Publick than to our selves, we shall communicate to you one Week of our Proceedings, desiring you at the same time, if you see any thing faulty in them, to favour us with your Admonitions. For you must know, Sir, that it has been proposed among us to chuse you for our Visitor, to which I must further add, that one of the College having declared last Week, he did not like the *Spectator* of the Day, and not being able to assign any just Reasons for such his Dislike, he was sent to the Infirmary *Nemine Contradicente*.

On *Monday* the Assembly was in very good Humour, having received some Recruits of *French* Claret that Morning: when unluckily, towards the middle of the Dinner, one of the Company swore at his Servant in a very rough manner, for having put too much Water in his Wine. Upon which the President of the Day, who is always the mouth of the Company, after having convinced him of the Impertinence of his Passion, and the Insult it had made upon the Company, ordered his Man to take him from the Table and convey him to the Infirmary. There was but one more sent away that Day; this was a Gentleman who is reckoned by some Persons one of the greatest Wits, and by others one of the greatest Boobies about Town. This you will say is a strange Character, but what makes it stranger yet, it is a very true one, for he is perpetually the Reverse of himself, being always merry or dull to Excess. We brought him hither to divert us, which he did very

well upon the Road, having lavished away as much Wit and Laughter upon the Hackney Coachman as might have served him during his whole Stay here, had it been duly managed. He had been lumpish for two or three Days, but was so far connived at, in hopes of Recovery, that we dispatched one of the briskest Fellows among the Brotherhood into the Infirmary, for having told him at Table he was not merry. But our President observing that he indulged himself in this long Fit of Stupidity, and construing it as a Contempt of the College, ordered him to retire into the Place prepared for such Companions. He was no sooner got into it, but his Wit and Mirth returned upon him in so violent a manner, that he shook the whole Infirmary with the Noise of it, and had so good an Effect upon the rest of the Patients, that he brought them all out to Dinner with him the next Day.

On *Tuesday* we were no sooner sat down, but one of the Company complained that his Head ached; upon which another asked him, in an insolent manner, what he did there then; this insensibly grew into some warm Words; so that the President, in order to keep the Peace, gave directions to take them both from the Table, and lodge them in the Infirmary. Not long after, another of the Company telling us, he knew by a Pain in his Shoulder that we should have some Rain, the President ordered him to be removed, and placed as a Weather-glass in the Apartment above mentioned.

On *Wednesday* a Gentleman having received a Letter written in a Woman's Hand, and changing Colour twice or thrice as he read it, desired leave to retire into the Infirmary. The President consented, but denied him the Use of Pen, Ink and Paper, till such time as he had slept upon it. One of the Company being seated at the lower end of the Table, and discovering his secret Discontent by finding fault with every Dish that was served up, and refusing to Laugh at any thing that was said, the President told him, that he found he was in an uneasy Seat, and desired him to accommodate himself better in the Infirmary. After Dinner a very honest Fellow chancing to let a Punn fall from him, his Neighbour cryed out, *to the Infirmary*; at the same time pretending to be Sick at it, as having the same Natural Antipathy to a Punn, which some have to a Cat. This produced a long Debate. Upon the whole, the Punnster was Acquitted, and his Neighbour sent off.

On *Thursday* there was but one Delinquent. This was a Gentleman of strong Voice, but weak Understanding. He had unluckily engaged himself in a Dispute with a Man of excellent Sense, but of a modest Elocution. The Man of Heat replied to every Answer of his Antagonist with a louder Note than ordinary, and only raised his Voice when he should have enforced his Argument. Finding himself at length driven to an Absurdity, he still reasoned in a more clamorous and confused manner, and to make the greater Im-

pression upon his Hearers, concluded with a loud Thump upon the Table. The President immediately ordered him to be carried off, and dieted with Water-gruel, till such time as he should be sufficiently weakened for Conversation.

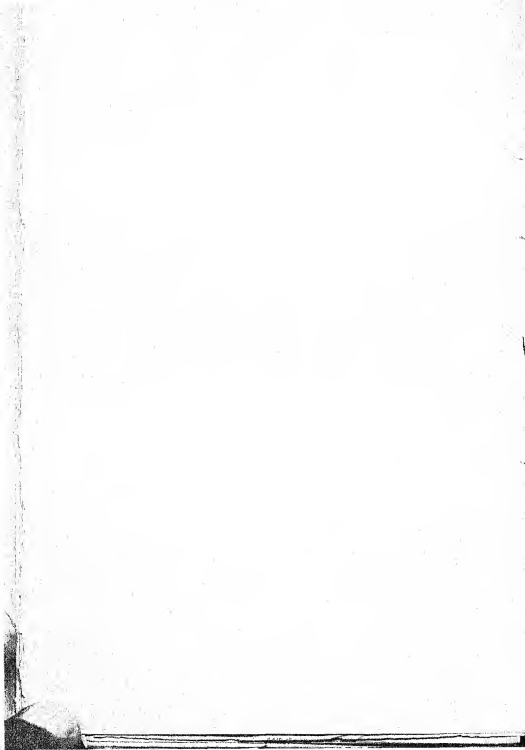
On *Friday* there passed very little remarkable, saving only, that several Petitions were read of the Persons in Custody, desiring to be released from their Confinement, and vouching for one another's good Behaviour for the future.

On *Saturday* we received many Excuses from Persons who had found themselves in an unsociable Temper, and had voluntarily shut themselves up. The Infirmary was indeed never so full as on this Day, which I was at some loss to account for, till upon my going Abroad I observed that it was an Easterly Wind. The Retirement of most of my Friends has given me Opportunity and Leisure of writing you this Letter, which I must not conclude without assuring you, that all the Members of our College, as well those who are under Confinement, as those who are at Liberty, are your very humble Servants, tho' none more than,

Ec.

C.

Friday, July 25, 1712.



True and False Modesty

Ἀιδῶς οὐκ ἀγάθη—— Hes.
——*Pudor malus*—— Hor.

I could not but Smile at the Account that was Yesterday given me of a modest young Gentleman, who being invited to an Entertainment, though he was not used to drink, had not the Confidence to refuse his Glass in his Turn, when on a sudden he grew so flustered that he took all the Talk of the Table into his own Hands, abused every one of the Company, and flung a Bottle at the Gentleman's Head who treated him. This has given me Occasion to reflect upon the ill Effects of a vicious Modesty, and to remember the Saying of *Brutus*, as it is quoted by *Plutarch*, that *the Person has had but an ill Education, who has not been taught to deny any thing*. This false kind of Modesty has, perhaps, betrayed both Sexes into as many Vices as the most abandoned Impudence, and is the more inexcusable to Reason, because it acts to gratify others rather than it self, and is punished with a kind of Remorse, not only like other vicious Habits when the Crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed.

Nothing is more amiable than true Modesty,

and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards Virtue, the other betrays it. True Modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the Rules of right Reason: False Modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the Humour of the Company. True Modesty avoids every thing that is criminal, false Modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined Instinct; the former is that Instinct, limited and circumscribed by the Rules of Prudence and Religion.

We may conclude that Modesty to be false and vicious, which engages a Man to do any thing that is ill or indiscreet, or which restrains him from doing any thing that is of a contrary Nature. How many Men, in the common Concerns of Life, lend Sums of Money which they are not able to spare, are bound for Persons whom they have but little Friendship for, give Recommendatory Characters of Men whom they are not acquainted with, bestow Places on those whom they do not esteem, live in such a Manner as they themselves do not approve, and all this merely because they have not the Confidence to resist Solicitation, Importunity or Example?

Nor does this false Modesty expose us only to such Actions as are indiscreet, but very often to such as are highly criminal. When *Xenophanes* was called timorous, because he would not venture his Money in a Game at Dice: *I confess*, said he, *that I am exceeding timorous, for I dare not do any ill thing.* On the

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contrary, a Man of vicious Modesty complies with every thing, and is only fearful of doing what may look singular in the Company where he is engaged. He falls in with the Torrent, and lets himself go to every Action or Discourse, however unjustifiable in it self, so it be in Vogue among the present Party. This, tho' one of the most common, is one of the most ridiculous Dispositions in Human Nature, that Men should not be ashamed of speaking or acting in a dissolute or irrational Manner, but that one who is in their Company should be ashamed of governing himself by the Principles of Reason and Virtue.

In the second place we are to consider false Modesty, as it restrains a Man from doing what is good and laudable. My Reader's own Thoughts will suggest to him many Instances and Examples under this Head. I shall only dwell upon one Reflection, which I cannot make without a Secret Concern. We have in *England* a particular Bashfulness in every thing that regards Religion. A well-bred Man is obliged to conceal any Serious Sentiment of this Nature, and very often to appear a greater Libertine than he is, that he may keep himself in Countenance among the Men of Mode. Our Excess of Modesty makes us shamefaced in all the Exercises of Piety and Devotion. This Humour prevails upon us daily; inso-much, that at many well-bred Tables, the Master of the House is so very Modest a Man, that he has not the Confidence to say Grace at his own Table: A Custom which is

not only practised by all the Nations about us, but was never omitted by the Heathens themselves. *English* Gentlemen who travel into Roman-Catholick Countries, are not a little surprized to meet with People of the best Quality kneeling in their Churches, and engaged in their private Devotions, tho' it be not at the Hours of Publick Worship. An Officer of the Army, or a Man of Wit and Pleasure in those Countries, would be afraid of passing not only for an irreligious, but an ill-bred Man, should he be seen to go to Bed, or sit down at Table, without offering up his Devotions on such Occasions. The same Show of Religion appears in all the Foreign Reformed Churches, and enters so much into their Ordinary Conversation, that an *Englishman* is apt to term them Hypocritical and Precise.

This little Appearance of a Religious Deportment in our Nation, may proceed in some measure from that Modesty which is natural to us, but the great occasion of it is certainly this. Those Swarms of Sectaries that overran the Nation in the time of the great Rebellion, carried their Hypocrisie so high, that they had converted our whole Language into a Jargon of Enthusiasm; insomuch that upon the Restoration Men thought they could not recede too far from the Behaviour and Practice of those Persons, who had made Religion a Cloak to so many Villanies. This led them into the other Extream, every Appearance of Devotion was looked upon as Puritannical, and falling

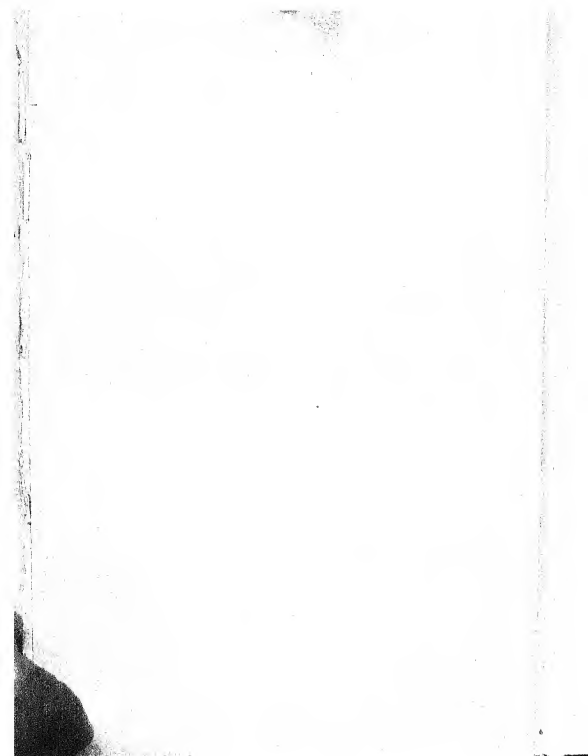
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into the Hands of the Ridiculers who flourished in that Reign, and attacked every thing that was Serious, it has ever since been out of Countenance among us. By this means we are gradually fallen into that Vicious Modesty which has in some measure worn out from among us the Appearance of Christianity in Ordinary Life and Conversation, and which distinguishes us from all our Neighbours.

Hypocrisie cannot indeed be too much detested, but at the same time is to be preferred to open Impiety. They are both equally destructive to the Person who is possessed with them; but in regard to others, Hypocrisie is not so pernicious as bare-faced Irreligion. The due Mean to be observed is to be sincerely Virtuous, and at the same time to let the World see we are so. I do not know a more dreadful Menace in the Holy Writings, than that which is pronounced against those who have this perverted Modesty, to be ashamed before Men in a Particular of such unspeakable Importance.

C.

Friday, August 15, 1712.



The Abominable Practice of Party-Lying

Defendit numerus, junctæque unbone Phalanges.—Juv.

There is something very Sublime, tho' very fanciful, in *Plato's* Description of the Supreme Being, That *Truth is his Body, and Light his Shadow*. According to this Definition, there is nothing so contradictory to his Nature, as Error and Falshood. The Platonists have so just a Notion of the Almighty's Aversion to every thing which is false and erroneous; that they looked upon *Truth* as no less necessary than *Virtue*, to qualifie an human Soul for the Enjoyment of a separate State. For this reason as they recommended Moral Duties to qualifie and season the Will for a future Life, so they prescribed several Contemplations and Sciences to rectifie the Understanding. Thus *Plato* has called Mathematical Demonstrations the Catharticks or Purgatives of the Soul, as being the most proper Means to cleanse it from Error, and to give it a Relish of Truth; which is the natural Food and Nourishment of the Understanding, as Virtue is the Perfection and Happiness of the Will.

There are many Authors who have shewn

wherein the Malignity of a *Lie* consists, and set forth in proper Colours, the Heinousness of the Offence. I shall here consider one Particular Kind of this Crime, which has not been so much spoken to; I mean that abominable Practice of *Party-lying*. This Vice is so very predominant among us at present, that a Man is thought of no Principles, who does not propagate a certain System of Lies. The Coffee-Houses are supported by them, the Press is choaked with them, eminent Authors live upon them. Our Bottle-Conversation is so infected with them, that a Party-Lie is grown as fashionable an Entertainment, as a lively Catch or a merry Story: The Truth of it is, half the great Talkers in the Nation would be struck dumb, were this Fountain of Discourse dried up. There is however one Advantage resulting from this detestable Practice; the very Appearances of Truth are so little regarded, that Lies are at present discharg'd in the Air, and begin to hurt no Body. When we hear a Party-story from a Stranger, we consider whether he is a Whig or a Tory that relates it, and immediately conclude they are Words of course, in which the honest Gentleman designs to recommend his Zeal, without any Concern for his Veracity. A Man is looked upon as bereft of common Sense, that gives Credit to the Relations of Party-Writers; nay his own Friends shake their Heads at him, and consider him in no other Light than as an officious Tool or a well-meaning Idiot. When it was formerly the Fashion to husband a Lie, and trump it up

in some extraordinary Emergency, it generally did Execution, and was not a little serviceable to the Faction that made use of it; but at present every Man is upon his Guard, the Artifice has been too often repeated to take Effect.

I have frequently wonder'd to see Men of Probity, who would scorn to utter a Falshood for their own particular Advantage, give so readily into a Lie when it becomes the Voice of their Faction, notwithstanding they are thoroughly sensible of it as such. How is it possible for those who are Men of Honour in their Persons, thus to become notorious Liars in their Party? If we look into the Bottom of this Matter, we may find, I think, three Reasons for it, and at the same time discover the Insufficiency of these Reasons to justify so Criminal a Practice.

In the first place, Men are apt to think that the Guilt of a Lie, and consequently the Punishment, may be very much diminish'd, if not wholly worn out, by the Multitudes of those who partake in it. Tho' the Weight of a Falshood would be too heavy for *one* to bear, it grows light in their Imaginations, when it is shared among *many*. But in this Case a Man very much deceives himself; Guilt, when it spreads thro' numbers, is not so properly divided as multiplied: Every one is criminal in proportion to the Offence which he commits, not to the Number of those who are his Companions in it. Both the Crime and the Penalty lie as heavy upon every Individual of an offending Multitude, as they would upon any single

Person had none shared with him in the Offence. In a word, the Division of Guilt is like that of Matter; tho' it may be separated into infinite Portions, every Portion shall have the whole Essence of Matter in it, and consist of as many Parts as the Whole did before it was divided.

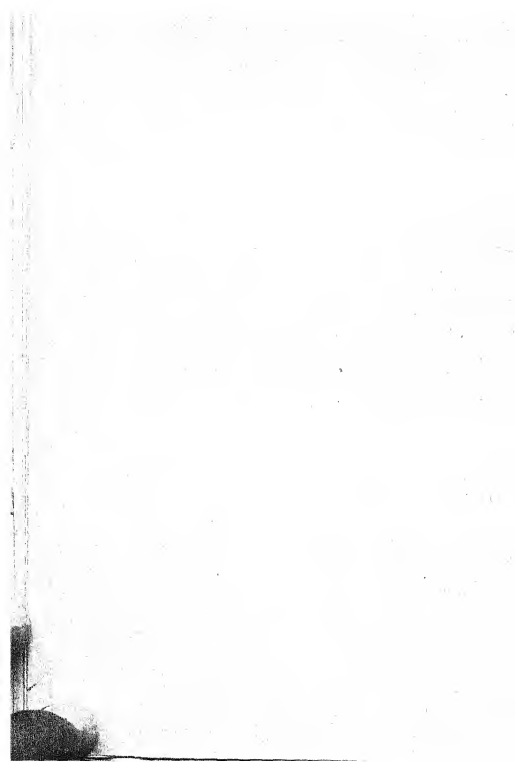
But in the second place, tho' Multitudes, who join in a Lie, cannot exempt themselves from the Guilt, they may from the Shame of it. The Scandal of a Lie is in a manner lost and annihilated, when diffused among several Thousands; as a Drop of the blackest Tincture wears away and vanishes, when mixed and confused in a considerable Body of Water; the Blot is still in it, but is not able to discover it self. This is certainly a very great Motive to several Party-Offenders, who avoid Crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their Virtue, but to their Reputation. It is enough to shew the Weakness of this Reason, which palliates Guilt without removing it, that every Man who is influenced by it declares himself in effect an infamous Hypocrite, prefers the Appearance of Virtue to its Reality, and is determined in his Conduct neither by the Dictates of his own Conscience, the Suggestions of true Honour, nor the Principles of Religion.

The third and last great Motive for Mens joining in a popular Falshood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a Party-Lie, notwithstanding they are convinced of it as such, is the doing Good to a Cause which every Party may be supposed to look upon as the most meritorious.

PARTY-LYING

The Unsoundness of this Principle has been so often exposed, and is so universally acknowledged, that a Man must be an utter Stranger to the Principles, either of natural Religion or Christianity, who suffers himself to be guided by it. If a Man might promote the supposed Good of his Country by the blackest Calumnies and Falshoods, our Nation abounds more in Patriots than any other of the Christian World. When *Pompey* was desired not to set Sail in a Tempest that would hazard his Life, *It is necessary for me*, says he, *to Sail, but it is not necessary for me to Live*: Every Man should say to himself, with the same Spirit, It is my Duty to speak Truth, tho' it is not my Duty to be in an Office. One of the Fathers hath carried this Point so high, as to declare, *He would not tell a Lie, tho' he were sure to gain Heaven by it*. However extravagant such a Protestation may appear, every one will own, that a Man may say very reasonably, *He would not tell a Lie, if he were sure to gain Hell by it*; or, if you have a mind to soften the Expression, that he would not tell a Lie to gain any Temporal Reward by it, when he should run the hazard of losing much more than it was possible for him to gain. O.

Saturday, October 11, 1712.



“Archers of the Long-Bow”

—Ultra
Finem tendere opus.—Hor.

Surprize is so much the Life of Stories, that every one aims at it, who endeavours to please by telling them. Smooth Delivery, an elegant Choice of Words, and a sweet Arrangement, are all beautifying *Graces*, but not the particulars in this Point of Conversation which either long command the Attention, or strike with the Violence of a sudden Passion, or occasion the burst of Laughter which accompanies Humour. I have sometimes fancied that the Mind is in this case like a Traveller who sees a fine Seat in Haste; he acknowledges the Delightfulness of a Walk set with Regularity, but would be uneasy if he were obliged to pass it over, when the first View had let him into all its Beauties from one End to the other.

However, a knowledge of the Success which Stories will have when they are attended with a Turn of Surprize, as it has happily made the Characters of some, so has it also been the Ruin of the Characters of others. There is a Set of Men who outrage Truth, instead of affecting us with a Manner in telling it; who over-leap

the Line of Probability, that they may be seen to move out of the common Road; and endeavour only to make their Hearers stare, by imposing upon them with a kind of Nonsense against the Philosophy of Nature, or such a Heap of Wonders told upon their own Knowledge, as it is not likely one Man should ever have met with.

I have been led to this Observation by a Company into which I fell accidentally. The Subject of *Antipathies* was a proper Field wherein such false Surprizes might expatiate, and there were those present who appeared very fond to shew it in its full Extent of traditional History. Some of them, in a learned manner, offered to our Consideration the miraculous Powers which the Effluvia of Cheese have over Bodies whose Pores are dispos'd to receive them in a noxious manner; others gave an account of such who could indeed bear the sight of Cheese, but not the Taste; for which they brought a Reason from the Milk of their Nurses. Others again discours'd, without endeavouring at Reasons, concerning an unconquerable Aversion which some Stomachs have against a Joint of Meat when it is whole, and the eager Inclination they have for it, when, by its being cut up, the Shape which had affected them is altered. From hence they passed to Eels, then to Parsnips, and so from one Aversion to another, till we had work'd up our selves to such a pitch of Complaisance, that when the Dinner was to come in, we enquired the name of every Dish, and hop'd it would be

no Offence to any in Company, before it was admitted. When we had sat down, this Civility amongst us turned the Discourse from Eatables to other sorts of Aversions; and the eternal Cat, which plagues every Conversation of this nature, began then to engross the Subject. One had sweated at the Sight of it, another had smelled it out as it lay concealed in a very distant Cupboard; and he who crowned the whole set of these Stories, reckon'd up the Number of Times in which it had occasion'd him to swoon away. At last, says he, that you may all be satisfy'd of my invincible Aversion to a Cat, I shall give an unanswerable Instance: As I was going through a Street of *London*, where I had never been till then, I felt a general Damp and Faintness all over me, which I could not tell how to account for, till I chanced to cast my Eyes upwards, and found that I was passing under a Sign-Post on which the Picture of a Cat was hung.

The Extravagance of this Turn in the way of Surprise, gave a stop to the Talk we had been carrying on: Some were silent because they doubted, and others because they were conquered in their own Way; so that the Gentleman had Opportunity to press the Belief of it upon us, and let us see that he was rather exposing himself than ridiculing others.

I must freely own that I did not all this while disbelieve every thing that was said; but yet I thought some in the Company had been endeavouring who should pitch the Bar farthest; that it had for some time been a measuring

the Line of Probability, that they may be seen to move out of the common Road; and endeavour only to make their Hearers stare, by imposing upon them with a kind of Nonsense against the Philosophy of Nature, or such a Heap of Wonders told upon their own Knowledge, as it is not likely one Man should ever have met with.

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Cast, and at last my Friend of the Cat and Sign-post had thrown beyond them all.

I then consider'd the Manner in which this Story had been received, and the Possibility that it might have pass'd for a Jest upon others, if he had not labour'd against himself. From hence, thought I, there are two Ways which the well-bred World generally takes to correct such a Practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

The first of these is a general Silence, which I would not advise any one to interpret in his own behalf. It is often the Effect of Prudence in avoiding a Quarrel, when they see another drive so fast, that there is no stopping him without being run against; and but very seldom the Effect of Weakness in believing suddenly. The generality of Mankind are not so grossly ignorant, as some over-bearing Spirits would persuade themselves; and if the Authority of a Character or a Caution against Danger make us suppress our Opinions, yet neither of these are of force enough to suppress our Thoughts of them. If a Man who has endeavoured to amuse his Company with Improbabilities could but look into their Minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly esteems of their Sense when he thinks to impose upon them, and that he is less esteemed by them for his Attempt in doing so. His endeavour to glory at their Expence becomes a Ground of Quarrel, and the Scorn and Indifference with which they entertain it begins the immediate Punishment: And indeed (if we should even go no further) Silence,

or a negligent Indifference, has a deeper way of wounding than Opposition; because Opposition proceeds from an Anger that has a sort of generous Sentiment for the Adversary mingling along with it, while it shews that there is some Esteem in your Mind for him; in short, that you think him worth while to contest with: But Silence, or a negligent Indifference, proceeds from Anger, mixed with a Scorn that shews another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

The other Method which the World has taken for correcting this Practice of false Surprise, is to over-shoot such Talkers in their own Bow, or to raise the Story with further Degrees of Impossibility, and set up for a Voucher to them in such a manner as must let them see they stand detected. Thus I have heard a Discourse was once managed upon the Effects of Fear. One of the Company had given an account how it had turn'd his Friend's Hair grey in a Night, while the Terrors of a Shipwrack encompassed him. Another taking the Hint from hence, began, upon his own Knowledge, to enlarge his Instances of the like nature to such a Number, that it was not probable he could ever have met with them; and as he still grounded these upon different Causes, for the sake of Variety, it might seem at last, from his Share of the Conversation, almost impossible that any one who can feel the Passion of Fear should all his Life escape so common an Effect of it. By this time some of the Company grew negligent, or desirous to contradict him: But one rebuked the rest with an appear-

ance of Severity, and with the known old Story in his Head, assured them they need not scruple to believe that the Fear of any thing can make a Man's Hair grey, since he knew one whose Perriwig had suffered so by it. Thus he stopped the Talk, and made them easy. Thus is the same Method taken to bring us to Shame, which we fondly take to increase our Character. It is indeed a kind of Mimickry, by which another puts on our Air of Conversation to show us to our selves: He seems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a Resemblance you bear to him, or that you may know he will not lie under the Imputation of believing you. Then it is that you are struck dumb immediately with a conscientious Shame for what you have been saying. Then it is that you are inwardly grieved at the Sentiments which you cannot but perceive others entertain concerning you. In short, you are against your self; the Laugh of the Company runs against you; the censuring World is obliged to you for that Triumph which you have allowed them at your own Expence; and Truth, which you have injured, has a near way of being revenged on you, when by the bare Repetition of your Story you become a frequent Diversion for the Publick.

"*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

The other Day, walking in *Pancras Church-yard*, I thought of your Paper wherein you mention Epitaphs, and am of opinion this has

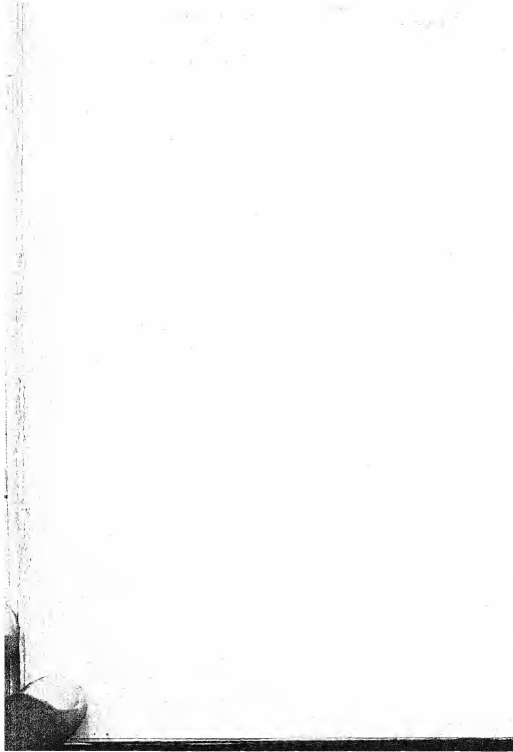
a Thought in it worth being communicated to
your Readers.

*Here Innocence and Beauty lies, whose Breath
Was snatch'd by early, not untimely Death.
Hence did she go, just as she did begin
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
Death, that does Sin and Sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next Blessing to a Life well spent.*

I am, SIR,

Your Servant."

Monday, November 17, 1712.



Some Cures effected by *The Speciator*

*Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente nihil curarier——— Hor.*

It is very difficult to praise a Man without putting him out of Countenance. My following Correspondent has found out this uncommon Art, and, together with his Friends, has celebrated some of my Speculations after such a concealed but diverting manner, that if any of my Readers think I am to blame in Publishing my own Commendations, they will allow I should have deserved their Censure as much, had I suppressed the Humour in which they are convey'd to me.

“SIR,

I am often in a private Assembly of Wits of both Sexes, where we generally descant upon your Speculations, or upon the Subjects on which you have treated. We were last *Thursday* talking of those two Volumes which you have lately published. Some were commending one of your Papers, and some another; and there was scarce a single Person in the

Company that had not a favourite Speculation. Upon this a Man of Wit and Learning told us, he thought it would not be amiss if we paid the *Spectator* the same Compliment that is often made in our publick Prints to Sir *William Read*, Dr. *Grant*, Mr. *Moor* the Apothecary; and other eminent Physicians, where it is usual for the Patients to Publish the Cures which have been made upon them, and the several Distempers under which they laboured. The Proposal took, and the Lady where we visited having the two last Volumes in large Paper interleav'd for her own private use, ordered them to be brought down, and laid in the Window, whither every one in the Company retired, and writ down a particular Advertisement in the Style and Phrase of the like ingenious Compositions which we frequently meet with at the end of our News-Papers. When we had finish'd our Work, we read them with a great deal of Mirth at the Fire-side, and agreed, *Nemine contradicente*, to get them transcrib'd, and sent to the *Spectator*. The Gentleman who made the Proposal enter'd the following Advertisement before the Title-Page, after which the rest succeeded in order.

Remedium efficax et universum; or, An effectual Remedy adapted to all Capacities; shewing how any Person may Cure himself of Ill-Nature, Pride, Party-Spleen, or any other Distemper incident to the human System, with an easie way to know when the Infection is upon him. This Panacea is as innocent as Bread,

agreeable to the Taste, and requires no Confinement. It has not its Equal in the Universe, as Abundance of the Nobility and Gentry throughout the Kingdom have experienced.

N.B. No Family ought to be without it.

Over the two Spectators on Jealousy, being the two first in the third Volume.

I *William Crazy*, aged Threescore and seven, having been for several Years afflicted with uneasie Doubts, Fears and Vapours, occasion'd by the Youth and Beauty of *Mary* my Wife, aged twenty five, do hereby for the Benefit of the Publick give Notice, that I have found great Relief from the two following Doses, having taken them two Mornings together with a Dish of Chocolate. Witness my Hand, &c.

For the Benefit of the Poor.

In charity to such as are troubled with the Disease of *Levce-Haunting*, and are forced to seek their Bread every Morning at the Chamber Doors of great Men, I *A. B.* do testifie, that for many Years past I laboured under this fashionable Distemper, but was cured of it by a Remedy which I bought of *Mrs. Baldwin*, contain'd in an Half-Sheet of Paper, marked No. 193, where any one may be provided with the same Remedy at the price of a single Penny.

An infallible Cure for *Hypocondriack Melan-*

choly, No. 173, 184, 191, 203, 209, 221, 233, 235, 239, 245, 247, 251.

Probatum est.

Charles Easy.

I *Christopher Query* having been troubled with a certain Distemper in my Tongue, which shewed it self in impertinent and superfluous Interrogatories, have not asked one unnecessary Question since my Perusal of the Prescription marked No. 228.

The *Britannick Beautifyer*, being an Essay on Modesty, No. 231, which gives such a delightful Blushing Colour to the Cheeks of those that are White or Pale, that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine Complexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the nearest Friend: Is nothing of Paint, or in the least hurtful. It renders the Face delightfully handsome; is not subject to be rubbed off, and cannot be paralleled by either Wash, Powder, Cosmetick, &c. It is certainly the best Beautifier in the World.

Martha Gloworm.

I *Samuel Self*, of the Parish of *St. James's*, having a Constitution which naturally abounds with Acids, made use of a Paper of Directions marked No. 177, recommending a healthful Exercise called *Good-Nature*, and have found it a most excellent Sweetner of the Blood.

Whereas I, *Elizabeth Rainbow*, was troubled with that Distemper in my Head, which about

a Year ago was pretty Epidemical among the Ladies, and discover'd it self in the Colour of their Hoods, having made use of the Doctor's Cephalick Tincture, which he exhibited to the Publick in one of his last Year's Papers, I recover'd in a very few Days.

I *George Gloom* have for a long time been troubled with the Spleen, and being advis'd by my Friends to put my self into a Course of *Siccle*, did for that end make use of Remedies convey'd to me several Mornings, in short Letters, from the Hands of the invisible Doctor. They were marked at the bottom *Nathaniel Henroost, Alice Threaddneedle, Rebecca Nettletop, Tom. Loveless, Mary Meanwell, Thomas Smoaky, Anthony Freeman, Tom Meggot, Rustick Sprightly, &c.* which have had so good an Effect upon me, that I now find my self chearful, light-some, and easie; and therefore do recommend them to all such as labour under the same Dis-temper."

Not having room to insert all the Advertisements which were sent me, I have only picked out some few from the Third Volume, reserving the Fourth for another Opportunity.

O.

Thursday, November 27, 1712.



Laudable and Vicious Singularity

*Nitor in adversum; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus; et rapido contrarius evehor Orbi.*—Ovid.

I remember a young Man of very lively Parts, and of a sprightly Turn in Conversation, who had only one Fault, which was an inordinate Desire of appearing fashionable. This ran him into many Amours, and consequently into many Distempers. He never went to Bed till two a-Clock in the Morning, because he would not be a queer Fellow; and was every now and then knocked down by a Constable, to signalize his Vivacity. He was initiated into Half a Dozen Clubs before he was One and twenty, and so improved in them his natural Gayety of Temper, that you might frequently trace him to his Lodgings by a range of broken Windows, and other the like Monuments of Wit and Gallantry. To be short, after having fully established his Reputation of being a very agreeable Rake, he died of old Age at Five and twenty.

There is indeed nothing which betrays a Man into so many Errors and Inconveniences,

as the Desire of not appearing singular; for which Reason it is very necessary to form a right Idea of Singularity, that we may know when it is laudable, and when it is vicious. In the first Place, every Man of Sense will agree with me, that Singularity is laudable, when, in Contradiction to a Multitude, it adheres to the Dictates of Conscience, Morality, and Honour. In these Cases we ought to consider, that it is not Custom, but Duty, which is the Rule of Action; and that we should be only so far *sociable*, as we are reasonable Creatures. Truth is never the less so, for not being attended to; and it is the Nature of Actions, not the Number of Actors, by which we ought to regulate our Behaviour. Singularity in Concerns of this Kind is to be looked upon as heroick Bravery, in which a Man leaves the Species only as he soars above it. What greater Instance can there be of a weak and pusillanimous Temper, than for a Man to pass his whole Life in Opposition to his own Sentiments? or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

Singularity therefore is only vicious when it makes Men act contrary to Reason, or when it puts them upon distinguishing themselves by Trifles. As for the first of these, who are singular in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or dishonourable, I believe every one will easily give them up. I shall therefore speak of those only who are remarkable for their Singularity in things of no Importance, as in Dress, Behaviour, Conversation, and all

the little Intercourses of Life. In these Cases there is a certain Deference due to Custom; and notwithstanding there may be a Colour of Reason to deviate from the Multitude in some Particulars, a Man ought to sacrifice his private Inclinations and Opinions to the Practice of the Publick. It must be confessed that good Sense often makes a Humourist; but then it unqualifies him for being of any Moment in the World, and renders him ridiculous to Persons of a much inferiour Understanding.

I have heard of a Gentleman in the North of *England*, who was a remarkable Instance of this foolish Singularity. He had laid it down as a Rule within himself, to act in the most indifferent Parts of Life according to the most abstracted Notions of Reason and Good Sense, without any regard to Fashion or Example. This Humour broke out at first in many little Oddnesses: He had never any stated Hours for his Dinner, Supper or Sleep; because, said he, we ought to attend the Calls of Nature, and not set our Appetites to our Meals, but bring our Meals to our Appetites. In his Conversation with Country Gentlemen, he would not make use of a Phrase that was not strictly true: He never told any of them, that he was his humble Servant, but that he was his Well-wisher; and would rather be thought a Malecontent, than drink the King's Health when he was not a-dry. He would thrust his Head out of his Chamber-Window every Morning, and after having gaped for fresh Air about half an Hour, repeat fifty Verses as loud

as he could bawl them for the Benefit of his Lungs; to which End he generally took them out of *Homer*; the *Greek* Tongue, especially in that Author, being more deep and sonorous, and more conducive to Expectoration, than any other. He had many other Particularities, for which he gave sound and philosophical Reasons. As this Humour still grew upon him, he chose to wear a Turban instead of a Perriwig; concluding very justly, that a Bandage of clean Linnen about his Head was much more wholesome, as well as cleanly, than the Caul of a Wig, which is soiled with frequent Perspirations. He afterwards judiciously observed, that the many Ligatures in our *English* Dress must naturally check the Circulation of the Blood; for which Reason, he made his Breeches and his Doublet of one continued Piece of Cloth, after the Manner of the *Hussars*. In short, by following the pure Dictates of Reason, he at length departed so much from the rest of his Countrymen, and indeed from his whole Species, that his Friends would have clapped him into *Bedlam*, and have begged his Estate; but the Judge being informed that he did no Harm, contented himself with issuing out a Commission of Lunacy against him, and putting his Estate into the Hands of proper Guardians.

The Fate of this Philosopher puts me in Mind of a Remark in Monsieur *Fontenell's* Dialogues of the Dead. *The Ambitious and the Covetous* (says he) *are Madmen to all Intents and Purposes, as much as those who are shut up in dark Rooms; but they have the good Luck to have Nuri-*

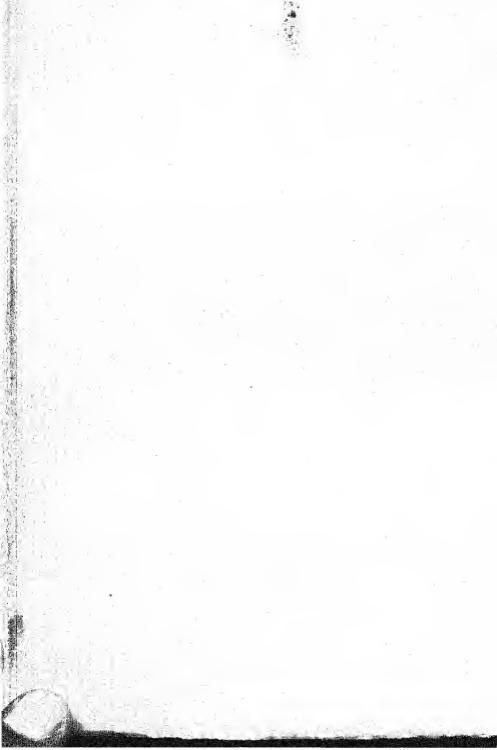
bers on their Side; whereas the Frenzy of one who is given up for a Lunatick, is a Frenzy hors d'œuvre; that is, in other Words, something which is singular in its Kind, and does not fall in with the Madness of a Multitude,

The Subject of this Essay was occasioned by a Letter which I received not long since, and which, for want of Room at present, I shall insert in my next Paper.

Wednesday, August 4, 1714.



The text of this edition of Essays from the Spectator has been revised, and the Notes prepared, by Mr. W. A. Lewis Bettany.



NOTES

THE SPECTATOR.

Steele and Addison's *Spectator*—each number of which contained a single essay or series of correspondence, and generally a few advertisements—was printed on a folio half-sheet, divided into two columns, and consisting, of course, in two pages, or two sides only. The first paper, which was devoted to Addison's account of the taciturn but observant gentleman from whom the magazine derived its name, was published on Thursday, March 1, 1711, and the journal expired with the issue dated Saturday, December 6, 1712. *The Tatler* had been published only on three days of the week; but *The Spectator*, costing a penny, and, after the passing of the Stamp Act, which came into force on August 1, 1712, two-pence, was brought out every day save Sunday, and was so popular that it increased an initial circulation from 3000 to 10,000 copies, and sold correspondingly well when the various volumes appeared into which its 555 numbers were eventually bound. Of these numbers 274 are credited to Addison and 236 to Steele, the remainder being chiefly assigned to Eustace Budgell, Addison's cousin, protégé, and sometime secretary, a spendthrift and a scamp, who forged a will, died a suicide, and lies embalmed in two stinging lines of the Prologue to Pope's *Horatian Satires*. Eighteen months subsequent to the decease of the original *Spectator* Addison revived its title as the name of a periodical which he published on his sole responsibility three times a week. The first number of this paper saw the light on Friday, June 18, 1714, and the last appeared on Monday, December 20, of the same

year. These 80 numbers, Nos. 556 to 635, contain not a single contribution of Steele's, for about this time the ex-gazetteer was very busily engaged in writing political pamphlets and in seeking, what in his case can only be ironically described as, "Parliamentary honours"; but they still form what is known as *The Spectator's* eighth or final volume. The text of the collected edition of *The Spectator* differs but little from that of the serial issue; a phrase is occasionally altered, the motto is frequently changed, short passages are now and then omitted or inserted, once—the case of No. 328, March 17, 1711–12—an essay of Addison's replaces one of Steele's, but no radical revision is attempted, and even such substitutions as are made are not invariably happy. It should be added that Steele signed his contributions first with R and then with T, and that Addison's subscription of his articles—so says Steele in the final number of the original *Spectator*—varied between the four letters which make up the name of the muse CLIO. In the original issues the signatory letter is very distinctly subscript. It is placed, strangely enough, not at the end of the essay, but below the colophon, or printer's advertisement, in the right-hand corner of the page.

Page 4. *I am never less alone than when alone.* The "antient sage" to whom this saying is attributed is Publius Scipio, cf. Cicero *de Officiis*, Lib. iii. Sir Thomas Browne quotes the thought in *Religio Medici*, Book II, Sect. 10. "There is no man alone, because every man is a microcosm, and carries the whole world about him. *Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus*, though it be the apothegm of a wise man, is yet true in the mouth of a fool; for indeed, though in a wilderness, a man is never alone; not only because he is with himself, and his own thoughts, but because he is with the devil, who ever consorts with our solitude. . . . And to speak more narrowly, there is no such thing as solitude, nor anything that can be said to be alone, and by itself, but God;—Who is His own circle and can subsist by Himself."

14. *Blackmore says*, in the preface to *Prince Arthur*, from which Steele makes almost verbatim quotation. In the interregnum which occurred between the death

of Dryden and the rise of Pope, Richard Blackmore and Samuel Garth may be said to have been our most conspicuous verse-writers. Both were university men, physicians in good practice, and strong Whigs. Blackmore, who was born about 1650, knighted in 1697 on the occasion of his being made physician-in-ordinary to King William, and died in 1729, was the author of a number of epic, religious, and "philosophical" poems composed in the heroic metre. *Prince Arthur*, *King Arthur*, *Eliza*, and *Creation* are the names of his most considerable works, and he wrote, besides, paraphrases of the Book of Job and of the songs of Moses, as well as psalms and essays. Blackmore manages argument in verse not of course with Sir John Davies' or with Dryden's rare success, yet not quite contemptibly; but of wit, fancy, and really fine rhetoric, to say nothing of poetry, his couplets show not the slightest traces. His prefaces, however, are terse, vigorous, and often eloquent; indeed the foreword to *Prince Arthur*, informed as it is by the same spirit of moral indignation which had moved Henry Vaughan, forty years before, to write *Silex Scintillans*, might almost have been penned by Addison and Steele as the manifesto of their paper, so powerful and so sustained an attack does it make upon the brutal libertinism and shallow atheism of post-Reformation literature. His militant piety and Whig politics naturally recommended Blackmore very strongly to Addison and to Steele, and accordingly we find the former, in one of his essays on *Paradise Lost* (*The Spectator*, March 29, 1712), mentioning Blackmore in the same breath with Milton, and speaking of *Creation* as "one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse".

On the frequent attacks made by Dryden and by Pope on Blackmore, I need not insist, but perhaps I should add that, nearly twelve years before *The Spectator* was launched, Blackmore had attacked the frequenters of Will's Coffee-House, including his brother physician Garth, author of *The Dispensary*, and Addison, who was too magnanimous to cherish a grudge, in an alleged *Satyr against Wit*. The wits commissioned Tom Brown to issue a reply, and Vanbrugh, Garth, Boyle, Sedley, and Steele contributed to some *Commendatory Verses on the*

Author of the Two Arthurs. Steele's verses conclude with some stinging lines in which is found the couplet:

"Well may'st thou think an useless talent wit,
Thou who without it hast three poems writ".

Addison praised Blackmore (Sir Richard's *Essays upon Several Subjects*) so late as 1716, in a paper in *The Freeholder*. Swift, who like Coleridge had a habit of adorning the pages of books he read with comments of his own, made the following note in his copy of the paper:—"I admire to see such praises from this author to so insipid a scoundrel, whom I know he despised".

18. *Madame Maintenon's first Husband.* As King Charles II at one time shared the Duchess of Cleveland's favours with his witty subject Wycherley, so King Louis XIV's famous consort was first known as the girl-wife of the great burlesque writer Scarron. Abbé Paul Scarron, born in 1610, was deformed from his very birth, and by about 1637 lost the use of all his limbs. In 1651 he married Françoise d'Aubigné, afterwards Madame de Maintenon, then a girl of sixteen, who lived with him on affectionate terms till his death nine years later. Scarron's comparison of himself to the letter Z is made in his *Relation Véritable de tout ce qui s'est passé dans l'autre monde, au combat des Parques et des Poètes, sur la Mort de Voiture*, a book which is illustrated with a frontispiece showing the author seen from the back of his chair, and surrounded by a mocking crowd. Scarron's best-known work, the *Roman Comique*, was rendered into English by the notorious Tom Brown, whose "facetious memory" is kept green by his world-famous lines on Dr. Fell, and by his very humorous but indecent dialogues, declamations, and letters, and whose collection of pictures is announced for sale by auction in some of the early numbers of the *Spectator*.

Prince Harry and Falstaffe, in *1 King Henry IV*, ii. 4.

the Mold of my Face. Steele is speaking in *propria persona*, and making merry at his own expense. John Dennis, the fierce old critic, who attacked Addison's

tragedy *Cato*, and Steele's comedy, *The Conscious Lovers*, is very facetious in one of his papers over Steele's dusky countenance, black peruke, and short face. Steele, however, was quite proof against this kind of personal attack, and in his paper on Estcourt (*The Spectator*, August 27, 1712) he confesses that, thanks to his right appreciation of that player's gift of mimicry, "my Person is very little of my Care; and it is indifferent to me what is said of my Shape, my Air, my Manner, my Speech, or my Address".

19. *I have received it from Oxford.* The connection of the *Spectator* set with Oxford may thus be briefly stated. Steele was an Exhibitioner of Christ Church, and subsequently a Postmaster of Merton. Addison was first at Queen's, and thence went as Demy to Magdalen, where he was subsequently elected a Fellow. Budgell, like Steele, was a House man; and Tickell—an occasional contributor to *The Spectator*, and Addison's first editor—was a Fellow of Queen's. It is pleasant to remember that the great humanists and reformers of English manners—Steele, Addison, Johnson, Arnold, Pater, Symonds—have all been Oxford men.

these inferior Hebdomadal Societies, an allusion to the University's Hebdomadal Council, which includes the Chancellor, the Vice-Chancellor, and the Proctors, along with selected Heads of Houses, Professors, and Members of Convocation.

21. *in praise of Æsop.* Æsop "flourished" about B.C. 620-564. Maximus Planudes, a monk of Constantinople, who lived in the fourteenth century, wrote a preface to an alleged collection of Æsop's fables, in which he speaks of the ex-slave as "the most deformed of all men of his age, for he had a pointed head, flat nostrils, a short neck, and thick lips; was black, pot-bellied, bow-legged, and hump-backed; perhaps even uglier than Homer's Thersites". But for such a statement there is not the slightest authority to be derived from such classical authors as mention Æsop.

Thersites; cf. Homer's *Iliad*, Book ii, and Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*.

21. *Duns Scotus*. Supporters of Thomas Aquinas originated the tradition of the extreme ugliness of the rival philosopher, Duns Scotus, from whom is also derived the word dunce.

Hudibras; cf. *Hudibras*, part i, canto i, ll. 240 *et seq.*

the old Gentleman in Oldham, Ignatius Loyola, described in Oldham's third satire on the Jesuits.

Mother Shipton. Mr. Sidney Lee says, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, that he can find no reference made to this famous, if mythical, prophetess prior to 1641. In that year there was published an anonymous tract entitled "The Prophecie of Mother Shipton in the reign of King Henry 8th, foretelling the death of Cardinall Wolsey, the Lord Percy, and others; as also what should happen in ensuing times" (London, 4to). Most of Mother Shipton's predictions concerned the city of York and its vicinity, but some of them were interpreted to signify the approach of the Civil War, and one to foretell the Fire of London (cf. *Pepys' Diary*, Wheatley's edition, vol. vi, p. 30). In 1667 Richard Head published what purported to be a full account of her "Life and Death", representing her as of extremely hideous aspect, and as the daughter of the Devil. In the *Strange and Wonderful History of Mother Shipton* (London, 1686, 4to)—an anonymous publication—this sibyl is said to have been born in July, 1488, near Knaresborough, and to have died at Clifton in 1561. In 1862 Charles Hindley reprinted, in a garbled version, the 1687 edition of Head's life, and introduced some verses, the composition of which he referred to 1448, foretelling the invention of the steam-engine, and of the electric telegraph, and the end of the world. These prophecies—which Hindley, eleven years later, confessed that he had forged—attracted wide attention, and in Yorkshire Mother Shipton's prophecies of these and other events are still seriously regarded by certain classes. In London the old witch is chiefly known as furnishing the sign to a well-known public-house near Hampstead.

29. Chalmers, in his collection of the *British Essayists*, distinguishes this essay on "Private Persons and Public

Mourning", and the essay on "Lions at the Opera" (*Spectator*, May 17, 1711, and March 16, 1710-11), as cases in which Steele has very successfully copied, or unconsciously caught, Addison's style.

30. *put on the Purple*, i.e. assumed the royal colour of mourning.

31. *He made a new black Suit . . . the Emperor*. Charles II, King of Spain, whose decease brought on Europe the cataclysm of the war of the Spanish Succession, died in 1700; John V, King of Portugal, died in 1706; and the Emperor Joseph I died on April 17, 1711, just about a month previous to the issue of this particular *Spectator*, from which facts it will be judged that Steele's "old Acquaintance" was indeed a very "good Economist in his Extravagance".

35. *Ephraim the Quaker*. The Quaker was called Ephraim, says Professor Henry Morley, because by the tenets of his religion he was opposed to war, and was not a fighting-man. In *Psalm lxxviii. 9*, we read that "The children of Ephraim, being armed, and carrying bows, turned back in the day of battle". But it must be borne in mind that members of the Society of Friends bear rather a reputation for pugnacity.

36. *that Dislike which People . . . conceive of each other at first Sight*. Johnson, who, if we may believe Mrs. Piozzi, spoke somewhat contemptuously of the contributions made by Steele to the *Spectator*, agreed with him in condemning the treatment generally meted out to strangers by Englishmen of the upper or educated class. Boswell, in his *Life of Doctor Major*, dwells with great satisfaction on Johnson's habit of outraging English etiquette in this respect, and relates many instances in which his hero showed alike by precept and practice how thoroughly he detested the habit of strangers ignoring or glaring upon one another in public places. The Doctor was always ready to waive the ceremony of introduction in the case of any such casual meeting. "I was surprised", says Boswell, "at his talking without reserve in the public post-coach of the state of his affairs: 'I have,' said he, 'about the world, I think, above a

thousand pounds, which I intend shall afford Frank [Barber, his negro servant] an annuity of seventy pounds a year'. Indeed his openness with people at a first interview was remarkable. He said once to Mr. Langton, 'I think I am like Squire Richard in *The Journey to London, I'm never strange in a strange place*'. He was truly social. He strongly censured what is much too common in England among persons of condition—maintaining an absolute silence when unknown to each other; as, for instance, when occasionally brought together in a room before the master or mistress of the house has appeared. 'Sir, that is being so uncivilized as not to understand the common rights of humanity.' Other passages in Boswell which deal with Johnson's attitude towards this question of English unsociability and gaucherie may be found in the *Life* under the dates of 1763, June 25; 1763, August 5; 1776, March 19; 1780, May 1, and the last passage of Bennet Langton's *Johnsoniana* is also interesting in this connection. But it must be remembered, of course, that the rule so consistently flouted by Johnson serves to suppress bores, bores, and impertinents, and that its relaxation happens to be advocated by Steele, a very impulsive and imprudent Irishman, by Boswell, a Scotchman of unblushing push and impudence, and by Johnson, an Englishman whose habit of making brutal, sledge-hammer retorts was most glaringly un-English.

38. *thou art . . . a smoaky old Fellow*. 'To smoke' (cf. the proverb "No smoke without fire") was in early eighteenth-century parlance 'to suspect' or 'to find out', 'to smell smoke', hence 'to scent', or in modern slang 'to spot'. So 'smoaky' means 'knowing', 'cute', 'no fool'. Swift is very fond of the word. He uses it in the *Journal to Stella*, sometimes in the sense of 'suspect', sometimes in that of 'discover' and frequently, in the imperative mood, as meaning 'notice', 'observe'. Strangely enough 'smoke' is also a favourite expression of Keats', the letter-writer's. Occasionally Keats employs the word in the sense it has in such a phrase as "smoking a badger", where 'smoke' is the means of discovering a thing and not the evidence of the

thing's existence ; but generally he writes it as the purely old-fashioned equivalent of 'spot'.

42. *These Instances.* Taken from Plutarch's *Life of Pison*.

43. *I went . . . to visit a Friend.* This friend was Stephen Clay, of Magdalen College, Oxford, and of the Inner Temple, son of Edmund Clay, a well-known haberdasher. Clay, who was called to the bar in 1700, and was something of a verse-maker, is mentioned several times in Steele's letters.

44. *Those Lips which look so pale.*

45. *But now that good Heart bursts.*

Where are now thy Plans of Justice?

The funeral occasion of this apostrophe doubtless accounts for a certain similarity of phrasing which seems to link this elegy to certain passages in *Hamlet*, v, which moralize over Yorick's and the Prince of Denmark's ends. It is natural, too, for Steele, writing about death, to use certain expressions which are commonly in the mouth of Browne, the great laureate of Death ; 'iniquity' is a favourite word of the Norwich physician's, and 'conjecture' turns up once or twice on every page of *Hydriastaphia*.

47. *one of the greatest Liars.* Nearly eight years before this paper was written Steele had described the character of a liar or "historian" in the person of his "young Bookwit", the hero of *The Lying Lover, or The Ladies' Friendship*. This comedy—taken from *Le Menteur* of Corneille—was acted at Drury Lane on December 2, 1703, and ran for six nights. It is known on the modern London stage only through Samuel Foote's perversion of it, called *The Liar*, an amusing piece which Mr. Arthur Boucher revived a few years ago at a matinée.

48. *the Battel of Pultowa.* At Pultowa, fought on July 8, 1709, Charles XII of Sweden sustained a crushing defeat at the hands of the Tzar, Peter the Great.

Count Piper, the Prime Minister of Charles XII.

while he lodged at Deptford. John Evelyn in his

Diary, under date January 30, 1698, writes: "The Czar of Muscovy being come to England, and having a mind to see the building of ships, hir'd my house at Sayes Court, and made it his Court and Palace, new furnished for him by the King". The next entry in the *Diary* reads: "21 April. The Czar went from my house to return home.—An exceeding sharp and cold season."

49. *at Will's Coffee-house.* Will's Coffee-House—which had been known successively as the Red Cow and the Rose before it took to itself a name subsequently made famous in literary history and originally derived from that of Will Unwin, its proprietor in Dryden's time—stood at the corner of Russell Street and of Bow Street, on the west side of Covent Garden; and the room where the wits used to meet was, according to Mr. Aitken, on the first floor over a shop. "The Wits' Coffee-House", as it was called by Prior and others, was the resort of Dryden until his death in 1700, but Addison made Button's—a house situated on the other side of the road—his head-quarters. In the first number of *The Tatler* Steele promises that "All Accounts of Poetry shall be under the article of *Will's Coffee-House*", though he admits that "This Place is very much alter'd since Mr. Dryden frequented it; where you us'd to see *Sougs, Epigrams, and Satyrs*, in the Hands of every Man you met, you have now only a Pack of Cards". It is not quite clear, however, whether by "this place" Steele means Will's Coffee-House or the theatre in Drury Lane.

51. *Makebates* ('make', and 'bate' = 'anger', 'strife'), promoters of quarrels or contentions. Cf. Heywood's *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, iii. 2: "I never was a makebate or a knave"; and Swift: "Outrageous party-writers are like a couple of makebates, who inflame small quarrels by a thousand stories".

52. *there's Tare and Tret*, a rule of arithmetic for calculating allowances. *Tare* is a deduction made from the gross weight of goods as equivalent to the real or approximate weight of the cask, box, pot, bag, or other package containing them. *Tret* is an allowance formerly made to purchasers of certain kinds of goods on account

of their being obliged to transport their purchases (*The Century Dictionary*).

59. *in the Five Fields.* These fields are now covered by Eaton Square, Beigrave Square, and the adjoining streets.

61. *Tully tells us*, in his treatise *On Rhetorical Invention*.

62. *the time of Oates's Plot*, first set on foot by Oates in the autumn of 1678.

his Family who made the Repartee; a construction according to sense.

63. *Dr. Tillotson.* John Tillotson, as being a theologian and politician of moderate views, is frequently quoted by the essayists of *The Spectator*. A Yorkshireman, born in 1630, the son of a cloth-worker who was an ardent Congregationalist, Tillotson was educated at Clare Hall, Cambridge. He took orders in 1660, and appeared as an auditor on the Presbyterian side at the Savoy Conference; but, holding cautious or Erastian opinions, he declined to be one of the ejected ministers. His caution went well rewarded, for he became successively preacher at Lincoln's Inn (1663), Canon of Canterbury (1670), and Dean two years later; Canon of St. Paul's (1675), and Dean (1689). Finally, when Sancroft was expelled from Lambeth for refusing to take the oaths to King William, Tillotson was consecrated bishop (1691), and usurped the title of Archbishop of Canterbury. He had married, in 1664, Oliver Cromwell's niece, Elizabeth French, and he died in 1694 full of honours, highly respected (save by the Non-Jurors), and bearing a great reputation for pulpit eloquence and for theological polemics directed against the atheists and against the Roman Catholics of his time.

Dr. Beveridge. William Beveridge, born in 1637, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, was also connected with the Non-Jurors; for when in 1691 he was offered the see of Bath and Wells, vacated by the deposition of Bishop Ken, who had scrupled to declare allegiance to the Prince of Orange, he declined the preferment owing to Jacobite influence having been brought

to bear upon him. In 1704, however, he accepted the Bishopric of St. Asaph, dying four years later. Beveridge's chief work is his *Συνοδικόν*, a collection of the apostolic canons and decrees of the councils received by the Greek Church, together with the canonical epistles of the Fathers. His theological views were in many respects akin to those of the High Churchmen of the Sacheverell type. He lent no support to Tillotson's and other persons' schemes for endeavouring to comprehend Nonconformists within the Church; and he went so far as to oppose the Union with Scotland—even from his seat in the House of Lords—on the ground that Scotch Presbyterianism would endanger the stability of the Anglican Church.

64. *the Gravel-Pits*, the Kensington Gravel Pits, which were famous for their salubrious air. Swift makes a grim joke upon this subject in his *Journal to Stella*, Nov. 10, 1711: "Lord Treasurer has had an ugly return of his gravel. 'Tis good for us to live in gravel pits, but not fit for gravel pits to live in us; a man in this case should leave no stone unturned."

65. *near Garraway's Coffee-House*. This coffee-house was situated in Change-Alley, Cornhill, and was frequented by persons of quality bent on business in the city, and by the more wealthy and reputable citizens. Sales of wine at auction were frequently held at Garraway's, as Steele reminds us in that extraordinary *Tatler* (No. 181) in which he breaks off a poignantly pathetic paper on his father's death to tell how, in order to gain a respite from such melancholy thoughts, he called in three friends and made a night of it.

71. *A great Author of our Time*. Dr. Thomas Burnet, Master of the Charterhouse, published the English version of his *Telluris Theoria Sacra* in 1684. Addison addressed a Latin ode to Burnet in 1689, and in the 145th number of *The Spectator* Steele wrote an extravagant encomium on the author's strange 'Theory'. The quotation made here is taken from book iii, chapter 12.

73. *what Hudibras says of such Disputants*. In *Hudibras*, part ii. canto 1, line 297:

"I have heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments lay wagers".

80. *I heard the Service read*, by the Rev. Philip Stubbs, afterwards Archdeacon of St. Albans.

82. *Cant* is . . . *derived*, probably from the Latin *cantare*, 'to sing'. Originally the word was applied to the chanting, whining tones of enthusiastic preachers or of professional beggars, and it is only within modern times that the sense has passed from that of affected, insincere expression to that of affected, insincere opinion. Byron's allusion to the two Murrays, to John Murray his publisher and to Charles Murray of the Constitutional Association (cf. Prothero's edition of Byron's *Letters and Journals*, vol. vi, p. 156) as "Arcades Ambo" (*Murrays both*) "*et cant-are pates*" is an amusing instance of the latter use of the word. Andrew Cant—whom Steele mentions—was minister of Pitsligo, Aberdeenshire, and afterwards chaplain to the Covenanting army.

83. *Dr. S—e*. Probably George Smalridge is meant, for Steele had previously praised him under the name of "Favonius" in Nos. 72 and 114 of *The Tatler*. Smalridge was Dean of Christ Church in 1713, and Bishop of Bristol in 1714, and, like his friend and colleague, Atterbury, was inclined to the Jacobite cause. He was a great admirer of Berkeley's philosophy.

98. *In the Tragedy of Macbeth*, which had been played on Saturday, October 20, 1711.

99. *me who are*, 'are' is, of course, a slip of the pen for 'am'.

107. *Plato's Guardian Angels*.

108. *Epicurus's Gods*.

Strangely enough, Steele finishes this essay on patrons and clients in almost exactly the same words which he had used in concluding a paper on the same topic in *The Tatler* (No. 196). The "Guardian Angel" is the *δαίμων* who, in the Platonic view, protects and warns each man while he lives. "Epicurus's Gods" are more accurately described in the earlier discourse as being unconcerned for, not actively malevolent towards, human beings.

114. *Buckley*. Samuel Buckley is meant (1674-1741), who was the sole printer of *The Spectator* till the

issue of No. 500, October 3, 1712, on and after which date he was associated in the business with Jacob Tonson, the well-known publisher. In later days, when Steele turned patriot and politician, Tonson printed *The Guardian* for him, and Buckley *The Englishman*.

138, 139. *Wycherly somewhere rallies*, in *The Plain Dealer*, ii. 1.

139. *Otway makes a Man*, in the comedy of *Friendship in Fashion*, iii. 1. The 'man' is Malagene, and Steele refers again to him and to his notion of humour eight years later, in the course of his quarrel with the Duke of Newcastle, the Lord Chamberlain, who had retaliated on Sir Richard for his opposition to the Peerage Bill by depriving him of his patent for Drury Lane. Steele speaks of the duke's threat to ruin him, "which", he adds, "is in a man of his circumstances against one in mine, as great as the humour of Malagene in the comedy, who values himself on his activity in tripping up cripples". The pamphlet from which this quotation is made is styled: "The State of the Case between the Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, and the Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians".

149. *Witty Men are apt to imagine they are agreeable as such*.

153. *it is, I think, an unpardonable Offence*.

The companion essay in *The Rambler* to this *Spectator* paper on "The Art of Being Agreeable in Company" is that for January 4, 1752; Boswell also records two or three very interesting utterances made by Johnson on the subject:

"There was no sparkle, no brilliancy in Fitzherbert; but I never knew a man who was so generally acceptable. He made everybody quite easy, overpowered nobody by the superiority of his talents, made no man think worse of himself by being his rival, seemed always to listen, did not oblige you to hear much from him, and did not oppose what you said. Everybody liked him. . . . He was an instance of the truth of the observation, that a man will please more upon the whole by negative qualities than by positive; by never offending, than by giving a

great deal of delight. In the first place, men hate more steadily than they love; and if I have said something to hurt a man once, I shall not get the better of this, by saying many things to please him" (*The Life*, 1777, Sept. 15). . . . "The late Mr. Fitzherbert told Mr. Langton that Johnson said to him, 'Sir, a man has no more right to say an uncivil thing, than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down'" (*The Life*, 1780—Bennet Langton's *Johnsoniana*). . . . "Sir, there is nothing by which a man exasperates most people more than by displaying a superior ability of brilliancy in conversation. They seem pleased at the time; but their envy makes them curse him at their hearts" (*The Life*, 1783).

Byron, who was insolent in correspondence rather than in conversation, who, indeed, was English enough to hate saying cruel things to a man, will be found in his letters expressing Steele's and Johnson's opinions on this question of wit versus amiability; and so great a humourist as Fielding naturally takes the same view in his admirable *Essay on Conversation*. Humour, indeed, is the cement, as wit is the solvent, of social intercourse; and Pascal must have had this distinction in his mind when, in the last section of "The Misery of Man without God", he included among his *Thoughts* the bold saying: "Diseur de bons mots—mauvais caractère", meaning apparently that wit divorced from humour or sympathy is anti-social in its effects, rendering a man not only unpopular but really hateful. Examined in this light, Steele's 'character'—and Addison's too—bears the test triumphantly. You may search *The Spectator* through and through and you will not find the two friends guilty of more than two dozen sayings apiece which can in any sense be called aphorisms, apothegms, or epigrams.

155. *if his Quality or Humility gives him*. "His Quality or Humility", means, apparently, the "Quality or Humility" of the person rallied; "him" refers to Acetns. Acetns, of course, is a name taken from the Latin, and means a 'soured or vinegary person'. Steele is rather fond of the trick of disguising the label-names

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which he uses in his anecdotes, by putting them in a Greek or a Latin garb.

159. *One of the greatest Souls now in the World.* Lord Somers, the great Whig statesman of the time, an early patron of Addison, who had "presented" to him, as Sir John Somers, Lord Keeper of the Seal, a poem written in honour of King William in 1695. It was to Somers, too, that Steele dedicated the first volume of *The Spectator*.

161. *Nat Lee makes his Alexander say*, in *The Rival Queens, or The Death of Alexander the Great*, iii. 1. The passage, however, is not to be found in the three-volume edition of the *Dramatic Works*, published in 1734, nor in those eighteenth-century editions of the play, like that included in Bell's *British Theatre*, which are printed from the prompt copies.

163. *Sir, said the Chapman.* Chapman, here used in the sense of 'buyer' or 'purchaser'. 'Chapman' (cheap, trade, traffic, bargain, &c., + man) primarily meant a person engaged in trading, whether as 'seller' or as 'buyer'. The general sense of the word naturally came to be that of 'seller', but 'chapman', like the kindred word 'customer', retained also the secondary meaning of 'buyer'. It is interesting to note that the familiar synonyms of 'person', 'man', 'fellow' are all derived from words describing tradespeople. 'Merchant' in this sense is now practically obsolete, though most playgoers remember the indignant remonstrance against Mercutio's jests uttered by Juliet's nurse (*Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4): "What saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?" but 'chapman', in its abbreviated form of 'chap', and 'customer', with an epithet attached, are both commonly used to describe persons with whom we have to deal.

165. *The first Steps towards Ill.* The companion essay in *The Rambler* to this *Spectator* paper on "The Breaker of Small Promises" is that for February 18, 1752.

176. *an Epigram of Martial.* Epigram 22nd of the fourth Book, the epigram *De Cleopatra*, beginning

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Primus passa toros, et adhuc placanda marino. All the expressions which give the poem a touch of lubricity are Mr. Will Honeycomb's own interpolations. There is nothing in the original which corresponds to "Asham'd and wanton", "She blush'd, I smil'd", "I saw new Charms".

177. *Spenser speaks of each kind of Love*, in *The Faerie Queene*, Book iv, the two opening stanzas of canto ix. Steele's variations from the text are unimportant. In stanza 1st, 'do' is altered to 'to' in the third line, 'with' to 'by' in the seventh line, and 'meseems' to 'methinks' in the last line, and in the fourth line of stanza 2nd 'doth' replaces 'does'.

180. *in the West-Indies.* Steele's second wife, Mrs. Mary Scurlock—"Prue" of the letters—and his friend, Christopher Codrington—who, like Steele, had been at Christ Church, was afterwards a captain in the army, and wrote verses on the side of Wit in the Blackmore versus the Wits controversy—both had estates in Barbados. A century later, William Beckford, author of *Vathek*, and Matthew Gregory Lewis, author of *Ambrosio*, or *The Monk*, renewed the slight association of the West Indies with English literature.

185. *the laborious Way among the minor Poets.* Some such verb as "is" has been left out of the sentence. This fashion of devising a poem so that its written or printed form shall appear in the pattern of an egg, an altar, or a pair of wings, a trick of which Sylvester and Herbert are particularly fond, is satirized by Addison in one of his essays on true and on false wit (*The Spectator*, No. 58, Monday, May 7, 1711).

187. *those are your Biters.* This is by no means the earliest reference which Steele and Addison make to this class. In the 12th number of *The Tatler* the former had alluded to: "Gamesters, barterers, biters, swearers, and twenty new-born insects more [that] are, in their several species, the modern men of wit". And the latter in the 47th number of *The Spectator* says: "There is an ingenious Tribe of Men sprung up of late years, who are for making April Fools every Day in the Year. These

Gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the Name of Biters; a Race of Men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those Mistakes which are of their own production." Swift uses the word 'bite' several times in his *Letters* and in the *Journal to Stella*: "I'll teach you a way to outwit Mrs. Johnson; it is a new-fashioned way of being witty, and they call it a *Bite*. You must ask a bantering question, or tell some damned lie in a serious manner, then she will answer, or speak as if you were in earnest, and then cry you: 'Madam, there's a *Bite*'." A sentence taken from a letter in the *Journal*, dated 1711, Sept. 19: "If they bite at it, 't will be a very good court jest", shows the origin of the expression, which only lives in modern parlance in the past participle passive; we still speak of a man as having been "badly bitten". Apparently the trick of "biting" was known as early as 1704, for *The Biter*, a farce written by the well-known tragedy-writer, Nicholas Rowe, was produced in that year at the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and published by Tonson in 1705, though not included in either the three- or the two-volumed edition of Rowe's collected works. In this piece, which Congreve described as "a foolish farce", but which Genest praises, Betterton played the part of Sir Timothy Tallapoy, an old East India merchant, the sworn foe of all "biters".

195. as Milton says, in *Paradise Lost*, Book i, ll. 659-662.

202. Sir Francis Bacon observes, in *The Advancement of Learning*, Book ii, Intro., sect. 14.

209. *Gold Galloons*, narrow shoe-ribbons or laces.

211. in *the Ring*, a favourite promenade in Hyde Park, partly destroyed in the formation of the Serpentine.

the Character of Camilla, the Virgin Queen of the Volscians. It is perhaps worthy of mention that Gay also (in *The Fan*, Book iii, ll. 111-136) takes Camilla as a grand example of the female love of outward adornment. Camilla's story is derived of course from the latter half of Vergil's eleventh *Æneid*.

213. Dr. Sydenham's *Treatise of Fevers*, the *Methodus Curandi Febres* of Dr. Thomas Sydenham, who

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was born in 1624, published his great work in 1666, and died in 1689. Sydenham was a friend of Boyle's and of Locke's, and his book, says Mr. Aitken, embodied the results of experience gained in the year of the Great Plague of London.

214. *that Ingenious Discourse written by Sanctorius.* Professor Henry Morley, in his note, says: "Sanctorius, a Professor of Medicine at Padua, who died in 1636, aged seventy-five, was the first to discover the insensible perspiration, and he discriminated the amount of loss by it in experiments [made] upon himself by means of his Statical Chair. His observations were published at Venice in 1614, in his *Ars de Statica Medicina*, and led to the increased use of sudorifics. A translation of Sanctorius [made] by Dr. John Quincy, appeared in 1712, the year after the publication of this essay." Mr. Aitken adds that an earlier translation of Sanctorius's treatise had appeared in 1676.

a certain Mathematical Chair. Nearly twenty years before the *Spectator* was published, *The Athenian Mercury* had referred to this "mathematical chair". See *The Athenian Oracle* (Underhill's edition, p. 72) where the oracle gives this reply to a question concerning the preservation of life: "Some propose the *Sattica*, to eat by weight, and drink by measure, and to have one's Chair so poised that it shall put him in mind when he has the prescribed commons".

216. *an Italian Epitaph.* It is only the satire contained in *ma per star Meglio*—which has to be translated as 'but through striving to be better'—that makes a translation of the epitaph difficult. Literally rendered it runs: 'I was well, but through being better I am here'.

219. *a safe and honourable Peace*, which seemed likely to be arrived at about this time; read Swift's remarks in the *Journal to Stella*, April 20, 1711. In April, 1711, the Emperor Joseph had died, and the Archduke Charles had succeeded to the Imperial crown. The Archduke's claim to the kingdom of Spain—as opposed to that of Louis XIV's grandson—had been supported by

England as that of a younger brother of the House of Austria, in whose person the two crowns—the crowns Imperial and Spanish—were unlikely to be united. When, therefore, Charles became head of the Empire, the War of the Spanish Succession assumed—to English eyes—an aspect totally different from that it had originally borne. As a matter of fact, though the Treaty of Utrecht was not subscribed till two years after the appearance of this essay, preliminaries of peace were signed in October, 1711.

220. *receiving Visits in their Beds.* The *Précieuses* of Molière's time were wont to receive visits of this kind. *Courir les ruelles*, 'to take the run of the bedsides', was a Parisian phrase for describing fashionable morning calls upon the ladies. The head of the bed was placed against the wall, and the space at each side, where the callers sat, was called the *ruelle*. See *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, x, where Mascarille, the valet masquerading as a marquis, says to Madelon and Cathos: "Pour moi, tel que vous me voyez, je m'en escrime un peu quand je veux; et vous verrez courir de ma façon dans les belles ruelles de Paris, deux cent chansons, autant de sonnets, quatre cents épigrammes et plus de mille madrigaux, sans compter les énigmes et les portraits". One of the scenes in Mrs. Brown Potter's production of *Du Barri* gave an admirable picture of the *ruelles* and of the *alcovistes*, as the visitors were called.

222. *as Betterton was in one of the finest Speeches.* When the *Tatler* was started, Thomas Betterton was an old man, who appeared very rarely on the stage which he had adorned since 1660. He died on April 28, 1710, in his seventy-fifth year, and at the time of his funeral, which took place on May 2, in the East Cloister of Westminster Abbey, Steele wrote a touching appreciation of the great actor in *The Tatler* (No. 167). In the first of "Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff's Lucubrations", Steele gave an account of Betterton's recent benefit night, on which occasion, April 7, 1709, the veteran player had appeared at Drury Lane with a "star" cast in Congreve's *Love for Love*; in the seventy-first he expatiated on the tragedian's Hamlet; and in *The Tatler* published on April 11,

1710, he again mentioned Betterton's benefit, and warmly recommended all his friends, all "Toasts, Smarts, Dappers, Pretty Fellows, Musicians or Scrapers", to attend. The Haymarket Theatre was the scene of this benefit, and, as it happened, of Betterton's last appearance on the boards. The play was Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Maid's Tragedy*, and Betterton's rôle was that of Melantius. A fortnight later occurred the actor's death, the result of his having used heroic remedies—fomentations to reduce the swellings of his feet—to cure the sudden attack of gout which had beset him just before the performance.

222. *to see Balloon to-night.* Some friend of the lady's or some favourite actor seems to be meant, but no actor of the name is known. There was a game called "Balloon" in vogue at this time, a game resembling tennis, but played with a football.

225. *the Wife of Hector, in Homer's Iliads, in Iliad, vi. 490.*

228. *I remember when Dr. Titus Oates was in all his Glory.* Inasmuch as Addison was born in 1672, and "Dr." Titus Oates "flourished" in 1678, this feat of memory and of precocious interest in politics might be reckoned rather remarkable. But the real topical allusion—needless to say—is veiled, the reference actually being to a Tory and a High Church divine, Dr. Sacheverell, whose trial had taken place about a year previously. As, however, Sacheverell had been a college friend of his—he was the "dearest Harry" to whom the poet dedicated that strange *Account of the Greatest English Poets* (1694), from which all allusion to Shakespeare or to Donne is omitted, and in which Chaucer and Spenser are condemned as outworn—as, too, Addison had already glanced at the trial in one of the *Tailors*, he preferred that the moral of this essay should be pointed by a case of Whig rather than of Tory intolerance, by an instance in which the cry of "The Church in Danger" had been raised by Protestants instead of Catholics. Yet, while I allow the essayist the praise of charming courtesy and of urbanity in this matter, I must also remark that

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it is possible, and perhaps necessary, to regard this substitution of names as one more example of Addison's delicate irony. Indeed the neatness and inventiveness of the humour which dares to put in the same category the infamous Titus and "dearest Harry" can scarcely be overpraised. Yet the mischief that Sacheverell might have done is scarcely less than that which Oates really did, so that in the matter of their respective trials it is difficult for the sensible man to feel more sympathy for the former than for the latter. He is apt in both cases to think of the scathing reply which Johnson made to the foolish lady who "wished to have Dr. Dodd's picture in a bracelet", and got someone to ask him for a motto. Johnson could think of no better motto wherewith to circle the reverend forger's miniature than *Curat Lex*, "Let the Law take its course": and *Curat Lex* is the kind of motto which Addison would doubtless have inscribed round Sacheverell's portrait.

229. *the Lady was discoursing my friend*. For this uncommon locution compare *The Athenian Oracle* (Underhill's edition, p. 143): "He discovered several, and amongst the rest was an old man aged eighty-seven".

'Discourse', in this transitive sense, seems to have the meaning of 'pumped', 'conferred with', or 'interviewed'.

who should I see, for 'whom should I see'.

232. *Dalton's Country Justice*. Michael Dalton's *Country Justice* was first published in 1618.

The Compleat Jockey. Mr. Aitken says that the book referred to is probably *The Experienced Jockey, Compleat Horseman, or Gentleman's Delight*, 1684.

Mr. Mede upon the Revelations. Joseph Mede's *Clavis Apocalyptica* was published in 1627 and translated in 1643. Mede wrote also a commentary on the Apocalypse.

The Secret Treaties and Negotiations of Marshal D'Estrades. D'Estrade, who died in 1686, negotiated the sale of Dunkirk to Louis XIV, and represented France during the preparation of the Treaty of Nimeguen.

232. *Bayle's Dictionary*. Tonson had published a translation of this work in 1710.

233. *Mr. Wall's History of Infant Baptism*. Dr. William Wall's book was first issued in 1705.

The finishing Stroke. The full title of this work, published in 8vo in 1711, runs as follows:—"The Finishing Stroke. Being a Vindication of the Patriarchal Scheme of Government in Defence of the 'Rehearsals'. Best Answer and Best of All. Wherein Mr. Hoadley's Examination of this Scheme in his late Book of the Original and Institution of Civil Government is fully Consider'd." The author was Charles Leslie, the famous Non-juring controvertist, who about *The Spectator's* time came forth as the great opponent—in numerous books and pamphlets—of Socinianism, Quakerism, Deism, Dissent, Judaism, and every other "ism" that failed to square with the Legitimist or Passive Obedience theory of the relations of Church and State. Leslie—whom Johnson described as "a reasoner and a reasoner who was not to be reasoned against" (*The Life*, 1784, June 9. Note furnished by the Rev. Mr. Agutter)—was the negotiator as well as the polemical writer among the Non-jurors. He it was who obtained from the Pretender the *congé d'élire* to consecrate the Non-juring bishops, and afterwards secured from the same personage a pledge that, in the event of his accession to the English throne, he would preserve inviolate the rights and privileges of the Church of England. The *Rehearsals*, to which allusion is made in the title of *The Finishing Stroke*, were the bound volumes of a weekly journal—a journal subsequently published twice a week—which Leslie brought out from August, 1704, to March 26, 1709. He died in 1722, aged seventy-two, and the last controversy in which he was engaged was that which arose when Jeremy Collier created a schism within a schism by proposing to restore to the Book of Common Prayer certain usages, such as the mixed chalice, prayers for the faithful departed, prayers for the descent of the Holy Ghost on the consecrated elements, which had constituted part of the service of the Eucharist in the First Prayer-Book of King Edward

VI. Leslie took the side of Bishop Spinckes, and opposed "The Usagers". In *The Finishing Stroke* he was writing against a book published by Benjamin Hoadley, who was subsequently famous as the Bishop of Bangor.

233. *A Dissuasive from the Play-house*. One of Jeremy Collier's anti-theatrical pamphlets, published in 1703.

Wingate's Arithmetick. Edmund Wingate (1596-1656) published his treatise *Of Natural and Artificial Arithmetique* in 1630. The twelfth edition was published in 1708 (*Dictionary of National Biography*).

The Countess of Kent's Receipts. Mr. Aitken's note is as follows:—"The second edition of 'A Choice Manual; or, Rare and Select Secrets in Physic and Chirurgery: as also most Exquisite Ways of Preserving', &c.; collected by Elizabeth, Countess of Kent, appeared in 1653. There was a nineteenth edition by 1687."

Pharamond. The romance of *Pharamond*, written by Gautier de Costes, Seigneur de la Calprenède, was published at Paris in 1611 in twelve volumes. It was translated into English in 1677 by John Phillips, author of *The Splendid Shilling*. Steele alludes to *Pharamond* in *The Spectator* of May 28, 1711, June 6, 1711, and June 21, 1711, but he uses the name of the king merely as that of a well-known fictitious character on which to tag his own stories of Eucrate, who, according to Steele's invention, was Pharamond's friend and counsellor.

Cassandra. Another romance of La Calprenède's, published in ten volumes in 1642, and translated into English by Sir Charles Cotterell in 1652.

Plays of all Sorts. Of the plays mentioned, which are all tragedies, *All for Love*, and *Aurengzebe* are of course Dryden's, *The Fatal Marriage*, or *The Innocent Adultery* is Southerne's, the rest—*Sophonisba*, *Mithridates*, *Alexander the Great*, and *Theodosius*—are Lee's. It is strange that this list does not include a single play of Rowe's, for Rowe was a Whig and an acquaintance of Addison's. But Addison is said to have expressed the opinion that Rowe was a man incapable of being a sincere friend.

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256. *Xenophon . . . Life of his Imaginary Prince.*
See *Cyropædia*, Book viii, chap. vii, sect. 3.

257. *celebrated Passage of Sallust.* See *Bellum
Catilinarium*, chap. liv.

262. *Ode to Lydia.* See Horace's *Odes*, Book i, Ode
xiii.

264. *Ardeat ipsa.* See *Juvenal*, *Satire VI*, l. 208.

265. *the Story of Herod and Mariamne . . . out
of Josephus.* See *The Antiquities of the Jews* ('Ιουδαϊκή
'Αρχαιολογία), Book xv, chaps. iii and vii. Josephus
seems to have acquired his information from Nicholas of
Damascus, a friend and adviser of Herod the Great and of
Herod's son, Archelaus.

270. *Ladies of the British Fishery.* In other words,
the fishwives of Billingsgate Market.

Socrates his Wife, the famous Xantippe.

272. *the Reason which Hudibras has given.* See
Hudibras, Part iii, canto ii, ll. 443 *et seq.*—

“But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease,
And with its everlasting clack
Set all men's ears upon the rack”.

273. *And Ovid.* See *Metamorphoses*, Book vi, l. 556.

the story of the Pippin-Woman, who, when her
head was chopped off by the ice, still—

“‘Pippins,’ she cried, but death her voice confounds,
And ‘pip-pip-pip’ along the ice resounds”,

is told in *Gay's Trivia*, Book ii, l. 375 *et seq.*

275. *the Cries of London.* Steele makes Trim refer
to several of the London street cries in *The Funeral*, iv.
3: “There's a thousand things you might do to help
one about this town, as to cry, ‘Puff, puff pies!’ ‘Have
you any knives or scissors to grind?’ or late in an evening,
‘Whip from Grub Street, strange and bloody news from
Flanders’, ‘Votes from the House of Commons’, ‘Buns,
rare buns’, ‘Old silver lace, cloaks, suits, or coats’, ‘Old
shoes, boots, or hats’.”

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277. *Card-matches*. A card-match was a thin strip of wood, made in the form of an indented card, the teeth of which were dipped in melted sulphur. Modern tobacco-nists have recently revived this kind of match, and often give away a card-match in lieu of the smallest change. But the sulphurous preparation used nowadays is different—needless to say—from that with which Queen Anne's subjects were acquainted.

281. *tribus Anticyris caput insanabile*. These words, taken from Horace's *Ars Poetica*, l. 300, are ascribed to Juvenal in the original edition.

285. *Paring-Shovel*. By "paring-shovel" some article of the toilet seems to be meant; but what particular function this article performed I am unable to discover.

293. *turned of my great Climacteric*, the sixty-third year. The climacteric years, that is the critical years of a person's life, were supposed to be those which end the third, fifth, seventh, and ninth period of seven years. The word is derived from the adjective of *κλιμακτήρις*, 'a step of a ladder or of a staircase'.

the Grand Alliance. Concluded at the Hague in 1701 between England, Holland, and the Empire.

400l a Year for Pin-money. Steele pours scorn on the custom of making this allowance in *The Tender Husband*; or *The Accomplished Fools*, i. 2. In this comedy Sir Harry Gubbin, disputing over a marriage treaty with Mr. Tipkin, denounces the practice of giving pin-money, and finally beats down his son's future father-in-law to accepting £400 a year instead of £500 for this charge. "My business in town", declares Sir Harry, "is to dispose of an hundred head of cattle, and my son," and when, after describing pin-money as the "foundation of wives' rebellion and husbands' cuckoldom", he concludes the latter business, he makes a point of specifying in the settlements the uses to which the pin-money is to be put: "we'll put in," says he, "the names of several female utensils, as needles, knitting-needles, tape, thread, scissors, bodkins, fans, play-books, with other toys of that nature".

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294. *Grotius, Puffendorf*, celebrated jurists of the seventeenth century.

300. *by the Name of Jack Anvil*. This has been said to be a satirical reflection on Sir Ambrose Crowley, a wealthy ironmonger, who changed his name to Crawley. Crowley appeared as Sir Arthur de Bradley in No. 73 of *The Tatler*. See the note to the 1786 (John Nichols') edition of *The Tatler*, vol. v, p. 405.

302. *at the Siege of Buda*. Buda was captured by the Turks in 1683, and recaptured in 1686.

305. *go off the Stage with your Applause*. The expression alluded to is: "Vos valetis et plaudite".

306. *Elogium*. Most editors have taken the quite unwarrantable liberty of altering "elogium"—which Addison deliberately wrote (as the context alone would show)—to "eulogium". An "elogium" is an inscription on a tombstone, on the images of ancestors, or on votive tablets.

307. *a Journal of his Life*. This is another satirical hit of Addison's, which is said to have a personal rather than a general application. A Mr. Nisbet, the minister of a congregation of Independents, who is referred to by John Dunton, the compiler of *The Athenian Oracle*, in his *Life and Errors*, is said to be the example of clericalism glanced at in the "Journal". Nisby certainly looks like a playful form of Nisbet.

308. *A Dish of Twist*. "Twist" seems to mean a mixed drink of some kind, what we should now call "a cock-tail".

309. *laced Coffee*, mixed coffee, coffee mixed with spirits, coffee and cognac. "Laced coffee" is frequently alluded to in the plays of the period. See Wycherley's *The Plain Dealer*, iii. 1, where the alderman says to Manly: "Prithue, Captain, let's go drink a dish of laced coffee, and talk of the times".

310. *Brooks and Hellier*. Brooke and Hellier were wine-merchants of Basing Lane, Bread Street, who often advertised in *The Spectator*, and who, in return, obtained a press puff in the issue of April 25, 1712.

313. *Modo Vir, modo Fœmina*. Addison misquotes *Æneid*, vi. 448, where Vergil wrote: *Et juvenis quondam, nunc femina*.

315. *Fontange*. Mr. Aitken notes that *fontange* is the French for a commode or top-knot of ribbons.

316. *His Account of the Mohocks*. For an account of some of the exploits of the Mohawks see Swift's *Journal to Stella* (Letters 43 and 44), Gay's *Trivia* (Book iii. 326-334), and *The Spectator*, of March 12, 1711-12, March 25, 1711-12, and April 8, 1712.

Lady Betty Modely's Skuttle. 'To scuttle', used in the sense of making a quick step or a short hurried run, is a phrase still in vogue, though the substantival form is obsolete. Here it seems to mean a gait to be imitated or a step in a dance.

317. *called me Indamora*, the name of the heroine of Dryden's *Aurengzebe*, or *the Great Mogul*.

clapp'd Nicolini. The famous Neapolitan actor and singer, Cavalier Nicolino Grimaldi is alluded to in *The Spectator*, of March 6, 1710-11, March 15, 1710-11, November, 29, 1711, and June 14, 1712.

318. *Went in our Mobbs, caps, hoods*.

the dumb Man, Duncan Campbell, who was said to be deaf and dumb, and to tell fortunes by second sight. He died in 1730. See *The Tatler*, No. 14, and *The Spectator*, of September 3, 1712, and June 28, 1714, and the alleged *Life and Adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell*, which Defoe published as two pamphlets in 1720.

319. *an uncertain Author*, Ben Jonson is the author.

321. *The Extravagantly Accomplished Wife*. This number was written for the collected edition in place of the original paper, which had been devoted by Steele to some letters describing the quaint courtship of Mrs. Margaret Clark by Mr. Gabriel Bullock. The substituted paper, though it is signed T., is credited by most editors to Addison.

325. *Charles Mather*, a famous toy-dealer in Fleet Street. Swift refers to him in *The Virtues of Sir Hamet's Rod*, 1710, and Pope makes mention of him in *The Basset Table: an Eclogue*, 1716.

Tabourets. A tabouret means here not a small tabor, but a seat for one person, a seat without back or arms, or with a very low back.

327. *a Consc'atory Letter of Phalaris*. The *Epistles of Phalaris* are, of course, spurious, as Bentley proved in the famous controversy concerning their genuineness, in which he was opposed by Boyle, Atterbury, Sir William Temple, Swift, and others.

328. *before that Question can be answered*. See Plutarch's *Life of Epaminondas*.

329. *a much nobler Instance of it*. Addison refers to the famous story of More putting his beard out of the way when he laid his head on the block, and remarking to the headman that it at least had not committed treason.

330. *Abbot de Vertot*. Professor Morley says: "The Abbé Vertot—Renatus Aubert de Vertot d'Aubœuf—was born in 1655, and, living in the *Spectator's* time, he died in 1735, aged eighty. He had exchanged out of the severe order of the Capuchins into that of the Præmonstratenses when, at the age of thirty-four, he produced, in 1689, his first work, the *History of the Revolutions of Portugal*, here quoted. Continuing to write history, in 1701 he was made a member, and in 1705 a paid member, of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres."

333. *The Humorous Lieutenant*, of Beaumont and Fletcher.

336. *Mr. Collier . . . Essay upon Musick*. See *Essays upon several Moral Subjects*, by Jeremy Collier, (1732), part ii, p. 30. Collier, the celebrated Non-Juror, published his famous *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage* in 1698.

337. *Almanzor*, a character in Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*.

340. *One of the Wits of the last Age*, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, known in literary history as the Zimri of Dryden's *Abolom and Achitophel*, and as the author of that *ridiculus mus*, *The Rehearsal*.

353. *A famous modern Philosopher*, Sir Isaac Newton.

356. *a moral Reason*. The "moral reason" which Locke found for "the interspersation of evil with good and pain with pleasure" had been discovered by Herbert fifty-seven years before the great English philosopher published his *Essay on the Human Understanding* (1690). See the forty-sixth parallel passage in the Appendix to the present writer's edition of *Silex Scintillans*, published in "The Red Letter Library".

358. *St. Paul preaching at Athens*, as described in *Acts of the Apostles*, chap. xvii.

359. *the great Latin Orator*, Cicero.

The Greek Orator, Demosthenes.

one of his Antagonists, Æschines.

367. *True and False Modesty*. The motto taken from Hesiod was added in the 1713 reprint; the subscript letter C is also lacking in the folio issues.

377. *When Pompey was desired*. See Plutarch's *Life of Pompey*.

388. *to Sir William Read*. Sir William Read was a well-known oculist, certainly uneducated, and generally regarded as a quack. In *The Tatler* (No. 219) he advertised that he had been thirty-five years in the practice of couching cataracts, taking off all sorts of wens, curing wry-necks and hare-lips without blemish though never so deformed, vending styptic water, &c. Under date 1711, April 11, Swift writes of him in the *Journal to Stella*: "Henley would fain engage me to go with Steele and Rowe, &c., to an invitation at Sir William Read's. He has been a mountebank and is the Queen's oculist; he makes admirable punch and treats you in gold vessels. But I am engaged and won't go, neither indeed am I fond of the jaunt." Read, who had been knighted in 1705, July 27, "as a mark of royal favour

for his great Services, done in curing great numbers of seamen and soldiers of blindness free" (*London Gazette*, July 30, 1705), was originally a tailor and then an itinerant quack. He died in 1715, and his business in the Strand was carried on by his widow.

388. *Dr. Grant.* Roger Grant, who died in 1724, was another celebrated advertising oculist of the time, equally illiterate with Read and equally successful in gaining the royal favour. Originally a cobbler, and subsequently a Baptist preacher, he was a very successful practitioner about the time of *The Spectator*, and contrived to get appointed oculist to Queen Anne and to George I successively. Steele describes him in an essay on the quacks of the time which appears in *The Spectator* of July 30, 1712. Says Steele: "Anything, however foreign from the Business the people want of you, will convince them of your Ability in that you profess. There is a Doctor in Mouse-Alley near Wapping, who sets up for curing Cataracts upon the Credit of having, as his Bill sets forth, lost an Eye in the Emperor's service. His Patients come in upon this, and he shows the Muster-Roll, which confirms that he was in his Imperial Majesty's Troops; and he puts out their Eyes with great Success. Who would believe that a man should be Doctor for the cure of bursten Children, by declaring that his Father and Grandfather were born bursten? But Charles Ingoltson, next door to the *Harp* in Barbican, has made a pretty penny by that Asseveration."

Mr. Moor the Apothecary. Mr. John Moore was the vendor of a much-advertised worm-powder.

390. *The Britannick Beautifier.* Mr. Aitken finds that Martha Gloworm's testimonial to the efficacy of the "Britannick Beautifier" is a close parody of an advertisement of "the famous Bavarian Red Liquor" which had appeared in *The Spectator*, Nov. 25, 1712.

340. *One of the Wits of the last Age*, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, known in literary history as the Zimri of Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*, and as the author of that *ridiculus mus*, *The Rehearsal*.

353. *A famous modern Philosopher*, Sir Isaac Newton.

356. *a moral Reason*. The "moral reason" which Locke found for "the interspersion of evil with good and pain with pleasure" had been discovered by Herbert fifty-seven years before the great English philosopher published his *Essay on the Human Understanding* (1690). See the forty-sixth parallel passage in the Appendix to the present writer's edition of *Silex Scintillans*, published in "The Red Letter Library".

358. *St. Paul preaching at Athens*, as described in *Acts of the Apostles*, chap. xvii.

359. *the great Latin Orator*, Cicero.

The Greek Orator, Demosthenes.

one of his Antagonists, Æschines.

367. *True and False Modesty*. The motto taken from Hesiod was added in the 1713 reprint; the subscript letter C is also lacking in the folio issues.

377. *When Pompey was desired*. See Plutarch's *Life of Pompey*.

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